DATE DUE

DEMCO 38-297

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00355 7536

238998

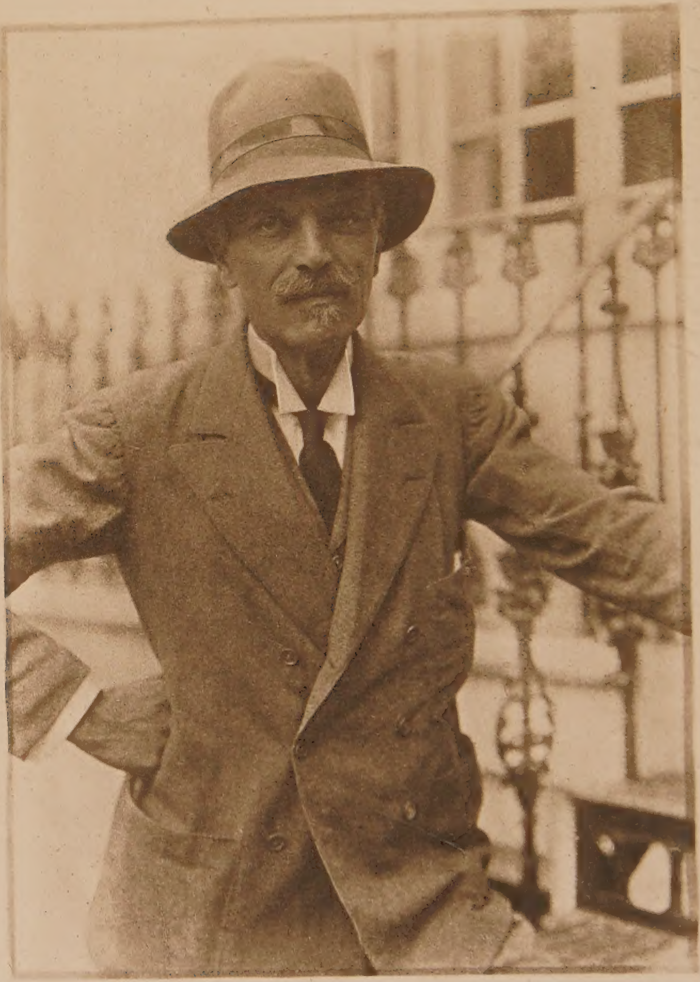
B H498l LETTERS OF MURICE HEWLETT

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-BFN-795

THE LETTERS OF MAURICE HEWLETT



Maurice Hewlett.

THE LETTERS OF MAURICE HEWLETT

TO WHICH IS ADDED A DIARY IN GREECE, 1914

EDITED BY

LAURENCE BINYON

WITH INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR BY

EDWARD HEWLETT

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1926

B
H498 L

238998

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

3 1223 00355 7536

PREFACE

By Laurence Binyon

THE letters here collected belong for the most part to the latter half of Maurice Hewlett's life. Of his earlier manhood, when his days were devoted to official work and his leisure only to reading and writing, some vivid glimpses are afforded in the letters written to his wife, both before and after marriage; and in the brief memoir prefixed to the Letters we have a picture of his boyhood and up-bringing from the pen of the one who in those years knew him best, his brother. But the letters, to friends or family, which form the greater portion of the book, are of later date. They cover his career as a successful writer, from the time of his first leap into fame. With most followers of any art it is the struggles and hazards of youth, rather than the years of ripeness and success, which fascinate and hold us. But Maurice Hewlett's case is singular. Readers of these letters will perceive that so far is he from resting on his achievement at any period, so far from being satisfied with what he has done, that he is continually starting afresh, trying a different form, exploring some new ground. Nor did he ask himself whether this or that experiment would pay. At thirty-seven he became a successful novelist, and for a number of years his romances brought him a handsome revenue. He might have continued his prosperity by purveying to a wide public what it expected from him. But he would not. It irked him to be in bondage to a claim from outside. He changed his manner and his choice of theme, careless whether it pleased or no. Then he ceased to cultivate the novel as a serious form of art, though he continued to throw off stories and to publish them, partly as a means of livelihood, partly because story-writing was still an instinctive pleasure with him. They were never ill or carelessly written, but his whole heart was never in them. He would give reasons that seemed a little fantastic for discarding prose romance. He had taken his themes from one period of history after another, and having at last come down to contemporary days, how could he go back and begin over again? It can't be done, he would say, with that humorously defiant throw-back of his head, and with the air of one stating a finality. At other times he would give other reasons. The vein was worked out, etc., etc. But the readers of the letters will see how he insists to more than one correspondent that he was not a novelist by nature; not an observer, but a poet. And indeed his dear ambition was always to excel in poetry. With poetry he began, with poetry he wished to end. We can see how ambitious he was. In the last years of his life he sketched out the plan of a great poem, "The Song of Man," and wrote at least some portion of it. I imagine that this would have been in some sort a re-casting of the conception of an early work, re-written more than once, which took shape as a handling of Greek myth in the dramatic trilogy "The Agonists." As first conceived, that symbolic work was to have been completed with a final part called "Christus Coronatus." In later life this part (see Letter 205) would no doubt have been differently treated: but I feel that, however unlike in ostensible theme and in form, there would have been a vital relation between the projected poem and the earlier trilogy, for each was to embody its author's deepest experience of life and his imaginative presentment of human destiny in a work of the largest scope.

Maurice Hewlett, we see from these letters, was, as an artist, continually feeling his way ; a constant seeker after the form which was to answer to the innate necessities of his genius. His rich and impulsive temperament, his writer's zest, which made it all too easy for him to use his pen (as he himself said) before he had brooded long enough over his theme, made this quest unusually difficult. But probably he was right in thinking that "The Song of the Plow" and "The Village Wife's Lament" were the most enduring works he was to leave behind him.

It is interesting to note that the prose romances which he took seriously were mostly written also in the form of plays, either as a preliminary or as an afterthought, though these have not been published and perhaps were not all preserved. Considering how ready Hewlett was with his pen, it is remarkable what immense pains he took over the form of his work. "The Queen's Quair," for instance, was written four times ; not to speak of the unpublished play on the same theme.

And, as with the form, so with the type of material. In a letter to Mr. Cecil Headlam he wrote : "If any place, if any tongue can express what I feel and contain what I worship, it is Greece and Greek. But these things are written down for him that hath ears to hear or eyes to see withal." At another time he confessed to being "an incurable Romantic." To many readers his name is associated above all with medieval Italy ; yet his Hellenism was a more abiding passion. But as the years go on we find him turning away from classic and romantic themes alike. He craves for something "nearer the bone" ; and he found it in the life of the people among whom he lived and whom he loved. In many of my last talks with him I remember how fondly he dwelt on the greatness of some of our old English ballads. He would rather have written one of those heart-piercing, naked things than have achieved a Paradise Lost. His dream was to be read by the common people rather than by the cultivated and elect. He simplified his style and cast off that brilliant artifice which, as he frankly confessed, had always been a snare to him.

All through these years, then, we see him divagating, exploring,—always growing—instead of solidifying his success. But let it not be thought that this perpetual quest, this feeling of his way, was an affair merely of his art. It was something deeper. It was an endeavour to find himself, not only in art, but in life. Maurice Hewlett was essentially religious at the core ; and his beliefs were perpetually to be winnowed by his eager thoughts. Here again he wooed truth and simplicity ; cared less and less for outward forms. There are several letters of his last years which disclose the changing states of his mind. And the letters show, too, how intense, after a certain period, his interest in politics became. He was acutely sensitive about the honour of his country. And he loved his countrymen. "Oh, what a people ! So many virtues, so few graces ! Such a golden core, and such an unlikely husk ! He will be at his worst soon, when he is making London hideous with his uncouth rejoicings : but remember him in 1915–16, when things were at their worst." So Hewlett wrote when the War was ending ; good and true words. A politician was the last thing he could have been. His opinions would conform to no set pattern. All he cared about was (in a word) the common weal : he cared little what party was in power, so it seemed to make an effort to that end. And since he could not rest inactive where his convictions were concerned, he took up with the politics that came nearest to hand, in trying to better things for the people among whom his lot was cast. Chivalry was of his nature's essence ; he was a born Crusader. And he espoused the cause of the agricultural labourer with passion, wearing himself out in the cause.

It was work which brought no profit or popularity; it was humdrum, exacting, consuming both time and money. Often the flesh rebelled, but the spirit carried him on. It may be thought that he idealised the villager for whom he sacrificed so much. "Perhaps I have seen things somewhat through a rosy haze of imagination": so he writes himself in Letter 297. Yet I am not sure that he did not see them truer than those who see but the surface facts. He sought to be "useful to his neighbours," and was happy in that.

The inner story, then, which these letters disclose is, as I read it, the story of a journey that was at once an adventure and a pilgrimage. Old Romance, with its perilous forests, its questing knights and damsels in distress, its shields and swords and coloured banners, gradually transformed itself, to assume the plain features of homely circumstance and the everyday struggle; but in the heart of this "incurable romantic" it remained for the inspiration of a gallant effort on behalf of the poor and unaided. I seem to see a man casting off prosperity like a cloak, that he may walk free and unhampered. And when, but a year or so before he died, he settled in to his little cottage, where it is enough for him that the sun fills every room, it is as if with the sense of a pilgrimage ended and a victory won. He makes no moan over poverty, he laments no loss. It is true that the War, and the disclosure of what abysses our civilised existence is built on, profoundly affected his spirit. He, "absurdly sanguine" as he says of himself, sometimes despaired of mankind. Certainly he felt a "chastening" within him. Things that had seemed important lost their value. The other side of the medieval life which he had so absorbed into his blood—not the side of chivalric adventure, but the way of the pilgrim—seemed now to hold life's secret. And so he sang of the friars in "The Song of the Plow":

Barefoot and laughing, two by two,
    Forth by the mountains and the sea,
    To sup on England's bitter brew,
Came those gray gowns from Italy.
    And this was all they had to teach :
    Thrice blessèd is Saint Poverty ;
As poor, yet making many rich,
    As having naught, possessing all.
    Stitchless, to folk without a stitch,
They sang this life a madrigal.

Is there something fanciful in such a reading ? Yet I think that anyone who reads these letters through will find plenty of confirmation of it.

Many, perhaps, who knew Maurice Hewlett only through his romances will be surprised to see the man disclosed in these letters. They will see him in changing lights. He has much to say about his own works as a writer, much about the work of others. All that is interesting, and especially his self-criticism. But they will see him also as the learned and passionate gardener ; as the restive citizen, impatient of governments ; as the householder, the neighbour, the friend. Many and keen were his activities ; but beyond all of these is the rare, the irreplaceable something that made him what he was.

Yes, it is the man, even more than the writer, who absorbs our interest in these letters. Maurice Hewlett would declare himself to be English of the English, though the English, he maintained, were "Iberians," of Mediterranean origin. But he admitted to a French grandmother ; and from his brother's account of the family, it seems that he was as much French as English by blood. Certainly he had the looks, the manner, and the temperament of a Southerner. Frank and forthright, vehement in his likes and prejudices, with a humorous pugnacity in argument, he had an exuberance of nervous energy. Just as his writing, even at its most artificial, had always a fine vigour of attack, his talk was lively, masculine and direct. The trenchant phrase came to him by nature. You could not imagine his halting between two opinions. "I am ever," he says in one of the letters, "in extremes." One day you would hear him enunciating an opinion which a week or two afterwards he would contradict with equal finality. He was wayward ; for there was a restlessness in his fibre which is visible enough in his writing. His mood and view might change with disconcerting frequency, but it was the same Maurice ; a loyal and very lovable friend. He had a full mind, and knew many things. To a stranger, on a casual meeting, he might give the impression of an almost arrogant sureness ; and he had plenty of confidence in himself ; but to know him was to be aware that this was combined with a rare and most genuine modesty. The letters reveal it. His affections were deep and tender. He was sensitive and vulnerable, but he had a high spirit. There was no rancour or malice in him, though he could be easily moved to anger. He was indeed a most spontaneous person. And so he writes his letters ; swiftly, directly, and without afterthought. He puts on no armour or disguises ; he says just what is in his mind. The letters, since they include little of his most intimate and private correspondence, are not quite a complete self-portraiture ; but they tell much, and all truly. Those who knew him, hearing, as they read, the familiar ring of his voice, will surely say, This is the man we loved.

July, 1925

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MAURICE HEWLETT . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

THE OLD RECTORY, BROAD CHALKE . . . 72

A GARDEN POOL 166

THE RIVER EBBLE 232

THE LETTERS OF MAURICE HEWLETT

INTRODUCTION

NOTES ON MAURICE HEWLETT'S EARLY LIFE

THE Hewletts were of French extraction and probably Huguenot refugees.[1] The original name was Hulotte (little owl) and the Hewlett crest is an owl; but it was soon corrupted into Hulet, sometimes Howlett, though by the close of the seventeenth century he name is always spelt Hewlett.

When the Huguenot Hulottes arrived in England is not known, but probably soon after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; at all events the name is found in a register n the parish of Beer Hackett in 1624. The family appears o have settled chiefly in Yetminster,[2] Dorsetshire, a large village about six miles from Yeovil, but Hewletts are found n the Church Registers of Leigh, a few miles from Yetminster, and frequently in the Registers of Chetmole, a hamlet of Yetminster. Others are recorded as being residents of Milborne Port and Milborne Wick, two and three miles respectively beyond Sherborne, Dorsetshire. The social standing of the family is obscure, but a certain Mary Hulet is recorded in a Survey of Yetminster, 1653, amongst he landowners. The Registers at Yetminster are full of he names of Hewletts, without a break from 1677 to 1815, when a certain Mary Hewlett died at the age of 91. But apparently the family still held property at Chetmole and Yetminster in 1840–41 where William Hewlett and Rev. John Hewlett appear as landowners in the Tithe Appointment. None of the family appears to have made much stir in the world, but a certain John Hewlett, Clerk in Holy Orders, "author of four volumes of Excellent Sermons and Commentaries and annotations on the Holy Scriptures, was born in this village (Chetmole). He also published a Concise History of the Jews from their establishment by Ezra and Nehemiah to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans: and was Preacher of the Foundling Hospital, and lecturer of Belles Lettres at the Royal Institution" (Hutching's "History of Dorset," Part XV, p. 450).

---

[1] Maurice Hewlett himself had more ambitious views of his family's ncient descent and asserts with some confidence, in "A Return to the Nest" "Last Essays"), speaking of his great-grandfather's migration from a illage in Somerset (*actually* Dorset) "in and on which his forefathers, I believe, had lived from the time of Domesday."

[2] Maurice never visited Yetminster, but a year or two before his death went in "search of his ancestors" to a village in Somerset, which he calls Bindon St. Blaise," and which it is not difficult to identify with Hinton St. George, a village about six miles on the Somersetshire side of Yeovil "A Return to the Nest").

The direct line of the branch of the family to which Maurice belonged can be traced back to the marriage of Thomas Hewlett to Agnes Stokes, both of Chetmole. Thomas Hewlett died in 1702. Maurice Hewlett in his very entertaining Essay, "A Return to the Nest," says that his great-grandfather left his native village—forsaking "cider for the law—married in Shoreditch, settled in Fetter Lane, went back to Somerset [really Dorset] to bury his first child [the tomb is still to be seen in the Yetminster Churchyard] and returned to London to beget my grandfather, be ultimately responsible for *me* and break finally with his family cradle" ("Last Essays"). Maurice's grandfather, of whom he gives a very charming account, again in "A Return to the Nest," inherited his father's Law business and carried on the practice at 2, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, where a Hewlett still continues it. He lived for many years in Acre Lane, Brixton, and as a young man used to ride up to his chambers in Gray's Inn on horseback. Maurice's grandfather, Henry William Hewlett, married Octavia Charlotte Gay, eighth child of Mr. Gay of Aldborough Hall, Norfolk. The Gays were also of French extraction and their name was originally Gai. It is almost certain that Maurice gave the name "Prosper le Gai" to his hero in the "Forest Lovers" with this family name in his mind. The Gays have been settled at Aldborough for over three hundred years and the Hall is still in the possession of the family. Another branch of the family lived and still live at Thurnings Hall, near Cromer. Some of the Gays were in their day Lords-Lieutenant of the County. The family motto is "toujours gai."

Of the marriage between Henry William Hewlett and Octavia Gay there were born two sons and several daughters. The elder son, Henry Gay, became Maurice Hewlett's father. There was another branch of the family settled at Harrow, where Thomas, younger brother of Henry William Hewlett, practised Medicine and was, for many years, doctor to the School.

Henry Gay Hewlett was educated partly at a private school at Clapham and partly at Harrow. He early showed literary gifts and for a short inglorious period was joint editor with James Knowles—afterwards his brother-in-law nd founder and Editor of the "Nineteenth Century Review"—of a paper bearing the title of the "Clapham Magazine," which soon came to an untimely end. Henry Gay Hewlett was trained in that branch of the Law known s Antiquarian and for a short time was in partnership with his father, who practised as a Solicitor, at Gray's Inn. But ntiquarian experts were scarce, and very soon the Crown offered H. G. Hewlett a Civil Service appointment which went by the high-sounding title of "Keeper of His Majesty's Lands, Revenues, Records and Enrolments," which had its offices for many years in Spring Gardens and afterwards n Whitehall, until absorbed into the Office of Woods and Forests. This appointment, which practically amounted o the office of Crown expert in antiquarian law, Maurice's ather held till his retirement, through ill-health, in 1895.

In 1860, Henry Gay Hewlett was married to Emmeline Mary, youngest daughter of James Thomas Knowles, who ractised with some success as an architect and designed a good many houses, in the Italian Villa style, for the then eveloping Clapham Park Estate. Perhaps his best known xtant design is the Grosvenor Hotel near Victoria Station. The two families became very intimately connected shortly fterwards by the marriage of James Knowles, Maurice's mother's brother, to Isabel, one of Henry Gay Hewlett's isters.

Maurice's father was essentially a poet, though he actually published only two slender volumes of verse, "A Sheaf of Verse" and "A Wayfarer's Wallet," but it would be true to say of him that he had a poetic mind, and that Maurice inherited the source of inspiration which filled his writings, whether prose or poetry proper, with poetic expression largely from him. And this he (Maurice) always gladly acknowledged. It was the irony of fate that Henry Gay Hewlett should have been doomed to spend all his workaday life amidst bricks and mortar; that London should be his workshop, and his lot to search through dusty and wellnigh illegible documents at the Record Office and the British Museum, when his heart and soul were pining for country sights and sounds. It was, perhaps, all the more remarkable, with a love for country life never quite satisfied, that he became, amidst uncongenial surroundings, an expert in Antiquarian Law and a real authority on Foreshore rights and Crown demesnes. He was, as has been said, brought up in the uninspiring atmosphere of Brixton and Clapham, but after his marriage in 1860 he never again lived in London, and as years went on any move that he made was further and further away from London. He used to say, that even if he saw nothing of the country, the long and tiresome railway journey was worth enduring, so that he could sleep in pure air and be greeted by the singing of birds when he woke in the morning. All his holidays were spent in the country, needless to say. He sent his wife and children to the sea for a month, but he himself only joined his family for the second month, which was spent in the country. Maurice, in his Essay "Summer" ("Last Essays") says, "We always had a month of that (seaside) and then a month in some country place which my father did not know. That was done for his sake because the seaside bored him so much that even his children noticed it. It was nothing to us, of course, as we lived in the country, but he, poor man, spent most of his days in London. . . . Of course, it was comfortable to know that one's father was not always smothering a gape or trying to escape from Nigger-minstrels—as for the sea, I don't believe he ever looked at it. I am certain I never saw him on the sands. The sands are no place for you unless you had rather be barefoot than not. Now, it is a fact that I never aw my father's feet." Again, in "A Boy in the Wood" "Lore of Proserpine") Maurice says of his father, "He was a great walker, a poet and a student of Nature." Personally, Henry Gay Hewlett was, in the truest sense, a gentleman, with all that best of all titles implies. It would be true to say of him what Maurice says of his grandfather "A Return to the Nest," "Last Essays"): "One other hing struck me . . . and that was his extraordinarily fine manners. Since then, whenever I have considered manners, have compared them with his. He is for me the staple of courtesy. They were the manners which bring a man half-way to meet you. He used them to all the world; to me, to the servants, to the clerks from his office. I know now where he got them—they were traditional West Country manners." One of his servants once said to a member of the family, "I never offer Mr. Hewlett anything t the table without his saying 'thank you.'"

Henry Gay Hewlett was a deeply religious man, though, las! his religion brought him more sorrow than joy, for he remained to the end a "searcher after the truth." Brought up on extreme evangelical lines, he revolted in early manhood from the narrow creed of his upbringing and became, for a time, agnostic—never an atheist—and in ater life a professed Unitarian and a devotee of the saintly James Martineau. Rejoicing in his own freedom from conventional religion, he gave free rein to his children, but yet felt intensely their return to the orthodoxy which he had abjured; and most of them did so return, as they came to years of discretion.

Maurice's father was an earnest politician and an ardent Liberal and a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone. For the rest, he was a devoted husband and faithful lover to his wife to the end of his days; and a fond father and inspiring companion to his children. In temperament he was naturally passionate and impatient, but he learnt to school himself o successful control of these failings. Deeply emotional, his voice often broke in reading some moving passage, though it pained him to betray his inmost feelings, for he was essentially and naturally a reserved man, a trait which Maurice inherited and expanded to his own hurt.

In appearance he was above the average height, with a fine head and wavy black hair, and for the greater part of his life he wore a beard and moustache. His figure was rather ungainly and too slender for his height, and he was narrow-chested and had sloping shoulders, but few men have been better or faster walkers—his only form of exercise, save for an occasional ride. He was no athlete, otherwise.

Emmeline Mary Knowles, who married Henry Gay Hewlett and became Maurice's mother, had so large a place in her eldest son's life and affections, that a brief sketch of her is imperative. Bred in a luxurious home, the favourite daughter of well-to-do parents, she married a man poor in comparison with her father, but from the outset theirs was a singularly happy married life ; she adapted herself to her new environment with a facility as striking as it would have appeared to be impossible. In many ways she and her husband were of diametrically opposite natures. She was not naturally intellectual and so failed to follow him in his deeper pursuits ; she was inclined to take a pessimistic view, if a shadow crossed her path : he was a shameless optimist ; she was naturally impatient and remained so all her life : he subdued a like instinct ; she was extraordinarily generous and probably extravagant ; he was not less generous, but was obliged to keep the impulse in check by the demands made upon a modest income by a large family.

But all these differences, so far from separating them, only served to unite them more closely and were all lost sight of or accepted with sympathy, in the unbreakable love they had for one another ; chivalrous and romantic on his part : tender, almost maternal on hers. But if Emmeline Hewlett was an ideal wife by experiment, she was a perfect mother by instinct. She had, what is perhaps almost unique, no favourite amongst her seven surviving children. Somehow she loved them all alike and was content to spend herself for them in an abandonment of unselfishness. Each child had necessarily its own individuality, but instinctively she understood nearly all her children's temperaments, and where she failed she sympathized, which served as well. This was notably true in the case of Maurice, her first-born. He was in some sort difficult as a child ; more difficult as he reached manhood and out of her depth in middle life, but never out of her sympathy and unutterably never out of her love. Properly speaking, she spoiled her children ; she set no discipline over them and yet, perhaps, brought them up better than many a more Spartan mother, for she ruled them by her love for and faith in them. Maurice himself had an undying love for his mother and her death, shortly before his own untimely passing, left a gap in his life that nothing could ever have filled up.

Writing of his mother in "The Gods in the Schoolhouse" ("Lore of Proserpine") he says, speaking of a boy's love affairs : "Calf love is wholly a sex matter, perfectly natural, mostly harmless and nearly always a beautiful thing, to be treated tenderly by the wise parent. In my own case my mother treated it so, with a tact and reverential handling which only good women know."

The first home of the newly married Henry Gay Hewlett and his wife was at Oatlands Park, Weybridge, in Surrey, near to St. George's Hill, then an almost untouched piece of wild nature. And here, on January 22, 1861, a son was born and was named Maurice Henry. The name Maurice was probably chosen by his father through the great admiration that he had for that liberal-minded cleric, Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice was the first of a family of eight, all of whom, with the exception of the second son, the next born, who died in infancy, lived to grow up. The third child, also a boy, Edward James, the writer of these notes, was born in 1864, and as only three years separated the brothers, they were from the first playmates and companions.

In 1868 the family moved to West Molesey, to a larger house called The Priory, with a big garden. It was from this house that Maurice went to his first school, as a day-boy : Hampton Grammar School. Of his progress at this school no record is left. The holidays began to be spent n these years a good deal at Clapham and Brixton where both the paternal and maternal grandparents still lived. Friday Grove, in Grove Road, Clapham Park, where his mother's parents lived, was perhaps the favourite. Maurice was always a great favourite with his grandmother, and though grandpapa Knowles was a starchy old gentleman, whose greeting consisted in offering his grandsons two fingers and a curt "how do," there were other delights to compensate. Amongst the treats Friday Grove provided were drives in Hyde Park, where the beautiful Princess Alexandra and her two sons might, by good luck, be seen driving by, but best of all, a day at the Crystal Palace with "Uncle George" (another of his mother's brothers), who was a source of great delight and admiration to his nephews, Maurice and Ted, who looked upon his very eccentric manner of dress as being the height of fashion. Old Mrs. Knowles was a great wit and had a very shrewd tongue, whose sharp thrusts mortified the very matter-of-fact Ted but were keenly enjoyed by Maurice.

Staying at Acre Lane, with grandfather Hewlett, was another matter. Consistent kindness was always shown to the two boys, who almost invariably paid their visits together, but there was a certain austerity about the rule of the house which rather checked exuberance. Maurice speaks most affectionately of his grandfather in "A Return to the Nest" ("Last Essays"). "He had a deep voice, with a cheer in it. I remember—for he had little else to say to me—how he used to put his hand on my head and murmur, as if to himself, 'My boy, my boy,' in such a way that I felt in leaving him, as perhaps Jacob did with Isaac, that it would be impossible ever to do anything wrong again and betray such noble affection." Of his extraordinarily fine manners something has already been said in the sketch of Maurice's own father.

Acre Lane provided its amusements too, but they were more sober than those from Friday Grove and usually consisted of a visit to the British Museum, the Polytechnic or, occasionally, the Egyptian Hall of Mysteries. A very favourite aunt, who then lived with the grandparents, always made the boys' visits a success.

In 1872 there was another move, this time still further afield, into Kent. Farningham, in those days, was still an unspoiled village of great charm; and the new home of the Hewletts, "Mount Pleasant," stood on a hill, with a delightful view of the Darent River, threading its way through the meadows. Maurice almost at once became a day-boy at the Grammar School at Sevenoaks, which was reached by train from Eynsford Station, about a mile and a half away. He speaks appreciatively of this school in the "Gods in the Schoolhouse" ("Lore of Prosperine"). "I was well grounded in Latin and French grammar, and in English Literature was far ahead of boys much older than myself. Looking well at the drilling I had at S——, I consider it was well done; but I have to set against the benefits I got from the system the fact that I had much privacy and all the chance that gives a boy to educate himself withal. My school hours limited my intercourse with the school world. Before and after them I could develop at my own pace and in my own way—and I did." He had already become a voracious reader, and it may be gathered how wide was the range which, by this time (1872), he must have taken, by quoting from "A Boy in the Wood" ("Lore of Proserpine"). "At *nine* years old I knew Nelson's ardour and Wellesley's phlegm; I had Napoleon's egotism, Galahad's purity, Lancelot's passion, Tristram's melancholy. I reasoned like Socrates and made Phædo weep. . . . I was by then Don Juan and Don Quixote, Tom Jones and Mr. Allworthy, Hamlet and his uncle, young Shandy and his. You will gather that I was a reader. I was, and the people of my books stepped out of their pages and inhabited me." There is no doubt, too, that his reading included more than a cursory study of Malory's Arthurian Legends, not at that time in the original but in a delightful version of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table compiled by James Knowles, his mother's elder brother. He and his brother not only read of King Arthur's followers; they *became* the Knights themselves and their mother was often called upon to provide them with cardboard shields and the gardener with wooden swords, with which many a fierce combat was waged.

Of Maurice's personality in the earlier Farningham years it is possible for the readers of his life to gather a good idea from his own recollections of himself, again to be found in "A Boy in the Wood." He says, "I had many bad qualities as a child, of which I need mention only three. I was moody, irresolute and hatefully reserved. Fate had already placed me as the eldest by three years of a large family . . . you will not wonder when I affirm that I lived alone in a household of a dozen friendly persons. As a set-off and consolation to myself I had, very strongly, the power of impersonation . . . I lived a thronged and busy life, a secret life, full of terror, triumph, wonder, frantic enterprise, a noble and gallant figure among my peers, while to my parents, brothers and sisters I was an incalculable, fitful creature, often lethargic and often in the sulks. They saw me mooning in idleness and were revolted ; or I walked dully the way I was bid and they despaired of my parts. I could not explain myself to them, still less justify, having that miserable veil of reserve close over my mouth, like a yashmak. To my father I could not speak, to my mother I did not ; the others, being my juniors all, hardly existed. . . . Who can tell me now whether I was cursed or blessed ? . . . I was what they call a tractable child, being, in fact, too little interested in the world as it was, to resent any duties cast upon me. It was not so with the others. They were high-spirited little creatures, as often in mischief as not, and demanded much more pains than I ever did. . . . How was it that, taking no interest in my actual surroundings, I became aware of unusual things behind them I cannot understand. It is very difficult to differentiate between what I imagined and what I actually perceived. It was a favourite string of my poor father's plaintive lyre that I had no eyes. Every Sunday of his life he took me and my brother for a long tramp over the country, the intense spiritual fatigue of which exercise I should never be able to describe. I have a sinking of the heart, even now, when I recall our setting out. Intolerable labour ! I saw nothing and said nothing. I did nothing but plug one foot after the other. I felt like some chained slave going to the hulks, and can well imagine that my companions must have been very much aware of it. My brother, whose nature was much happier than mine, who dreamed much less and observed much more, was the life of these woeful excursions. Without him I don't think that my father could have endured them. At any rate he never did. I amazed, irritated and confounded him at most times, but in nothing more than my apathy to what enchanted him. (Footnote to a "Boy in a Wood," p. 22.) And me also when I was enabled at a later day to perceive them. I am thankful to remember and record for my own comfort that that day came, not too late for my enchantment to overtake his and proceed in company."

This rather long passage is worth quoting, if only because it gives a valuable insight into what Maurice conceived himself to be as a boy from eleven years onwards. To his father he was, as he says, for many years a trial and a problem and, alas ! often a source of irritation. But the discovery of each to the other happily came later and the complete understanding of two personalities, who had so much in common, dated definitely, though it was growing some years before this, from Maurice's marriage to Hilda Herbert, for whom his father had a great affection. To his mother Maurice's different moods were a cause of anxiety and tender regret but, if anyone understood him, she did ; and where the mystery was too great for her to penetrate, she sympathised and loved.

Probably Maurice, quite unwittingly, exaggerated his tendency to moodiness. He is remembered as in most ways a normal healthy boy, who really enjoyed the happy home in which he was placed and who gave and received a good deal of affection. He even seemed to enjoy the rather lonely and darksome tramps home from school for, as he says, "I had no fear of the dark."

In the autumn of 1874 his father removed Maurice from Sevenoaks Grammar School and sent him to the Palace School, Enfield, as a boarder. The school was a small one kept by a Mr. Nutter Barker and, from his letters to his mother at the time, Maurice seems to have been happy there. It was at this school that he began to learn Greek, a language which he pursued in after life and found great delight in. He only remained a year at Enfield and in 1875 he, accompanied by his brother, went to the International College, Spring Grove, Isleworth. Of his experiences at this, his last school, Maurice writes very freely in the "Gods in the Schoolhouse" ("Lore of Proserpine"). The International College was the outcome of the International Exhibition of 1851, and was founded by an enthusiastic body of gentlemen, who called themselves an International Education Company. It was an attempt, and an ill-starred attempt as it turned out, to demonstrate the theory of universal brotherhood by the co-education of boys of all nationalities at the same school. Maurice says, " It may be true that all men are brothers, but it is not logical to infer from that that all brothers are better for each other's society."

Maurice remained at Spring Grove for about three years and it is to be feared that he was almost always unhappy there. He writes in the " Gods in the Schoolhouse " (" Lore of Proserpine "), " I remember scarcely one gleam of interest which pierced for more than a few moments the thick gloom of it. The cruel, dull, false gods of English convention held me fast ; master and pupils alike were gaolers to me. . . . The English boarding-school system is that of the straw-yard where colts are broken by routine, and again of the farmyard where pups are walked. . . . There is no reason, however, to suppose that the International College was worse than any other large boarding-school. I fancy, indeed, that it was in all points like the rest. There were no traces in my time of the Brotherhood of Man about it. . . . I was not in any sense suited to such a place as this ; if I had been sent to travel it had been better for me. I was 'difficult,' not because I was stiff but because I was lax. I resisted nothing except by inertia. If my parents did not know me—and how should they ?—if I did not know myself, and I did not, my masters for their part made no attempt to know me nor ever enquired whether there might be anything to know. I was unpopular, as might have been expected, made no friends, did no good. . . . If I were to try to set down here the really happy memories which I have of Spring Grove they would be three. The first was the revelation of Greece which was afforded me by Homer and Plato. The singing music and tremendous themes of the poet, the sweet persuasion of the sophist were a wonder and delight. I remember even now the thrill with which I heard my form-master translate for us the prayer with which Phædrus closes : 'Beloved Pan, and all ye other Gods who haunt this place.' Beloved Pan ! . . . I found religion through Homer ; I found poetry through Milton, whose 'Comus' we had to read for examination by some learned Board. If any one thing definitely committed me to poesy it was that poem; and, as has nearly always happened to me, the crisis of discovery came in a flash. . . . Some one began to read:—

> The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of Heaven doth hold;
> And the gilded car of day
> His glowing axle doth allay
> In the steep Atlantic stream;

and immediately, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it was changed—for me—from verse to poetry. . . . But the flash passed and darkness again gathered about me, the normal darkness of those hateful days. . . . I was far from the time . . . when I could see that poetry was the vesture of religion, the woven garment whereby we see God. Love had to teach me that. I was not born until I loved.

"My third happy memory is of a brief idyllic attachment, very fervent, very romantic, entirely my own and, as I remember it now, entirely beautiful. Nothing remains but the fragrance of it and its dreamlike quality, the sense I have of straying with the beloved through a fair country. Such things assure me that I was not wholly dead during those crushing years of servitude. . . . There is a problem of the teaching art which the College at Spring Grove made no attempt to solve while I was there. You either played football and cricket or you were negligible. I was bad at both, was negligible and neglected."

Maurice, as he says, was not popular, but he had a few intimate friends, some of whom he kept up after he had left school. There was a boy called Illingworth, elder brother to the brilliant Percy Illingworth who died too young; Arthur Donaldson, an accomplished amateur actor and humorist, a ready writer, an ardent fisherman and very good company, who in conjunction with Maurice edited the School Magazine for a time and who, alas, met with an untimely end; John Nicoll, a great sportsman and a perfect host, with whom Maurice not infrequently stayed in after life; Delacourt Kell, a naturalist and philosopher; and perhaps a handful more with whom he was friendly but never intimate. He hardly betrayed any signs of the genius that he was destined to show, in his school life, though he almost invariably carried off the prize for English Literature in whatever class he happened to be; he was also above the average in Classics. At home, during the holidays, and to some extent at school too, he began to write regularly a weekly paper which he called "The Saturday Review, A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature and the Drama." This paper ran, more or less regularly, for two years, 1876 and 1877. It was strongly Conservative in politics and the persons who figured in it were entirely fictitious and most of them were members of the peerage. Dates were particularly abundant. Another paper that had a far shorter career and appeared in 1877, was called "The Imperial Gazette, Only Conservative Paper, Price 2*d*."

It was during the last few years of the College, Spring Grove, that Maurice and his brother became desperately ardent fishermen. The Darent at that time was a very good trout stream and the young Hewletts were treated generously by owners of private waters and learned to throw a fly, with occasional success. Maurice afterwards pursued the sport with increasing skill and keenness and became, in the end, a very fair fisherman.

A specimen of Maurice's efforts in versification is found in this "Ode after Horace" which his mother treasured till the end of her life.

ODE AFTER HORACE

I

Numerous storms and terrible disasters
Sent by Jupiter, signal of his anger,
Terrified cities, overthrew their altars
Struck by his right hand.

II

Terrified were nations fearing the return of
Pyrrha's long-gone cycle, dreading new monsters.
All the finny tribe see with much amazement
Tops of the mountains.

III

Fishes large and small too swam in the elm-trees
Living in the nests formerly of turtle-doves.
Prone on the flood timidly are swimming
Fallow deer drowning.

IV

Old father Tiber, yellow and foam-crested,
Retiring disgraced, beaten from Etrusca,
Wreaking his malice by knocking down our statues,
Injuring Vesta.

V

Many Roman youths thinned by father's vices,
Hearing the citizens whetting their sword-blades
Better to extirpate Persian invaders,
Think them of battle.

Maurice left the College, Spring Grove, at Christmas, 1878, and very soon joined his cousin, W. O. Hewlett (a son of Dr. Thomas Hewlett of Harrow), in the family Law business, at 2, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. He was o serve his Articles with his cousin and in due course o be made a junior and ultimately a full partner in the concern. Maurice was to follow the Antiquarian side of he Law only. He still lived at home and travelled up o town daily from Swanley or Farningham stations by he Chatham and Dover Railway, in company with his father. On the whole, Maurice took to his new career with some pleasure and, in the end, became quite an expert n that particular branch of the Law, but from the first he found the daily routine, and particularly the daily train ourney, on the slowest of all lines, a trial. In his leisure ime he went out a good deal and became fond of dancing.

In 1882, Henry Gay Hewlett, who had bought a house t Addington, a small village between Sevenoaks and Maidstone, moved with his family into this house which had been considerably altered and enlarged. And here Maurice suffered the most gloomy and depressing time of his life. The journey to London was not only considerably longer and still had to be made by means of the same Railway, but the station was two and a half miles from the house; and along the country road, twice a day, Maurice had to tramp. His father, who was an enthusiastic walker, professed to, and probably did, enjoy the early morning walk, but to his son it became more and more an irksome labour. At length the strain became intolerable; and Maurice suggested, and it was approved by his parents, that it would be better for him to take lodgings in London. His first rooms were in Albert Road, Regent's Park, and there for about two years he and his old school friend, Delacourt Kell, who was walking the hospitals, "dug" together. The change in Maurice's spirits at once became apparent.

About two or three years before his marriage Maurice moved to 22, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. From this time onward there began a growing understanding and affection between Maurice and his father which was never again to waver and which, as has been said, found its final riveting in his marriage with Hilda Herbert. What Maurice really felt for his father only showed itself after his death in 1897, and perhaps a quotation from a letter to his mother, written that year, can be here introduced not inappropriately.

He writes: "If I ever write any verse about my dear Father, I don't believe I shall be able to keep out the tragedy which—quite apart from my personal sorrow—hit me so hard at the time. . . . The sermon [preached on the Sunday after Henry Gay Hewlett's death] is admirable. Isn't it delightful to find how the dear man was appreciated by people who were far from his way of thinking? And I am sure the parson is right. So much honour, so much devotion, so much courage to endure; all the reverence he had for lovely things, all the pleasure he took in poetry, art and nature—in everything great and eloquently God—we can't believe all this wasted or futile. Such works will follow him and be his title deeds as it were. We are so apt to build upon our work here, that *ours* is the futility, not his; I am sure of it."

And in another letter to his mother, written about this me, he writes : " I quite understand what you are feeling. 'he thought of what might have been, when once it gets old of you, is almost heart-breaking. I have had it ıyself lately when I have been thinking how I *might* have ome home (he writes from Pittenweem, Fife) from this nd told the dear man all about it and how he would have ked it all, and what a good talk we might have had ! h me ! I sometimes think that I *must* have lost most f all next to you. We had become such friends."

As regards Maurice's religion it is difficult to say anyıing very definite, if one is ever allowed to know or say ıything of the deepest workings in a man's soul, but the npression he gave his brother, who knew him, perhaps, ıost intimately as a boy and young man, is that he was believer by instinct and a convinced believer by experience the Being and the immanence of God. His father, as as been said, was a professed Unitarian and if he influenced is children at all in what he felt should be freedom in ırming religious views, it was, naturally, towards the loption of his own faith. That nearly all of his children ıould reject what he held to be the whole truth, as imperfect ıd unsatisfying, and embrace the teaching of the Church, as for him a real tragedy and he never let one of them epart without a strenuous resistance.

That Maurice's religion did not hold him to the orthodox ıes in later years, is a fact, of course, but he once told s brother that he still accepted the Christian Articles of aith as " poetic truths " and perhaps he might be described later life as a Pantheistic Christian. A Christian, at all 'ents, he was in practice and no man ever had higher eals or strove harder to live up to them than he.

THE LETTERS OF MAURICE HEWLETT

1. To Hilda Beatrice Herbert

[In September 1886 M. H. became engaged to Hilda eatrice Herbert. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and their family ere then at Malvern Link, and Maurice was working t Pontypool on law cases for his cousin W. O. Hewlett. e first met H. B. H. in July 1886, just after her return om a year's stay in Germany, at the house of his uncle ames Knowles, a College friend of her father.

To the portrait of his parents given in Mr. Edward ewlett's memories H. B. H. has added some touches hich are of especial interest as regards Maurice's mother, any of whose characteristics can be traced all through is work and life. They may conveniently be quoted here.

"From his parents," writes Mrs. Hewlett, "he inherited lmost opposing traits. Maurice's father 'had somewhat edantic ways of expression, never lost his temper, or ised his voice. He would never sit in an easy-chair, ever smoked.' He was 'chivalrous to women, tender to ildren, and extremely reserved.' His mother was 'small, ivacious, and had a sense of humour almost uncontrollable. er husband had hardly any, and he would sit unmoved meals, while his wife had tears running down for mirth a joke. She was extremely nervous; so quick and dden in her thoughts, that it was breathless work at mes to follow them. She jumped at conclusions, likes dislikes, with even less reasoning than most women. he had a most original manner of expression, almost ntastic, and she saw things in flashes. She said whatever me into her head, irrespective of her audience. She was always a spoiled girl to the end of her life ; she never lost her youthful outlook. She resented any criticism outside her family. Her repartee was as flashing as that of her brother, James Knowles of the "Nineteenth Century," whom she greatly resembled in character. She was brought up in the narrow convention of her times, but she was as unconventional as any modern woman, and gave not a thought to worldly opinion. Impulsive to a degree, indulgent to a fault, she was adored by her children. Though they occasionally feared their father, they would suffer anything rather than wound their mother.'

"M. H. used the power of absorbing nature and detail, derived from his father, to jump at conclusions and to know his characters as intimate friends. He often said : 'I know what he (or she) has in his pockets.' "]

Tuesday, Before Dinner,

Oct. 21, 1886.

My darling Girl,

You will be glad to hear my good resolutions of this morning have so far been carried out with great success ! I have rightly stifled all vanities and vexations of spirit and have set myself to work without intermission all day. What's the consequence ? Here I am with only three days left, before I can say knife or Jack Robinson. The work has become awfully difficult and intricate. I have been these two days tracing out what one man did with his property. The brute ! He cut the whole thing up into bits of 200 square yards and sold them all to different people in 1835,—consequence is, all these different people, many of whom cut the land up into still smaller bits, have had to be traced out separately. I shall go down to my grave (and so must you) cursing the name of Joseph Duffield. May he stew, and boil, and grill ! I have just got a copy of the big Report (our big Report, you know) it looks awfully nice and is (tho' I say it as shouldn't) a thing to be rather complacent about. You see it is so seldom I do anything worth doing, that I can't afford to hide my light under a bushel when I do bring a thing off.

2. To H. B. H.

Thursday morning,
Nov. 3. [*Pontypool,* 1886]

. . . Lunch is over and I have had a row (much to the servant's surprise) because I had three dirty forks and two filthy spoons to eat with. I have taken to a new dodge now ; whenever I get dirty forks, I job them through the tablecloth by way of revenge and cleanliness,—the consequence is that the tablecloth looks more like a sieve than anything else—and I only began last night, but Boyd has been helping. The Welsh are supposed to be a very godly Race, ain't they ? If so, cleanliness is no relation to godliness and another good proverb has gone wrong. . . .

I think weather has a great effect on my sperrits. I feel mad enough for anything now, and shouldn't wonder if I suddenly siezed Boyd by the leg and hurled him through the window to work off steam—he is ready to start now ; I will tell you if I have done when I come back from work. —6 *O'clock.* I haven't hurt Boyd you will be glad to hear, but I nearly killed two small boys going up the hill. However I made the most elaborate apologies and ended by shaking them warmly by the hand—so that I believe in the end they were rather glad I had trod on them ! . . .

3. To H. B. H.

Hell, Friday.
[*Pontypool,* 1886.]

My darling little Girl,

Your Mater said in her letter to me that "the discipline of a little separation is very good for both of you." I for my part don't see it, It neither tends to a profitable nor happy Sunday. But I know that some people have the idea that the more miserable you make this life, the happier the next one will be, and I think your Mother is one of these. It is a revival of the old system of hair shirts and peas in your shoes. If you ask me, I prefer the peas boiled.

4. To H. B. H.

Hell—with the door shut again,
Thursday.

I am reading a new Fichte in the mornings—by way of prayers; it is very necessary we shd keep up that practice don't you think? It is called "The Way towards the Blessed Life" and is very extraordinary. The odd thing is that *two* things he founds upon (the nature of matter and the identity of Thought and God) I had already arrived at in my own mind by a different road! Isn't that strange? It is at any rate pleasant to get one's guesses verified by Great Thinkers like Fichte. I bought a translation (2/6!) of Kant's "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft" yesterday,—how long before we tackle that?

5. To H. B. H.

Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.
Dec. 2, 1886.

Mrs. Grundy is a terrible old nuisance, but she's alive and no mistake and a giant in the land. Well, we'll make her sit up when we are married, by going on the principle of doing what *we* think right and proper, not what the Bishop of Box and the Countess of Cox like. If people go on preaching to us and trying to train us up in the way we should go, they'll make us both Radicals (which means people who drink beer and don't think it wrong to smoke on Sunday) and then they'll be sorry they spoke.

6. To H. B. H.

[22, *Old Buildings*] *The Drain,*
Monday, [1887]

. . . Did you read Roderick Hudson? I wonder if you like it. I do myself. It's very analytical and shrewd,—the man who wrote it dissects motives like a surgeon does corpses, and I find that kind of thing vastly entertaining—then the story is frightfully true and not a little sad and exasperating, which to a jaded novel monger like me acts like mental cayenne pepper. But p'raps you don't like cayenne pepper. If not chuck the thing away and tell me not to find you such indigestible stuff any more. . . .

7. To H. B. H.

La Slum, Monday [? 1887]

. . . I am no believer in St. Paul's dictum “wives submit yourselves to your husbands” as a hard and fast rule. think, if anything, it ought to be the other way. But ertainly I should never wish you to do anything I ask, ecause I ask it, but because you love me and like to lease me. If you didn't feel any pleasure in pleasing ne (which you do) I would much rather you pleased yourelf. But I don't see why “obedience” should follow loving” and “honouring” in the Marriage Service at ll. Where true love is, honour and respect must be—he rest follows equally of course. We ought to be (as I elieve we are) one absolutely, in love for each other, and n gratitude to God for His goodness to each of us. A usband and wife ought to be one spirit as well as “one lesh.” So I believe and pray we shall be.

Goodbye, my sweet love.

8. To H. B. H.

County Hotel, Durham.
Sept. 12*th*, 1887.

There has been some friends of your Mother's staying ere a Lady —— with a Mrs. —— and a very subdued aughter who looks as if she was whipped every day. I on't know 'em luckily; they give me the blues every time meet them. They look so starved and proper, so tied p in conventionalities and proprieties!

If only some of these good people knew what fun it was o be natural,—and not to care whether one is *outré* or ot, the world would be a very different place. As it is, hat precious few people *dare* enjoy themselves! After ll it doesn't very much matter, if your hat is the same shape, r your pills the same prescription as everybody else's. he result is the great point.

9. To H. B. H.

The Slum, Thursday night.
[*Dec.* 9. 1887 ?]

. . . There is a preliminary exam (for chaps who haven't een to the Varsity) which I own I dread more than all the others. [For the Bar]. It's no joke to put a man who hasn't opened a Latin Author for ten years or so, in front of Cæsar or Horace and bid him translate the same. I have been sweating away at Horace to-night and very unaccustomed stuff I find it. Good Lord, how I have wasted my time, I have to look out every second word in the dictionary! Never mind, I'll scrape through somehow, but I won't risk a failure, so I shall go up as late as I can, and meantime swat my brains out in regaining as much of what I have lost as possible.

M. H. was married in 1888. He was called to the Bar the same year, and made a partner in the office of his cousin W. O. Hewlett (later a Master in Chancery) who had taken on his father's business.

In the following year Maurice went to Algiers to recover from an illness. It was the first time that he went abroad. He began to write there; and it was this visit to Africa which first opened to him the prospect of becoming a writer. Visits to Italy followed; and for many years Italy was an enchantment and an inspiration.

From 1886, when he was engaged to be married, he read hard at philosophy and history; novels also. He lectured on early frescoes in English churches, wrote poems, stories, and articles, often contributing to the "Academy." But from ten to six he was working all day at his office. In 1897 he succeeded his father as Keeper of Land Revenue Records. During these years he got up at 6 a.m., or even earlier, to write, and wrote or read till late at night. The strenuous life told on his health, and he had several nervous breakdowns.

10. To H. B. H.

In the train, place called Rugeley,
7 o'clock, just had dinner,
[*March 3rd*, 1891]

I have been reading Fichte, and enjoying him and looking out of window at intervals, with the sun on my face. I am sure I am a pantheist, because I worship the sun mong other manifestations of God. Fichte says that Mankind is the only manifestation of the Divine Idea; ut I don't know.

11. To H. B. H.

[who was visiting at a country house.]

2, Raymond Buildings,
1892.

What have you done with the lumbering —— all day? Has she bored you to death with her eternal trivialities, her og-maunder, her dull gossip and helplessness. Have the wo long, idle men dizzied you as they dizzied me with the nspeakable emptiness of such a life? Really I *cannot* tell ou how sick and ashamed I felt that two huge, strapping men *with souls* should devote themselves to brushing my oat and handing me from silver dishes things wherewith o feed my belly! And then all the women that there are here to brush superfluous floors and make unhealthy beds. think of the man who slept on seaweed in Greece! Oh my friends! We will not dwell on these sorrowful eflections.

I have finished my first lecture and think it will do. As oon as I can come at you, I will hurl it at your defenceless ead. I doubt you will approve, it is very temperate and s little dogmatic as my perfervid nature will allow!

12. To H. B. H.

[M. H. had a bad attack of influenza in the spring of 892, and went to Winchelsea to recover.]

New Inn Hotel, Winchelsea,
Wednesday, 4.30.
[*May* 1892.]

Here I have been marvellously fit. It is warm, and right, and I have been down to the sea! I bathed myself in the lovely creature, trickled her over my face—and then sat down on the grass under the lea of the sea-wall and watched plovers pretend they had no nests. I am very well found here, nice clean bedroom (where I have been to sleep since lunch) and a noble apartment for a sitting room (I had to take to one,—the coffee room is very small and filled with trippers from Hastings,—you know the style, cigars and fat women with ear-rings.) My window looks across the Place,—the old church, whose window you sketched ages ago, the first year we were married,—right over the plain to the sea. It (the sea), is a still pearly green—almost opal—at this moment, and beyond that a golden spit of sand rounds it off. Dungeness. . . .

13. To H. B. H.

New Inn Hotel, Winchelsea.
Thursday [*May*, 1892.]

I'm going to send up to you Pierre Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande." It's perfect in its way: a rare way I grant you—there is no story to speak of, and nothing that couldn't happen every day (as a matter of fact, does happen every day) but so wonderfully beautiful. We could never do anything quite like it. Miss Lawley must have read it before her "Grania" I feel sure. Tell me what you think of it.

14. To H. B. H.

Winchelsea, Friday,
[*May* 1892.]

Dearest Little Wife,

Your letters are the principal events of these rather bleak days. It hasn't been warm since I came. That first day was as much as it could do. To-day there have been hail-storms and a biting wind. Still I have been out a good deal prowling over the marshes, and trying to keep my spirits up. You needn't be afraid I am going to write poetry in weather like this! I have finished with Michelangelo, I hope for ever. He will travel up to town to-night and I wish I were going with him. He is very bad I think,—worse than usual. He will probably be rejected without thanks; which will give me a valuable lesson. I *like failing* sometimes,—it does one lots of good you know, and only makes me determined to "arrive" one day.

15. To H. B. H.

Winchelsea, Saturday,
[May, 1892.]

At my earnest request, Providence has been good enough o change the wind to S.E. instead of N.E. The sun and said High Mass together in the ruins of Camber Castle, hither I have at last succeded in finding my way. You ave no idea how difficult it is to *get* to any place on these ats ! The longest way of all is to go by the road, which lways leads straight *from* the place it means ultimately to each. The best thing to do is to disregard roads and walk traight on. You *may* find planks over the drains, you ay be able to jump them, but unless you know where hey are it generally ends by your walking five times round he marsh enclosed by its ditches and then going home to ave a meal. But to-day, by a fortunate inspiration, I found he road, and sat some time in the old broken-down fortress it was never a castle) making a sketch of it. I shall sketch he place before I have done, I doubt not. I don't know hy it charms me so ; but it does. And it's so far from the ea. I'm sure you would like it. You can't hear it you now, only see a thin blue line which occasionally sparkles r gets flecked with little whitenesses. There is a house ere on the edge of the cliff which we might easily take or the autumn,—you and I and Cecco, and the D.'s erhaps.—It's delicious to look at.

I mean to stagger on as long as I can. I own to you am getting bored with not a soul to speak to—the deso-ation is oppressive sometimes when one isn't in the mood or it, as I'm not, just now. It's our astonishing isolation hich shuts us off from all the other animals. The sheep nd lambs, the very cows seem to look upon me as an nemy. They get up as I pass and blink nervously at me o see what devil's trick I might be at next. I feel rather ke a pariah !

16. To H. B. H.

Winchelsea,
Monday in the Octave of
Aphrodite, Queen of Heaven.

Such a day, Darling ! Hot, blistering with heat and ght—the sea a pale green mist with a thin silvery line to separate it from the sky,—the land quivering and bathing "in the live, translucent bath of air" as Browning says. By this evening you should get my Elegiacs. I sent them by an early post that you might—I have read them over again this morning, and don't think I want to alter much. Funny how they *came*, last evening, as I was walking over a cliff looking at the sea. When I got in, I wrote them straight off with hardly any alteration, as you will see by my first copy. Isn't it odd how these things "se font."

I have a lot of poetical stuff floating about me; not easy to catch and fix on to paper; but it makes one live in a dream which is a pleasant thing.

17. To H. B. H.

4th January, 1893.

I had a nice letter from J. A. Symonds last night with a sonnet as a New Year's present. . . . I am very hot upon a longish poem I have started—rhymed couplets in a rather old-fashioned ballad measure,—subject, Savonarola and Botticelli's last days.

I am going to turn the Simonetta into a poem. Connect the two separate poems by some sonnets, put in a prologue and epilogue and call the whole thing "The Life of a Love" (perhaps). Ambitious you will say; Yes, but good practice. Verse-writing teaches one prose-writing if nothing else.

18. To H. B. H.

Grosvenor Hotel, Chester,
10 *Apr.* 94.

MY SWEETEST CHICK,

I rose betimes this morning, and find that having finished breakfast I have still an hour before I can work. I have had a walk too, round the walls of this very nearly delightful city. It is indeed built as a city that is at unity in itself. It certainly is not at unity with any other city I know, except Bologna. It has colonnaded walks in all the principal streets, but whereas Bologna has no others, ıester has two. There is the ordinary pavement in front the shops; then, above the shops (whose ground floors oject) there is a kind of clerestory (whereto you ascend steps cut between every two or three shops) and behold, new pavement and a second tier of shops! Odd. The wn is mostly oldish. And mostly built of dark red sandone. Good carved fronts to some of the houses, many urches, a fine broad river with weirs and folks who try net salmon, a great big badly-restored, Gilbert-Scottish ıurch, and from the walls a view of the Welsh mountains, ıich is very pleasing. Moreover it hath

> " A pleasant seat; the air
> " Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself" and so on.

19. To H. B. H.

2, Raymond Buildings,
Sept. 10. 1894.

Darling Williams,

Your postcard has made me comfortable; a letter ll be still more welcome, for I am in a chastened mood. ou will be sorry to hear that your praiseworthy schemes have me picturesque at Bridges' will be partially desoyed. I am frustrated:—my grey flannel trousers—two ge oily blotches on the rump; two on the thighs; two the shins; two on the calves. This is too much, even a walking tour I am afraid. No other tragedies though. I go down to Robert Bridges by the twelve o'clock train. will let you know from there my first address in Somersetire. I think Taunton. I am going to take " The King's ating" and " The Mask" down with me, nothing else. have been thinking much of another possible play, but don't want to wander into these things, until I have ished my Greek things. Oh dear,—I wish we were at ttenweam, don't you?

20. To H. B. H.

Yattendon, Newbury,
Thursday, Sept. 12th, 1894.

Darling Little Williams,

Glad of your letter. Here I am and very well treated. and his wife are awfully kind to me, and I *think* R. B.

thinks I am some good. Good old ivy-covered house: excellent talk, and very quiet country,—the sort where all the roads seem like paths in a park. B. don't say much about "Theseus." He has suggested some important alterations in motive and plot; but he tells me it is crammed with good stuff and a good story. I learn this much from him—I may call myself a poet,—which I have never dared do before. I must say I am enjoying myself. I am in sympathy with B. on many things. We talk Italian poetry—Keats—printing,—and our own stuff. He wants me to know a man called Binyon, a poet and in the B.M., and then the idea is that the three of us should start a private Printing Press in a small way and print our works, and afterwards other people's.

21. To his Sister-in-law (Mrs. Welby Everard) then in Italy.

53 [*Colville Gardens*]. 3 *Feb.* 95. *Sunday.*

Now, about the Vatican you are quite right. The great proportion of the sculpture there is rubbish. But *all* the copies are not rubbish: and they are good in this way, that they are copies by *pupils* of the lost works of great swells. And there are some realities—the Belvidere Hermes, the Lizard-killing Apollo, the Laocoön, the Calliope, the Meleager, the Barberini Juno, and some beautiful sarcophagi. It is rather a good exercise to wander about there and put down in your own mind the frauds on one side (I mean the *Roman* things) and the veracities on the other. Then look at your cribs and see how right you have been. It is a mark of artistic instinct to be able to spot a Romano-Greek thing by its falseness. But you know my opinion of the value of galleries of sculpture. I think they are almost as disastrous as galleries of pictures. I declare, when I get into one of those Vatican places, and see miles of cold figures, in double lines, stretch'd out before me, a kind of stupor overtakes me and I get no good out of the thing. Far better, far better to loaf about the Forum and tread the very pavements of old Rome, still in their places, than belabour your brains with Baedeker and marble. Of course, you must know where the statues *are* ; then wait your time and go to see *one* and only one. I'm sure that's the way. No, I don't remember Cosmas and Damian—at least I think not. I do remember Sta. Prassede (in the Labicana, I believe) and Sta. Pudenziana, both very jolly. In the first of them (where are some v. good mosaics) is an image of the lady, in a well, with a bloody sponge in her hands. I think she is supposed to be filling the well with the blood of martyrs. Good. But why sit in it also ? Another church (one of the few) I liked was San Clemente between the Lateran and the Coliseum ; and another was Sta. Costanza (where there is a good catacomb by the way) : but you don't seem to have got to the catacomb stage yet. Don't see one till you have finished Marius.[1]

For ourselves, I don't think there is much to tell you. Williams has begun book-binding ; we have bought our dog but haven't got him yet. He lives at Frome, and it is too cold for him to travel up until the frost has gone. He is to be called "Graffiacane," I believe. I have finished Hippolytus, and am now translating some of the Inferno for practice—splendid practice it is, too, in the matter of compression ; how that man packed his sentences ! As much as Shakespeare, and more than Milton. But it must always happen that a man who is worth anything has more to say than he has room for. Hippolytus I read to Williams last night. She liked some of it I feel sure —in fact she said so—but I don't think that class of writing is in her line. I shall put it away now for a year. Meantime I have the first of the three to do, and then they will all be blocked in : that will exhaust two of the five years I dedicated to them : the remaining three years must go to making them decent.

Tues. 5 Feb.

I have just finished a translation in *terza rima* of the first canto of the Inferno, and have all but finish'd reading it to the end. Pity you skip the Purgatorio. I thought you had Butler's crib of it. I mean to go on with my translation, which is not bad, and may amuse you some day. I can't honestly say it would make such a good crib as Carlyle ; but it might give someone who couldn't and never meant to learn Italian a fair notion of the real thing. I am now meditating the recovery of my Greek, the language in which Artemis was addressed by her ancient devotees : as her chronicler in these late days, it seems fitting I should be able to speak to her properly. I hope you admire my (I confess) fitful energy. If you knew how cold it was you would stare at me. But I battle truly with fearful problems. Hippolytus is a thorn in my flesh. I fear it is wrongly constructed, and must, as to a good deal of it, be done over again. But I mean rigorously to leave it for a year, after I have made a note or two of where it seems to be wanting : if I go on worrying about it now, I shall spoil it and kill myself.—Confess that would be a pity. It is late : I must go to bed. Goodnight, sister.

---

[1] Pater's "Marius the Epicurean."

22. To his Sister-in-law

53 *Colville Gardens.*

17 *Feb.* 95.

Billy's birthday. Thank you, my dear, for a good letter, which now that Cecco is a little better I have a chance of answering. We have had an anxious time as you may guess. He has been very bad indeed, poor chick ; someone has been up with him every night for a fortnight. At last the fever seems to have left him. It has left him a shadow of what he was—he'll want all the feeding we can give him, and some warmth if we can only find it in this frozen country. Worthing, we have thought of. Graffiacane has arrived. I brought him home yesterday in a cab—a rat-like sight indeed—nothing but a nose on 4 legs. At present he bids fair to be an exorbitant anxiety, perpetually wanting to be watered or fed ; perpetually watering and feeding himself in the wrong places and at impossible times. He may be a joy some day—just now I own he bores me. I have got to crawl out into a raw fog with the glass below zero to exercise the animal. Oh, why ? Oh, why in the name of glory did we buy a dawg ? I believe he will be a good one, but even that doesn't move me !

I went to dear old Poole's[1] funeral last Tuesday. He was buried at Twyford; it was bitterly cold, and very sad. Very few people there of all whom he had helped and taught. It seem'd as if they all forsook him and fled directly there was no more to be got out of him. I wrote a rhyme about him which the "Academy" has this week. It wasn't all I wanted to say, but some of it was there.

23. To his Sister-in-law

53. 17 *Mar.* 95.

A large box of your crocuses is now a perfect wonder of pale flowers, white and streak'd mauve. How I should like you to see them. We think of you every time we look at them; and as that is very often you will guess you are much in our thoughts. But they aren't a day earlier than those in the open. Kensington Gardens is full of them, and last Sunday I saw some at Strawberry Hill. I doubt if you in Rome are much ahead of us. Everything is going well now, I do assure you, including my dried-up old cocoanut, which, after simmering and snorting for a week, has now settled down soberly to Greek tragedies and may do something tolerable yet. I don't find myself equal to fresh work yet, so employ myself in revising Theseus, which I did last year. If my vein holds I shall tackle the Cretans next month. But many dogs are come about us: painters, paperers, plasterers and their familiars are to be turned loose into the house to-morrow, to rage for ten days. Williams and I are painting beams for the ceiling and carving panels for the walls for all we are worth. Graffiacane has been very ill through swallowing quantities of coals. He still swallows coals, and is still ill. He is by no means the least of the "dogs of misery." Cecco goes to Worthing to-morrow while we battle with the decorators (falsely so called). I don't know that there is much chance of any pomes being worked off.

Evening.

Graffiacane is extremely ill. He has swallowed more coals and Williams and I gave him an emetic which did not suit, but, rather, went the wrong way and as nearly choked the little hound as one cares to go with one's own dog. I have just taken him to a vet. to be mended. But I fear his affairs are not orderly at present. "Amid the bludgeonings of chance, My head is bloody but unbowed" is hard to say sometimes. Nevertheless I try to be cheerful and when I consider Williams who suffereth long and is kind, in spite of it all, I feel very much ashamed. Yet one does long to be quiet, if only for a whole day, sometimes. I think of Scotland and sigh: I think of anywhere but this brawling desert of human beings—"all howling and all damned"—and in comparison it seems a Paradise. Surely a time will come when every man or woman with a soul to save will escape from London and leave the whole thing to boil itself ripe for hell. It must be nearly ripe now; but probably Satan likes things rotten!

---

[1] Reginald Stuart Poole, keeper of Coins and Medals in the British Museum, died in 1895.

I had a glimpse of something better this afternoon. Kew Gardens, with sun, a west wind and acres of mossy turf to walk or sit upon. You know that I only feel good when the sun shines. I felt very good for a little while this afternoon. I hope you feel good: I am sure you *are*. And I am awfully pleased that you seem cheerful about your paint. Quite right: never forget Balzac. I have been thinking about him a good deal lately, for in times of depression I have felt that I never shall be a poet; and as *I mean to be one*, why, Balzac does me good. It is pluck we want, my dear. But, observe, *not* the pluck that does things with a blind rush; but the pluck that can hold on, wait, and wait, and wait. Set your teeth and sit tight. Oh, it's hard work. But yet the only way. Heaven bless you, Gay.

Ever yours,
M.

24. To H. B. H.

[In 1897 M. H.'s son, aged seven, whom the London climate did not suit, was taken to Pittenweam in Fifeshire to stay with a clergyman and his family.]

Land Revenue Record,

[*Sep :* 1897]

My Dearest Love,

I know what you are feeling only too well,—I have been very low at the thought of so dear and small a creature beginning to shift for himself. All these things are hateful, but they all have to be. Parents don't have a very good time ever, unless it is good to love something very much and very truly. I believe it is the purest thing we are capable of—or at least the feeling which has least of self in it. I believe he will be happy, myself. He is a happy-natured boy (and in that *not* like me) and very friendly and interested in things.

I believe L. [the clergyman] will take to him, but it is important that he should take an interest in the formation of his character. Read from here to L. please. I hope you will try to make him see that we have little fear of his brains and a good deal of anxiety that his character should be strengthened. I see mental indolence in all the children of my Mother. She cannot bring herself to face mental or moral trouble, that is the whole business. I suffer from it and so do the others.

The next thing to teach him (it seems to me) is that it is a duty in him as well as a privilege to be a gentleman of good descent. You know I am not a snob, and glorious over a long pedigree ; but I do think it will help him, as it has helped me to remember that his forefathers have not been able to afford low amusements, or grossness to women, or cruelty, or to think meanly of people in other stations of life.

Along with this I always put the love of God, as I see God in a fine action, a noble thought, a beautiful person, place or thing, or in good love. If Cecco believes that God is in every such thing, (the root, and life of it) he will have no difficulty at any time in believing that Jesus was the son of God, or that he himself may be God's son. I should like Mr. L. to teach him the New Testament *as it is*, and the Old Testament as he would teach him the stories in the Odyssey. I hope he will see that he says his prayers and finds it important to say them, and I should like him to teach him a verse of a psalm every day. I hope he will forgive me making all these irritating suggestions, but I am sure he will if you tell him that I have thought of the children's bringing up ever since I had children at all, and that you and I consider nothing more important to ourselves than that they should grow up a good man and woman. The lesson business I leave to Mr. L—— entirely.

25. To H. B. H.

Land Revenue Records,
13*th Sept.* 1897.

I have got half an idea for a medieval story out of the "Lives of the Troubadours"—the heroine will be a married woman, between 30 and 40—by name (I believe) Morna. The Hero is a wandering poet who is killed by her husband. The poet's heart is cut out and served up hot for the lady's meal. When she learns the fact she says she will never eat anything else, and doesn't. It sounds raw, but wait till it is cooked, like the heart. Told in a dry semi-humorous way it ought to be effective I think. The heroine commits no sin, but she has never been made love to before and rather dallies with the notion. When the man is dead she finds out that she had been loved and had loved. Qu'en penses tu? Place—South of France, time Middle Ages. . . . The blessings of a poor exile upon all that he loves.

M.

26. To H. B. H.

6, *Whitehall,*
15 *Sept.* '97.

Wait till you see my story prankt out in the glamour of Southern France before you judge. Moreover I have given you the bare bones and none of the little articulations which mean so much. Also, that combination of shocking barbarism with delicate sentiment is the Middle Ages all over. Strong meat and an exquisite sauce. Wait. Oh, you are perfectly right and I am a fool. But you mistake me in one thing. I am not a glutton. I feel festive for a minute and my festivity must find expression. Now sitting in a club scattered thick with evening papers and suburban cads, one can't write a sonnet, so one has beer for lunch (and Grouse Pie). It's the same thing with overpaying waiters and cabmen. Mere expression! You don't believe this. All right.

I am steaming ahead with Forest Lovers. It develops finely and will be full enough to run alone.

27. To H. B. H.

Land Revenue Records,
17 *Sep.* 97.

. . . I am rather stuck with The Forest Lovers. It is developing. A new character has turned up and I don't quite know what to do with the woman. She has to be joined on to the main stem, you see. My idea of a story is a thing where every incident and character has something to do with the conclusion of the whole,—so when a totally unexpected event or person turns up, as this woman has just done, I have to continue and adjust her somehow and then modify the end to give her some work to do. I wish she had gone to the devil rather than come just now. She's like an uninvited guest who drops in and finds you with a dinner party on your hands.

28. To H. B. H.

53, *Colville Gardens,*
Sunday.

. . . Meantime I am getting on very well with my Lovers, in whose fortunes I am getting entirely absorbed. I know much more than I did about them, when I wrote down what I read to you. I am beginning to like Prosper as much as I do the girl. We have become excellent friends. He is one of those active out-of-door natures (very unlike my own by the way) to which it never occurs to need love. The girl is very still outwardly, but hot inside and a born lover. The problem is, how love gets into the man. Through pity and respect I think, and not until he has gone through the stages of indifference and the tempest of animal desire which good living and idleness might give him. Her rejection of him at this stage, coupled with the discovery that she was *éperdument* in love with him all the same gives him respect.

I don't quite see it yet, and it wasn't at all clear in the story as at first written, but it will come.

Another woman has come in to make things complicated. I know roughly what she is going to do. All together I feel rather pleased. It will be a very full thing and can stand quite alone. The style is unequal, but better than when you heard it. I am trying to maintain simplicity with fullness and realism with romance. So you see I have my work cut out, and am entertained with my own wit.

I read Dumas, marvellous man ! Since him and Walter Scott, no one has ever written a novel worth reading—Sauf ce brave Stendhal.

29. To H. B. H.

Land Revenue Records,
20th Sept. 1897.

I am so glad you like my preface, as I hoped you would. I knew it was very good as I wrote it straight down, and one always is at one's best under those circumstances. As to the Lovers, you will see, I think it will come out all right enough. I must talk to you about it. The point is this—If it stands as it was when you heard it, it can only be at the best a happy bit of imitation of a medieval story,—very pretty and as successful as you like BUT imitation and not far removed from Wardour Street. If, on the other hand, it arrives anywhere near my present notion, it will be a piece of myself—neither modern nor antique, but a queer composite, rather bewildering to those who love to classify and label what they read—but interesting I hope, and occasionally strong. In fact in this thing I am trying to write whatever I feel, and not to put myself into another man's shoes. Pan was very good, but it was simply Elizabethan, and what else there was, was there by accident. Nevertheless, I am by no means sure that I am doing well. Yesterday you will have seen, I was here. This week I really cannot dine out. I must stick to my novel.

The year 1898 was a turning-point in Maurice Hewlett's career. On January 2 he completed the final version of "The Forest Lovers," and the book was published on May 16. It had a great and immediate success and made him famous. Before it was published he commented on it in his Diary as "excellently written and strong in parts." In 1907, after re-reading it, he pronounced it "a very clever fake," and already, in 1898, he disliked the sensation "of being boomed" on its account. He was now thirty-seven. Through his official work he had come to have an unusual knowledge of medieval life and of by-ways of English history. But his earlier verse, which includes the first version of "The Agonists," was devoted to Greek themes. At the close of 1897 he had written in his Diary, "I began the year a Classicist, I end up a hardened Romantic." Italy of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance was now absorbing him. In April 1898 he spent three weeks in North Italy, vising Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Ravenna and Bologna, having the stories for his "Little Novels" and other works of like matter in his mind.

30. To H. B. H.

Riva degli Schiavoni, No. 4161 *Venezia,*
9 *Ap.* '98.

I never thought to be reduced again to saying "Oh!" when I saw a place,—but I said it when I got to Venice. My first thought on getting out at the Station was to say "Henley"—but the "Ohs" succeeded each other after that.

I got up at 6.30 and saw the opal dawn all over this dream of a place. It's very cold at night though, and I have been very thankful for my ulster every evening since I came.

31. To H. B. H.

Venice, Easter Sunday.

I have nearly died of a Pontifical High Mass at St. Mark's. The church is splendid, but the Mass was not splendid. These people have lost all their artistry and live upon their past like fungus on a fine old tree.

Ever yours
M.

32. To H. B. H.

Venice, Easter Monday, 98.

It has been raining here all the morning, but has cleared up this afternoon. As I sit writing, I look out upon a broad sheet of sea, which is coloured in bands of grey, pink, bright green, dark blue, coral, and french grey: this is perfectly true. Beyond that is a misty line of warm red (the houses on the Lido) out of the other window I can see a white domed church, if you can call a thing white, which is stained with weather and warm with generations of sunlight. The colour of Venice, and the strangeness of it, make up all the charm. There is better architecture elsewhere and much better painting, but the place remains unique and I don't know anything to touch it for colour.

I have spent the whole morning in the Accademia. Basta, basta, Tiziano, Tintoretto e tutta la loro roba! The fellows weary me beyond all expression. On the other hand Carpaccio and a certain Bonifazio of Verona have pleased me enormously. Florentine painting has spoiled me for Venetian and for nearly all other. The Tuscan was so faultlessly a gentleman in all that he did and so extraordinarily intelligent.

The Venetian painters are *fat* and rather dull (I mean intellectually). And they like fat women to correspond.

33. To H. B. H.

Ferrara,
16 *Ap.* '98.

Darling Little Girl,

The fascinations of this place chain me. I am going to skip Rimini for its sake and do well. The town is entirely medieval and almost wholly of old red brick and gardens. You never saw such a green place. Cosimo Tura's frescoes in the Schifanoia Palace are the best north of Florence (Giotto and Mantegna at Padua and Tintoretto at Venice not excepted.) They are just what frescoes ought to be. God bless you. I shall see you in less than a week.

Yours
M.

34. To H. B. H.

Spada d'Oro, Ravenna,
Ap. 17. '98

Darling,

I am in a very dirty Inn. Killed two centipedes in my bedroom last night and dreamt I was St. Paul fighting wild beasts at Ephesus all night. I am going to write a novel about Ferrara directly I get home. I am very well indeed and rather burnt by the Venetian sun.

Ever your own
M.

35. To H. B. H.

Verona, Monday, 1898.

Probably the most beautiful town I have ever been in,—better than Perugia, I think better than Siena. Snowy Alps for background, red brick churches, cypresses, brick and marble belfreys, no streets wider than Miller's Lane, a rapid river and a bright sun. Magnolias and peach trees in bloom. I had a long morning's work in the Brera and took D. over Sant' Ambrogio.

36. To Clement Shorter

[This and the next letter but one are concerned with stories afterwards published in " Little Novels of Italy " and " New Canterbury Tales."]

St. Peter's Vicarage, Allendale, Northumberland,
11 *Aug.* 98.

My Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for your letter. I am going to buckle to at my stories now and try to finish them properly ;

but I must tell you that I am apt to be slow finishing things to my liking and dare not hurry a piece of work. I have an enormous respect for print!

"As soon as possible," therefore, is all I can say for the moment.

Meantime I may tell you, perhaps, that Mr. A. P. Watt has an Italian story of mine which is quite ready for printing. It is called "The Judgment of Borso" and rather pleases me. Would you care to see it? I should certainly like you to *read* it whether you published it or not.

Very truly yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

Clement Shorter Esq.

37. To C. Lewis Hind,

[who was then Editor of "The Academy."]

St. Peter's Vicarage, Allendale, Northumberland,
16 *Aug.* 98.

My Dear Sir,

I should be very pleased, if I could manage it, to resume my connection with "The Academy." I did a lot of reviewing for it when Mr. Cotton was Editor. If you cared to send me a book now and then I could do it; but I am afraid my invention doesn't run the way of criticism "in the abstract" just now; and as for stories, I seem to be bought up for many years ahead! I have promised so much that I don't like to promise any more, but I would certainly review for you. I know Italian art and literature pretty well, and can read most modern European languages (but not Dutch or Russian!).

Very truly yours
MAURICE HEWLETT.

P.S.—I ought to say that I would rather not review novels unless they are by pretty good men.

38. To Clement Shorter

Allendale, 20th Aug. 1898.

Dear Mr. Shorter,

At this moment I am finishing a story of about 20,000 words which is called "The Madonna of the Peach-

Tree": it is not improper though it is rather wild—*but it makes for righteousness* and is saved from any possibility of offence by the treatment. If you like to look at it I will send it as soon as I can get it done.

Beyond this I have nothing actually in my hands but the outline of a thing I want to do—very short—about Dante and a lady at Lucca.

Please let me know how soon you want the story, and if "The Madonna of the Peach-Tree" sounds to your mind?

Very truly yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

Clement Shorter Esq.

39. To H. B. H.

Station Hotel, Newcastle,
3rd Decr, 1898.

DEAREST SOUL,

This is, I hope the last letter I shall write to you from Newcastle. I hate the place more every hour I stay in it. It is impossible for me to settle down to anything. There is nowhere to walk to, and the Hotel is filled with brawling multitudes. Last night the High Sheriff gave a ball; the place was up to the neck,—which was more than the ladies were, I assure you. I did, nevertheless contrive to fill seven sheets with more or less brilliant conversation between the high-born characters in the Song of Renny. This morning I went for a walk about the greasy streets: all the same, the view of chimneys and smoke and dirty water from the Tyne Bridge is not without points. Two poor old black churches and a shabby castle look scared—as if they were wondering still where on earth they were.

40. To H. B. H.

Corbridge,
8th Decr, 1898.

. . . It has turned bright and cold and my spirits go up by leaps and bounds. Renny last night was a great success. Hermia grows to be the image of you—a cross between you and Gay perhaps, but more like you every stroke I put on her. I am awfully in love with the little Lady (as perhaps you will allow me to be) and as is right and proper I like her all the more for the wrong things she does—all lovers do that. I don't know whether it applies to women. I fancy you like me less for my faults ; but I certainly like you better for yours. Droll ! In spare moments I read Stendhal, Chartreuse de Parme—Oh, what a book ! I am grieved you don't like the man.

41 To H. B. H.

Corbridge,
9 *Decr.* 1898.

. . . I did a splendid batch of Renny last night. It's extraordinary how one's spirit " tires and faints " and then flushes up again quite suddenly. I am sure the only thing is to plug ahead (with all deference to you, my dear), and as for " drudgery " heaven knows one mustn't shirk that, if one wants to do anything in literature.

42. To Clement Shorter

[In 1898 the "Academy," the weekly journal, gave a prize to " the best book of the year." It was bestowed on " The Forest Lovers."]

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
14. xii. 98.

Dear Mr. Shorter,

Thank you for your letter. I have heard of the " Academy " polling. It is not so much a case of crowns as of " half-crowns," is it ? But if they are going to crown a novel it *ought* to be " The School for Saints " in my opinion. I don't know whether that is a this-year book though. I was sorry you didn't like the " Madonna of the Peach-Tree." I must maintain, with all deference, that I am *not* an immoral writer ! The moral of that particular story was beyond cavil, and it would *not* have been without the treatment. You cannot show a thing white unless you show something else black. But I suppose the " polite reader " won't see it.

Very truly yours
Maurice Hewlett.

Clement Shorter Esq.

At the close of this "eventful" year Hewlett wrote that he had been "carried on such a high wave that I feel stranded in the ebb. I suppose I shall rise again, but certainly praise dries me up more than neglect ever did." "The Forest Lovers" was followed in October by "Pan and the Young Shepherd" (written earlier, chiefly at Pittenweam); and this also had considerable success. During the year he was occupied with the Italian Stories and with the "Song of Renny" and "The Stooping Lady" in their first shape. In September he made a brief trip to Treves and returned by Brussels and Bruges. Later in the year he was in Northumberland on a foreshore case.

Early in May of the next year, 1899, a very brief visit was paid to Mantua and Padua; a Padua story ("The Fool Errant") having been projected.

The last months of this year were absorbed by work on "Richard Yea-and-Nay."

43. To C. Lewis Hind

[Mr. Hind was editor of the "Academy," which gave the prize to "The Forest Lovers."]

53 *Colville Gardens,*
14. 1. 99.

My Dear Hind,

I have written to you officially of course concerning the distinction you have conferred upon me, but I cannot forbear thanking you for what touched me a good deal nearer—the very generous way in which you, or somebody, *te inspirante*, appraised my wares. You talk of encouragement: I find it in that sort of thing. To have one's books examined so carefully, one's aims detected—to be conscious, in fact, that one has pleased people who really know how much goes to the making of a decent thing—no cheques can help one so much as that.

You will, perhaps, be interested to hear that "The Forest Lovers" has had another testimonial: there is to be a sixpenny edition of it shortly. . . . Forgive this babble; but I wanted to thank you for *the real thing*.

Ever sincerely yours
Maurice Hewlett.

44. To Frederic Harrison

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
4 *Feb.*, '99.

Dear Mr. Harrison,

Your praises—so generous as they are—are wine to me. I hope I may not become intoxicated—but think I shall not, for I feel the responsibility of earning them with every new thing I publish. If you like "Madonna of the Peach-Tree" you will like better "The Judgment of Borso" which is to be in the "Fortnightly" in a month or two. A collection of these "Little Novels" (as I shall call them) is to be my only book of this year. It is comfortable to feel that one, at least, of them may confidently meet the eyes of 'coloro che sanno'.

As to the "Athenæum," if such an honour should ever be mine, you may be sure of what I should feel. But I shall have to do a good deal yet before I can earn such reward.

We are to lunch with Sidney Lee tomorrow, an introduction which I owe to the very pleasant dinner at your house on Monday. It seems to me that I am growing to be a very heavy debtor of yours; but none the less sincerely

your much obliged
Maurice Hewlett.

Frederic Harrison Esq.

45. To Royal Cortissoz

[Mr. Cortissoz, the art critic of the "New York Tribune," was also literary editor of that paper from 1897 to 1913. "Earthwork out of Tuscany" came into his hands for review, and he wrote an enthusiastic notice of it, the first real appreciation of Hewlett's work which appeared in America. When "Songs & Meditations" appeared, he wrote a cordial notice of the poems; and he sent both reviews to M. H., who acknowledged them in this letter. In 1900 Mr. Cortissoz met Hewlett in London, and acquaintance ripened into friendship.]

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*

20 *Feb.* 1899.

My Dear Sir,

Your more than kind letter and the two generous reviews which it enclosed have given me real pleasure; and of that I should have assured you at once if I had not been in bed with influenza when they came. All my good things in the way of sympathy and encouragement seem to have come together (the influenza being there to remind me, no doubt, that this is nevertheless a give-and-take world)—and as I have had to work a longish time in the dark, I never seem to have enough kindness when it is, like yours, the right sort. If it were not for this I might feel sorry that you left "The Tribune" of March 22 1896 to get yellow in your drawer instead of mine.

I had heard vaguely that "Earthwork" had been better received in America than here: now I understand why. To be honest, I don't believe a single reviewer in England knew what I was driving at; the book (and my first too) fell dead flat; I was very much discouraged. Luckily (for me, at least) I have a bad temper—I made up my mind that I *would* be read—and I am. Now comes your inspiriting letter to tell me that I had some reason for my pigheaded endeavours. You know Italy and you think "Earthwork" a good book; you know literature and you like "Songs & Meditations." Both of these are plumes I may lawfully wear in my hat.

The trouble with me, I foresee, is all to come. Failure and neglect were very little, but like all writers (and all things human) I love sympathy: and can I keep that and my head together? That is what I have to find out—the responsibility is very great, and it seems to be so easy to confuse the two sorts of success and the evidences of them. At present mine is the praise of successful performance; next may come that deadly form of praise, the praise of successful publication. The two are hardly to be distinguished—and yet one kills!

However, don't think that I despair of pleasing you again; I don't intend to die of a congested circulation just yet. It seems to me that the whole business lies in the success with which the author remains an amateur—that's the difference between the writer and the painter—able to preserve his simplicity, his sense of wonder and magic, the delight he has in the wagging of his pen and the zest with which he will explore the recesses of his own head. Professionalism rules all that out of one desperately soon : no really great writers have been so-called " men of letters." But I am writing a dissertation when I should be taking quinine, and it will come upon you in the middle of your business. I don't at all want you to repent that you ever wrote to me—so will only ask you to believe how much I am,

My dear Sir,
Yours, much obliged,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

R. Cortissoz Esq.

46. To CECIL HEADLAM

[Mr. Cecil Headlam's book on Nuremberg was published this year in the Medieval Towns series. It was dedicated to Maurice Hewlett. The " immortal work " which M. H. was planning was possibly " Richard Yea-and-Nay " ; though this novel was not actually begun till the autumn. In April he was working on " Peridore and Paravail." St. Stephen's House, Westminster, was the Land Revenue Record Office, where he succeeded his father as " Keeper ".]

St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.
12 *Ap.* 1899.

DEAR HEADLAM,

Many thanks for your letter. What you have said or recorded of me in your " Nuremberg " I am certain to like ; but assuredly I don't deserve anything. However, if I only got what I deserved I should have few occasions for giving of thanks. To you I shall give many I am sure.

It is plain that in Cordova you and Horace walked with God for a season. We (so to speak) biked with Him for a week from Land's End to Salisbury—an immortal journey in its way—green and blue throughout, dappled with the yellow flowers of this hopeful time. Just now I am very fruity and English. I smell of beef, I say " Ha ! " among the captains ; very recently I drank stout in big tankards. All this is now being pressed down to run over in the pages of an Immortal Work, with which I am alternately puffed up (Tunc mihi licet sidera contingere plantis !) and cast down among the pots.

When does "Nuremberg" appear ? Soon I suppose. I hope to see it soon, but you sooner.

Ever yours,
Maurice Hewlett.

47. To Cecil Headlam.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.
24 *Ap.* 1899.

Dear Headlam,

When I bought your "Nuremberg" today I discovered how much honour you had paid me. I thought from your letter that you had referred to me in the preface or something—but I am more than obliged to you for the dedication inasmuch as I am proud to be associated with so excellent a piece of work. I haven't read it properly yet, have only cut my way through it slowly with the paper-knife ; but I can see how good it is. Once more, my thanks for an honour which I shall try to deserve.

——'s —— I find too long and too much in the fatherly tone of Ruskin. He seems to say, "Come along, my little dear, and I'll show you the pretty churches." I like my author to be absolute but don't like him benevolent. I wonder if I shall ever accomplish "Verona" ? I should like to ; but Florence for Macmillan [" The Road in Tuscany "] is looming and I'm afraid of getting too fond of the North until that is out of the way.

Ever yours,
M. H.

48. To H. B. H.

Aquila d'Oro, Mantua,
Monday,
[8 *May* 1899]

Here I am in a large room of a comfortable Inn in a town which sits in three lakes,—Mantova la Gloriosa,—full of ideas for my trade.

I only stayed at Milan long enough to see the colour of Bianca Maria's eyes. She is quite different to Berenson's description of her and much more my idea, which as you will remember I derived from a bad photograph and lost when I saw a good one. Here is a case where a bad photograph does her much more justice than a good one. She is a very interesting young woman you must know, and might be put in a novel. Her father, Duke Ludovic of Milan, hawked her all over Europe trying to arrange a marriage which would suit his own urgent affairs. He betrothed her to the King of Hungary and broke it off, when he found a better man. Finally he hooked the Emperor,—middle-aged, anæmic, mild and a prig. All this time, however, the lady had not been idle ; but had several affairs of her own. She should make a very Italian subject—and you would have Leonardo thrown in, and a page or two. But it is very difficult to pick out the old bits of Milan, the place has been so Austriacised and now Parisianised, as to be as difficult as London to make out.

This place (Mantua) is quite *seul de son espèce*. It reminds me here and there of Verona, but the people are quite of a different type—much more southern—a brown-eyed, ruddy-skinned race. Some of the women have magnificent hair—do you know that dark venetian red, almost the colour of old brown sherry ? They have that.

These lagoons the place is built in, have a most desolate look. Endless bridges communicate with the mainland. They flood the fields here as if they were Egypt. I saw workmen digging the mud, standing up to their knees in water. I shall stay here all tomorrow and look at frescoes. Go on to Padua late at night.

Ever your own,
M.

49. To H. B. H.

Mantua,
[9. 5. 99 ?]

This place has pleased me so much that I have stayed another night, to wander about a little more at ease and make pictures in my head. It is a spacious, yet very medieval place,—full of interest and the colour and smells of Italy. I took a walk in the country this afternoon—fat, wet, leafy country, indescribably rich in every kind of vegetable. Here are some wild ones which I got in the cornfields,—what is the dark blue thing? Monkshood?

Mantegna is very fine in the Castello here. He has a room covered with the heroic deeds of the Gonzaga, like those in the Schifanoia at Ferrara—only, of course, finer artistically. But they seem more official to me than those artless masterpieces are.

50. To Royal Cortissoz

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
17 *Aug.* 1899.

My Dear Mr. Cortissoz,

You are certainly one of my kindest critics and I count it the first of my good fortunes that I have been brought into touch with what encourages at once, and sobers me, so much. I wish I could agree with what you tell me about my writing—I mean that I wish I could feel it all myself: but at present I can't. I suppose I know as well as most people what the classic touch in Literature is—the touch of infallible authority, like "Let there be light: and there was light," which you get in the greatest of all. I don't pretend to say that I don't aim at that in everything I write, because I certainly do. But it is only in my most fatuous moments that I believe I shall ever reach it: soberly, I consider that it needs a power in one which I should be almost afraid to possess—a power inhuman—the remorseless chill of Shakespere underneath all his passion; still worse, that of Dante; almost as terrible to my mind, the detachment of Thackeray. After all, the really great men in Literature can be counted on the two hands. There aren't many fingers over, but I would rather fail to get one of them than succeed in doing anything less. That much I may confess without absurdity, that I am requiring a monument "ære perennius." I suppose anyone may require anything on the off-chance, and without expecting to get it. I do think that I see some things about me which others don't see; I know that I can write English—but there is much more than that. Great Art is a terrible gift. However—we shall see!

I am writing you a letter full of unprofitable wind—and all about myself; whereas I set out by meaning to thank you very heartily for yours. I shall never be able to make you understand what such an appreciation as yours means to me—unsolicited, unexpected testimony from one who really knows "what is what" is encouragement indeed. You say you consider my writing "permanent." That is what I want it to be. I never lose sight of that. It is, to my mind, an *infirmity* of artists' minds—they should do their work for the mere delight of doing—but I am perfectly certain that no man's writing was ever permanent or classical unless that desire was ardently the writer's. Some of them make haste to assure the world of the fact—

> "Not marble nor the gilded monuments," etc.

The truth is that they are assuring themselves. The wish is father to the thought.

Your lake view is charming. Is that a child of yours in the boat? If ever I go to America, be sure of me; but it is much more likely that you will come to England first. In which case, let me, I beg of you, be sure of you.

Always very faithfully yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

Royal Cortissoz Esq.

51. To H. B. H.

Land Revenue Records,
21 *Aug.* [1899]

I only work at "The Love Chase" when I feel inclined. I like some of it very much. It will be extremely like Italy when I have done with it; but it wants an awful lot of working up. It is a most ambitious thing—with a Pope, the Doge of Venice and the Duke of Milan, to say nothing of a Cardinal Gonzaga and a famous Condottiere, for characters. Its the sort of novel that wants a year of reading, a year of steady quiet thought and about two years work,—what you might call a four years novel, as "Tom Jones" and "Vanity Fair" were. The thing is—shall I have the fortitude? There is that wretched Florentine business which will break into the middle,—and I should like to do "Peridore" too in the meantime. "Peridore" will be easy if once I caught the mood. Well, all these things are in the womb of Time,—poor over-gestated Lady!

I saw a flaming review of B. Swift in a Sunday paper. The truth is Critics are awfully hard up for any decent thing to gas about just now. I never knew a time when there were so many readers and so few writers,—who can be called writers. He is one, I am sure, but he is woefully astray in method, poor Youth.

Kiss your Cecco for me, and bid him kiss you for the same poor strayed reveller.

Your
M.

52. To Frederic Harrison

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
26. 9. 99.

My Dear Harrison,

The first copy of "Little Novels" to arrive is an American. I have looked into it and observed that they have respected the spelling of our English, and now send it to you. I believe the English edition is due this week and if you would prefer to have that I can send you one whenever you like. I feel that in a great sense the book is due to you; you have watched most of it grow and encouraged me to try to make it better leaf by leaf.

I do honestly think that it has succeeded in a part of its endeavour. I think it is a little Boccaccian—meaning by that, that the stories are devoted first of all to the pure entertainment (without any afterthought) of their readers; that they depend upon good carpentry and crisp English; and that they are concerned with real men and women instead of dummies. I don't pretend to more than this, and if on a second reading you can accord me so much merit I shall feel happy about what I have done and what I mean to do.

I don't know where you are, so send this to Westbourne Terrace. We are actually at this moment in Berwickshire, but return to town before you get this parcel.

I hope I may have the fortune to see you soon.

Ever yours, much obliged,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

53. TO FREDERIC HARRISON

Cove House, Tiverton, N. Devon,
4 *Oct.* 1899.

MY DEAR HARRISON,

If you write anything about the Novelline it will do me more good than a thousand Chronicles. I am so glad you still like them. " Cino " is really truthful to its time, which took those matters very much in that fashion. " Ippolita " is an extravaganza ; but it was an extravagant age—witness Giuliano de' Medici and his Giostra. I think the Italians used Quattrocento for what we call the 15th century, and so forth always : but of course you are right about Gaius. *Fuori civitas* is right.

I shall be a proud man if I see in print, and know that the world sees, some of the things you have told me about my work—a proud, but a sobered man.

Ever sincerely yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

In 1900, M. H. and his family moved to 7 Northwick Terrace. Till August he was very busy writing " Richard Yea-and-Nay." The book cost him an illness in July. It was finished in Norway, where the month of August was spent, in a small wooden house on the Hardanger Fiord ; and published in November.

54. TO ROYAL CORTISSOZ

[This was the year of the Great Exhibition in Paris. On account of the Boer War, anti-English feeling was strong in France and found open and lively expression.]

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
29 *June*, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Cortissoz,

Your news is very pleasant, and I shall certainly look forward to seeing you when you are in London. I shall hope to induce you to break some of my bread, either at my house, or club, or (better still) at each. I do not mean to go to Paris again until two things have happened to the Parisians—the finish of their Exhibition and an access of civility to my well-abused, but really remarkably patient nation.

Please to let me know so soon as you are here, where and when I can call on you. I shall be in London till the end of July.

Very sincerely yours,
Maurice Hewlett.

R. Cortissoz Esq.

55. To Dr. J. A. Spalding

[Dr. Spalding, of Portland, Maine, a distinguished surgeon and writer on medical subjects, with a keen appreciation of literature, greatly admired Hewlett's "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" (and later his romances and essays, though he cared less for the modern novels). He wrote to M. H. expressing his admiration, and received this reply.]

53 *Colville Gardens, W.*
15 *July*, 1900.

My Dear Sir,

I can hardly thank you properly for your extremely kind and friendly letter. It is of the sort of which no writer can ever tire.

What especially pleases me is that you should find out and believe that I have something to say underneath what some of my critics are pleased to call my "affectations." Personally, I have always had the temerity to believe it; and though I have never deliberately set out to be didactic, I hope (and you encourage me to believe) that I have always kept true to the *universal* element in things—

without which no writing however good can possibly hope to live.

Let me answer your question. Arcetri is a hill outside Florence on the way up to Bellosguardo. Ilaria del Caretto lies in the Cathedral at Lucca, the most beautiful effigy of a dead person ever made. I have no reasonable-sized photograph of it, or I would send it to you. But it is almost worth crossing the Atlantic to see. She was wife to a condottiere of Lucca.

You may be quite sure that if ever *I* cross that sea I shall pay you a visit.

Once more I beg you to accept my sincere thanks and to believe me

Most truly yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

56. TO ROYAL CORTISSOZ

[This letter gives an account, with frank self-criticism, of the author's work as published up to date. In the interval between this and Letter 54 Mr. Cortissoz had met Hewlett in London. Their talk, as Mr. Cortissoz remembers it, was chiefly of Italy and Italian things: he was struck by Hewlett's enthusiasm for the fifteenth-century woodcuts called *Rappresentazioni*, which he collected with ardour. It is interesting to note in this letter the mention of Edward Calvert's woodcuts as inspiring "Pan and the Young Shepherd." Calvert's exquisite little engravings, too little known, distil a fresh experience of the antique world which must have made a special appeal to Hewlett in his classical phase.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
18 *Nov.* 1900.

MY DEAR MR. CORTISSOZ,

I remember that you asked me for particulars of my books; and encouraged by your very kind notice of the last of them, I am setting out to obey you, since I must needs presume that you would not have asked for details if you did not want to know them. You see I pay you the compliment of believing that you were not paying me an empty compliment—but a very full and good one.

The actual dates of publication of my things are these: "Earthwork out of Tuscany"—published 1895, but written detachedly, mostly in Italy, between 1892 and 1895.

"The Masque of Dead Florentines"—published at Christmas 1895, but written before "Earthwork" was completed. A very inept performance—now happily extinct.

"Songs & Meditations"—1896; verses, of which the dates vary from 1889 to the year of publication. They reflect various moods, of course. The Greekish ones are of the latest phase but one. I once wasted two whole years in writing a trilogy in the Sophoclean vein ["The Agonists"]: some of the odes and things are out of it. The Shakespearish sonnets and songs are the very latest, I think. This book also is out of print, and shall remain so.

"The Forest Lovers"—Spring 1898. I wrote this, I believe, two years before publication (about 1896), put it away and forgot it, took it out and read it to my wife; pleased her and myself. I rewrote it four times, and gave it to Macmillan. Four "Readers" sat upon it before he dared write *imprimatur*.

"Pan and the Young Shepherd"—Autumn 1898; written in Scotland before the first draft of the "Forest Lovers," when I was in a good vein. Calvert's woodcuts started me on it. I like this piece—all the more because I shall never be able to do it again. But that, I suppose, applies to everybody. Work grows as one grows.

"Little Novels of Italy," 1899. I wrote all these after the publication of "The Forest Lovers." While that lighthearted work was in the press I was at Verona and went on to Padua, Venice, Ferrara, &c. That is why all the stories except one are Lombardic. The one is "Cino," which is a reminiscence of a long-ago visit to Pistoja, an old study of those metaphysicians in rhyme.

"Richard Yea-and-Nay," 1900. Longest shot I have ever made. I'll do that sort of thing again before I'm done, but better.

I daren't say more for fear that I should blush, and you yawn.

I am glad you liked "Richard," on the whole. You think the Old Man melodrama, I fancy; but the engaging fact (or one of them) about the Middle Ages is that melodrama was always being sliced between tragedy and sordid farce. I like the colour of it. And I have made the Old Man do nothing of which he was not historically capable.

Ever sincerely yours,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

57. To H. B. H.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster,
31*st Decr.*, 1900.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

Here we are at the end of 1900 and who knows what may be before us? It will be a momentous year for me if I decide to give this place the go by and live on my wits. We shall want courage and a good deal of strength of mind; but I don't doubt of you, and I hope you don't doubt of me. Whatever may happen let us be openly true to one another and (if necessary) defy the world to do its worst.

I hope I have a good deal of work before me,—indeed I hope that my name will be known, if known at all, as of a man who led the 20th Century, rather than one who came at the end of the 19th. I like to look on what I have done so far as a beginning; but if I die next year, it is a beginning which I hope will count for something. Whether I live or die, I hope it will be as a baddish man, trying to be better, and as a writer taking his art seriously. . . .

I hope Fate will be kind to us next year; but I am sure he will not be unless we try to deserve it. I mean to go straight ahead, doing what I believe I am meant to do,—and trying to do rather more than I am able to do. Please Fate, I shall have you by my side and our darling children for us both to work for.

There is no reason why I should give you all this solemnity now, of course, except that the day marks a period of time, and that I am in rather a solemn mood.

God bless you, my dearest Love, and make me a better husband and father,—Pray for me.

Yours,
M.

In 1895 M. H. had given himself seven years ('like Jacob for Rachel,' as he said) in which to win a name and competence by his writing, and so be free of office work. He attained his end in six years.

On March 7, 1901, he decided to leave the Land Revenue Record Office, after twenty-two years of work; and on April 10 (echoing Charles Lamb when he left the India House) he records in his Diary, "Free man!" A substantial income from literature was now assured him. But at first he was a little unsettled by the change of life.

In the autumn "New Canterbury Tales" appeared. He blamed himself for having been persuaded to publish them. "The thing was not a book," he wrote in his Diary, "though it might have been. The stories were not bad, but were not my best." He made a play during the year out of "The Judgment of Borso." But his main thoughts were concentrated on a subject that seems to have been suggested to him by Andrew Lang: Mary Queen of Scots. "It went bravely at first; but as usual I began before I was ripe, before the form was firmly in my head."

The consequence was a number of false starts. By the end of the year he began "to see a little clearer"; and had begun (as with "Richard") by making a play of the subject. This play has not been published or acted, but he took it up again towards the end of his life, and it is referred to in later letters.

58. To H. B. H.

[This and the following two letters were written from Scotland where M. H. was collecting material for "The Queen's Quair." He stayed with Mr. Arthur (now Lord) Balfour, at Whittinghame.]

Whittinghame, Prestonkirk, N.B.
8 *Oct.* 1901.

My Darling Williams,

Here I am in the Seats of the Mighty, just after tea, writing by my own Fire in my own room. There are lots of things to see here, and A. J. B. asked me to stay till Friday, so that he can take me round.

I went to see Dunbar Castle whither Bothwell carried off the poor girl. I got a fine bit of stuff out of ten minutes there. A dreadful place to have home-sickness in, it must have been,—a grim rock, built right in the sea (like Fast Castle, which is quite near).

At this place, you must understand, Douglas lived who was deep in the Darnley murder, and here they hatched the business. Not far off, Balfour tells me, is Hailes, which was one of Bothwell's Castles—so I shall do pretty well. After Friday, I go to Rocksburge Hotel, Edinburgh, till Monday. I will let you know from Edinburgh where I am going to next.

59. To H. B. H.

Whittinghame, Prestonkirk,
10 *Oct.* 1901.

My Dearest Wife,

Just back from a whole afternoon's motoring to see Queen Mary things. Yester Castle, Hailes (a place of Bothwell's), Lennoxlone, where Maitland of Settrington lived (with a fine portrait of Queen Mary in it), then on to Haddington with a queer old house called Bothwell's Castle, and a fine Abbey with tombs of the Maitland family (Earls of Lauderdale), then to Smeaton, where a Sir Archibald Hepburn lives, a descendant of Bothwell's, with many relics of Mary, *and* the Bothwell portrait. This is extraordinarily interesting and quite unknown. He is going to make a photo of it for me. I was able to compare it with a sketch of the mummy in Denmark, and if this can be trusted the portrait is undoubtedly of the same man. It is, on the whole, that of a handsome brute, very fleshy with a huge jaw and a broken nose. A fine animal he must have been, but quite different from all my ideas and fancies. However,—there it is, one must make the best of him,—but in some ways, I am sorry I saw it. I had made up a much better Bothwell of my own, and he must go. Damn it, let us be truthful if we can.

60. To H. B. H.

Rocksburghe Hotel, Edinburgh.
11 *Oct.* 1901.

Dearest Girl,

I have been working hard since I wrote to you at lunchtime. Armed with a letter from Lady Frances Balfour, I saw everything at Holyrood—By Jove, that staircase is the place for conspirators! I got a distinct shudder out of Holyrood—and so far well. Then I walked about the old town, to learn my ways—astonishingly picturesque it all is. Then I came back to write letters,—and got a visit from George Alexander, if you please. I graciously accepted a box from him for tonight!

---

61. To Royal Cortissoz

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
29 *Oct.* 1901.

My Dear Cortissoz,

Your review is as generous as you always are: your letter, if that may be, more so. I don't myself think the book ["New Canterbury Tales"]—except "Peridore & Paravail"—near so good as it ought to be. If it has a character of its own, instead of being mere relation, it is lucky. Some of your colleagues have been going for me baldheaded. To say I am an immoral writer is (to my mind) preposterous. But there—what's the good of talking? If I'm immoral, why, God made me. At least, I suppose so.

I am now up to the knees in Mary Stuart. This should be a novel remarkable at least in this, that there will be no fictitious characters and no fictitious incidents of any importance. It will be of her, her, her, first and last—"the Queen's Quair." I have been thinking since the beginning of the year, and now have come to grips. Pray for me. Kindly mention in your petitions that Audacity is all I want. It is the only thing that will carry it through. And if your suffrages win me this, then by the grace of God Queen Mary shall pant, and bleed, and wring her hands before your very eyes. If I fail, I shall have had a lark. All this for your private ear.

Goodbye, my dear Cortissoz; I wish you lived over here—but your letters are better than nothing of you to

Yours ever,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

1902 found M. H. prospering financially and enjoying the distinguished society which was now open to him. He particularly prized the getting to know Mr. Arthur (now Lord) Balfour, and becoming friends with J. M. Barrie. He was wrestling with "The Queen's Quair," doubtful often whether he could achieve it; began, and left off several times. At the beginning of the year he notes in his Diary: "There are signs however that I have run through the novelist form of literature. I haven't the zest for it that I had. I lean urgently towards History—subjective history, history as I see it. . . . At any rate I think I am changing."

On March 19 he went to Italy and was in Tuscany till May 25. The places visited were Milan, Florence, Lucca, Pisa, San Gimignano, Volterra, Siena, Monte Oliveto, Montepulciano, and Arezzo. (At Pisa I chanced to meet him in the Campo Santo; we were then but acquaintances.) This journey was undertaken for the book published as "The Road in Tuscany"; and another fruit of the same tour was a book finally called "The Fool Errant"; "a reading of 18th-century Tuscany." Of "The Road in Tuscany" he says: "Begun as a guide-book, it contains much irrelevance. It is high-spirited, however, and not unromantic here and there." The Diary notes this; and also: "Directly I got home I worked like the devil, against the grain all the time; loathing the task and not feeling it a bit. I think I am done with Italy."

In November "Queen Mary" was taken up again.

62. TO CLEMENT SHORTER

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
28 *Jan.* 1902.

DEAR MR. SHORTER,

I wish you could realise how much I shd. like to oblige you, as you would then know the regret with which

I have to excuse myself in this particular request of yours. I have had to decline a similar honour from the "World," "Literature," the "Bookman" and other journals—on the plain ground that I hate any kind of publicity except that of my books. Photographs of me have appeared at various times—but they are full-dress sort of affairs, done in photographers' studios. One or any of these is very much at your service—but I couldn't see my way to letting the "World" describe me at home; and so I should feel with your photographer. I *prefer* to believe that the public doesn't want to see me at home; but if it really does—why, I wish it didn't. I'm not telling you all this with a desire to show myself a prig, but so that you mayn't think me a churl.

If I have the pleasure of seeing you at the Whitefriars' dinner on Feb 7—to which I have been asked—I can make myself clearer and ask you *vivâ voce*—as I now do—to forgive me. Anyhow, I am

Very truly yours,
Maurice Hewlett.

63. To H. B. H.

[Towards the end of February M. H. stayed with Sir James Barrie in Cornwall.]

Fowey Hotel, Tuesday,
[*February* 1902]

My Darling Girl,

I have not written to you because I have not 'ad ze time! We have been starting early and arriving after the post has gone, very tired. Yesterday we went to Helston, Marazion, Penzance and St. Ives and didn't get in till about 8. To-day met C. and a friend at Truro and went over the sand hills at Perran Zabuloe to Newquay by the cliffs and over the sands by the sea,—a most fascinating walk over a country given over to desolation. We saw a British Church half-buried in the sands, an old British Cross, a holy well up which we climbed with a candle, and then got into Newquay by the coast.

To-morrow I think we shall go to a place called Polperro, a great smuggling place in the old days,—next day to Megavissy and Falmouth, but so far as I can see this will be our headquarters,—it is very convenient as a centre for the best things.

I can't say the weather is good,—yesterday we had a good afternoon with a beautiful view of St. Michael's Mount, but today it has been misty and cold with some rain and no sun. It is blowing hard tonight and there is no saying what may turn up tomorrow.

I am very fit and the walking is doing me good, I am sure.

64. To H. B. H.

In the Train
20*th March* 1902.
Between Chambéry and Modane,
Haute Savoie.

After a very indifferent night, I find room to write to my dearest girl,—we are right in the mountains now—snow peaks all round. Frost on the ground, ice on the puddles, sun and dazzling sky, white at the edges. Swiss houses with timber galleries, and rocks on the roofs. I have had a little coffee and rolls—one will get through the day somehow. The trains are dreadfully full of people going to Rome and Naples. Here I just passed banks of primrose and what seems to be polyanthus, but I won't swear to them. The white frost is very marked, and we are in the shade of the hill. Up above the snow is dazzling.—Just stopped at a station called Epierre. I do love this mountain country to look at ; it all seems like a show to me—not a place where real people live—that is the curse of our way of travelling—we use Switzerland as if it were a panorama. Depend upon it, any little scrap of its life would be profoundly interesting.

I am in Italy, and Oh so hungry ! There is much more snow this side of the tunnel. I think it must have fallen in the last few days. A forlorn little party of soldiers is practising the trumpet and drum combined in the middle of a snowfield. It all seems very familiar and delightful in strong hot sun—grey earth and feathery trees but no leaves yet, and no flowers until we get out of the snow region I suppose. A slow train, worse far than the old Gotthard Bahn, but then the P.L.M. is the worst unreformed Corporation existing, a shameful and shameless old Monopolist.—Not a flower to be seen, nothing but mud and snow and pine woods.

Not very far from Milan now,—I have been three times taken for an Italian, first by an Englishwoman, next by an Italian, and just now by a young Frenchman,—very good, because my Italian is very stiff at present, but it is better than any Frenchman's. The Italian Lady and I conversed in French at lunch, she was a snorter but handsome enough, the baggage.

Just got to the Hotel Pozzo, thank God.

Your own
M.

65. To H. B. H.

Hotel Pozzo Central, Milan,
21 *March* 1902.

My Darling Girl,

I have been to the Certosa, at last, and now am sorry I have, for I imagined it much more magnificent than it is. It is altogether overwrought, like the big church here—with bad sculpture stuck everywhere, no simplicity of effect; and inside the garish, cold magnificence of it all beggars description. The red brick parts, little domes, little arcades, a central cupola upon white stone columns, the red cloister, with a beautiful garden, well kept—you should see their polyanthus and primulas!—this is jolly. The rest abominable in taste, and ruined by excess of ornament. Poor Ludovico and his wife have been moved here from Santa Maria delle Grazie. I hope they like it! I went out and in by a ridiculous train-tram over a jolting road; the engine just in front bounding like a deer, and the train at times so close to the houses that you could have kissed a girl standing at her door, as you went—no doubt it is often done. It took 1½ hours each way, but I prefer anything to a railway, after the last two days; and you get nearer to the hedgerows by such means.

How I love this flat gray country with square towers standing up here and there like ships' masts! It is just like a highly cultivated Lincolnshire, mere-reclaimed swamp—but how they work the ground!

All the same, I have seen more flowers in London in the last week or two than so far in all Italy. A little girl at Pavia presented me with a bunch of violets—the only wild flowers I have seen. You can't grow wild flowers when there is nothing wild for them to grow on, and I don't suppose there is an inch of soil wasted. I saw some big fish in the Ticino this morning,—trout or grayling by the look of them. One rose at a fly.

I go on to-morrow morning and reach Florence at 6 o'clock. Oh, by the by, I went into Sant' Eustorgio this morning, one of the churches I have always missed. There is a celebrated frieze of stucco angels round the cupola of the Lady Chapel—a lovely piece of work; but in general the Lombard sculpture is very bad I think. Quite otherwise with their painting. Borgognone is extremely beautiful. I am never tired of him. I must write to Pia and to Cecco.

Goodbye, darling Wife,
M.

66. To H. B. H.

Palm Sunday,
23rd Mch, 1902.

. . . I couldn't write yesterday as I was in a train so full that there was literally no room for more than breath, and a very little of that.

I passed Pistoia and recognised it all again. But the domed church is not so good as I remembered it—the dome too round, like a ball. The Florentine Dome is much better,—I certainly think it the right shape, the narrow end of an egg you know.

67. To H. B. H.

Corbignano,
24th Mch., 1902.

. . . The truth of truths is that I have very little more to say of Florence than I said in "Earthwork," but shall have to say it rather differently. The sculptures round Giotto's Tower, the Doors of the Baptistry,—almost all the sculpture, in fact—seem to me as delightful as ever. I don't like the architecture as much as the Lombard style, I must say. And in the Uffizi, I found the edge worn off lots of things,—many of the Botticelli's don't interest me, BUT the Birth of Venus is the most beautiful picture in the world for sheer magic. It seems to have got paler than it was, but no less lovely. . . . There was such an astounding moon last night,—all the country-side lit up, and the white houses, like sails of ships.—No doubt it is a beautiful country,—that is what one wants to get hold of.

Addio, addio, addio.

68. To H. B. H.

Corbignano,
26th Mch., 1902.

My Darling Girl,

It has been a perfect devil of a day,—dark and cold and windy and wet all at once,—gives me the blues and a bad liver, and depresses me beyond expression. If this is Italy, give me London, I say.

I have been all day in Florence. The sculpture here is worth its weight in gold. This is the only chance one has of *interpreting* Florentine history. Though Florence, as it is now, is full of character, unlike any other large Italian town to my knowledge,—inconvenient, haphazard, barbarous, atrociously insanitary and shabby. Some of these qualities you will find anywhere in Italy, but not all, I think, in such measure—and so graceful and distinguished withal. It is absurd to say that it is changed. It isn't at all, and the electric trams don't hurt the Piazza at all. *I* have changed,—which (from my point of view) is quite as serious. My book won't be an "Earthwork" spread out.

69. To H. B. H.

Corbignano,
Easter Eve, 1902.

. . . After that [a visit to Mrs. Ross] we all went in a "machina" to a village called Grassina on the other side of Florence, among the hills, to see a ceremony they have there every Good Friday called the Processione del Gesu morto,—a strangely touching performance, which made me cry. The village is a straggling whitewashed place and a little river, and the church on a terrace above it. The procession, which is at dusk, and done with torches, starts from the church and goes up the hill and round the whole village, back to the church again. There are boys first, carrying the cross, spear, etc., then Roman soldiers on horseback,—the choir and a priest ; then a canopy and a figure of the dead Christ under it,—then girls in white, with veils and an image of the Virgin,—a band at the end. It is very long, very humble, but extraordinarily impressive by its simplicity and sincerity. A great crowd of people, country folk, mostly, to see it. Of course there was a good deal of holiday-making in the interval, but all hats were off and all knees bent, when it came along.

70. To H. B. H.

Corbignano,
Easter Eve, 1902.

My Darling,

We have had a broiling hot day at last. It was like June in the middle part, and I was in the Piazza in a great crowd watching the ridiculous ceremony they call the Scoppio del carro. They erect a wooden car covered with fireworks opposite the doors of the Duomo, and a cord connects this with the High Altar. At noon they run a fizzling bird—a dove, along this cord, which lights the fireworks and returns to the Altar. I don't know how it manages to do this, but the country people attach enormous importance to its being done without a hitch. It went smoothly enough amidst intense excitement all round,—the banging of the fireworks was like a battle,—nothing to be seen but smoke and split paper, awful stench of gunpowder,—rather ridiculous all this and so different to the little procession at Grassina, which we saw the night before. *That* was worth a good deal ; this was rather like Lord Mayor's Show. Before the dove went off there was a procession of the clergy from the Duomo to the Baptistry and back, carrying the sacred fire from one Altar to the other. The Archbishop with a vast gold mitre, and a green umbrella carried over his head—lots of candles, crosses, and a banner. After all this I fought my way out of the mob and had some lunch. Presently the car came down the street, drawn by four white bullocks, all garlanded with flowers : splendid beasts. They were taking it over to the Pazzi Palace to do it all again. It seems the Pazzi started the ceremony, and still pay for it. The car belongs to them, so I suppose it is done again in their honour.

Next week the ceremonies will be over and I can settle down to hard work in Florence and get *that* done with.

71. To H. B. H.

Casa di Boccaccio, Settignano.

3rd Apl., 1902.

. . . The night we went out to dinner we had an adventurous drive home. The cabman had no lamps ; so he went into a little shop and bought a candle wrapped in paper. He twisted the paper round the candle, like a grocer's parcel, and tied it on to his cab with string. Of course, it immediately went out. Whenever he saw a gendarme, he stopped and lighted his candle, and so we went on until the horse fell down on the Ponte Vecchio and he and the crowd all began to pray to the Madonna, and one took his coat off for the horse to tread upon. He broke the harness and mended it with a bit of string—and then he went off again. The candle just lasted till we were outside the barrier,—after that he didn't care what happened, cracked his whip and jolted through the dark lanes as if it had been broad daylight. They are a happy set of people, but so slipshod.

72. To H. B. H.

Corbignano,
5th April, Saturday.

Darling Williams,

We have nearly completed our extensive bargainings for the vehicle that is to take us into the mountains,—we are to have a carriage which the owner declares is a "milordo,"—a carriage to which one would take off one's hat in the Piazza,—and his horses to drag it for 17 francs a day. This is very cheap; it is a good one. The price in Florence runs between 30 and 40. We shall start on Monday morning and go to Pisa, from thence work south into the hills and come round to Florence through the Casentino, which is really a mountain country. We leave till the last the worst of it all, which liest north-west from here and takes in Baga, Pietra Santa, Sarzana and the rest. My notion is that this can be done on the way home as from Sarzana you can get on to Genoa and take the Mont Cenis train from there.

My time is so short to complete the work that I must do as much as I possibly can on the road itself—write, in fact, in the carriage. There will be a great deal of walking to do, as the whole country is a sort of mountain range; and we shall always have our lunch in the open air, as we do when bicycling. It will be a most useful and delightful tour—no one has done it, and we shall go to places where hardly any Englishwomen have been. I don't feel much doubt about doing that part of the book. It is Florence which rather weighs upon me,—the multitude of writers, who have made it all stale, so that the very name of Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici stink. I rather hope, however, that I may hit upon something worth saying, a kind of boiling down of art, literature and history, until I get at the quintessence of it. I have got hold of an old book, called the Osservatore Fiorentino which has some awfully good things in it. It is a hotch-potch of legend, history, archæology, etc. in eight badly printed volumes. Pick up any one of them and you find a good thing.

73. To H. B. H.

[Mr. J. Kerr Lawson, the artist, was M. H.'s companion.]

Corbignano,
9th Apl., 1902.

. . . We had a "disgrazia" on the way there. Lawson wanted to see some pictures a man had for sale,—so we called for a Dealer who knew where they were, and all set off together. In the middle of the street, turning a corner, the whole cab went over. I felt it going, and in that extraordinary cool way one has, when one knows a thing must happen, I sat still and waited, while I rolled gently in the gutter. Lawson rolled over me. The wretched Dealer was on the box with the driver. He went under the horse which by a miracle stood with one shaft on the ground and the other over his back. If he had kicked, the Dealer had been killed. As it was, he was badly bruised and frightened. The driver was extraordinarily calm. It was the same man, who had made a lamp out of a grocer's parcel before,—a mere pig.

74. To H. B. H.

[Post-card.]

Albergo della Campagna, Lucca,
14th Apl., 1902.

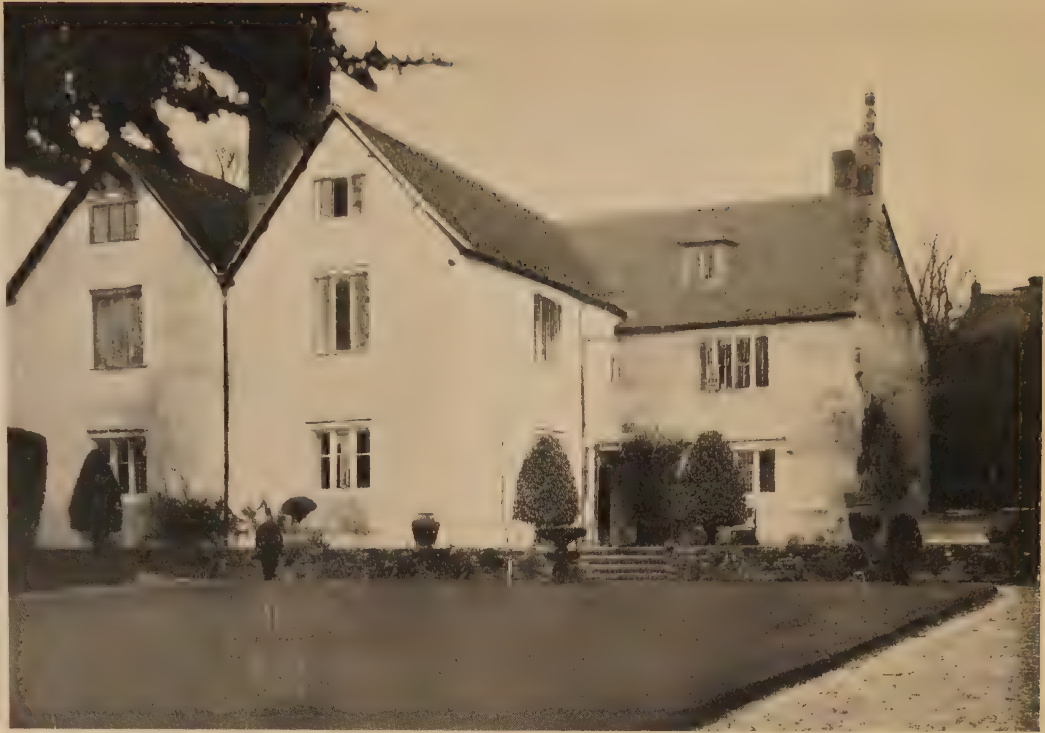
Just arrived here and had dinner, after the most beautiful drive I have ever yet taken, a long way—45 miles I think : horses very tired. We went first along the valley of the Arno and gradually the valley closed in, until we had to cross a spur of mountain. Then we got into the valley of the Serchio where Lucca lies, lovely towns on the tops of hills,—solitary towers, pine woods,—then swamps, willows and vines, a perfect orgy of new greenery. The town is very full. They are trying a famous brigand for about eight murders.

In 1902 nothing was published. In May 1903 the Hewletts took the Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, a village in one of the valleys which converge on Salisbury, eight miles away. They had gone to Salisbury to view another house, which did not suit, but hearing of the Broad Chalke house went on to see it and secured it at once, taking it on a yearly lease. Mrs. Hewlett describes it thus :

" An old Gateway, with pollarded limes flanking it right and left, opened on to a sloping lawn. A great Cedar and Tulip Tree mixed their dark and light green at the end of this lawn. The river Ebble ran at the foot. The house had been an offshoot of the Monastery at Wilton and stood next to the Church and facing the village street. It was owned by King's College, Cambridge. When the Hewletts took it they found it in shocking repair. The garden was a neglected wilderness ; much was swamp. M. H. started to make a garden. He put in a mill-wheel, built two bridges over the river, restored and cleaned the Monks' Fish Pond and stocked it with rainbow trout. He built fruit walls of chalk and straw such as have been made in Wiltshire for hundreds of years. He brought plants home from all his journeys, and so loved them and studied their need that they throve well. He lined the stream with tall delphiniums, and grass walks with hanging rock-plants touching the water. At one corner was a paved bit, at another a rockery : two small ponds enclosed with golden privet and flowering shrubs came upon you unawares. In the middle of one pond was a figure he had copied in Naples, forming a fountain. Ugly green-houses and gas-house were deeply hidden by old yew trees. The old out-houses were kept as they were, with figs, fruit trees, jasmine and creepers growing on the pale-coloured bricks. It was a formal garden, entirely suited to the house, and nowhere clashing with its age.

" The rooms were unusually large ; in some of them were the original stone mullions to the windows. M. H.'s study had been the chapel and he liked working in the warm sunny room. He would run out, cast a fly for a wily trout under the bridge, and return to his work. Two old men from the village gardened with him, and he called them ' the Giants.' They became friends both of M. H., his garden and his family."

No man could have wished for a more beautiful home than this. The stream, sending a caressing murmur day and night through the garden, of which it seemed the



THE OLD RECTORY, BROAD CHALKE, SALISBURY

familiar spirit, lent to its peace an undercurrent of unresting movement. The extreme charm of the place, set in the folds of the airy downs, made Maurice fall in love with it at first sight. But at this time and for some years, till 1915, the Old Rectory was a country retreat: the Hewletts still had their London house, though Broad Chalke became more and more their home. In those later years it was the inner life of the place even more than its external beauty—the villagers even more than the village,—that, as he came to know them, grew to occupy his interests and affections.

In the autumn of 1903 "The Queen's Quair" was finished. It had begun to appear as a serial in the "Pall Mall Magazine" in May. It had cost M. H. enormous trouble, and occasioned frequent bouts of acute neuralgia. Late in the autumn he finished "The Fool Errant." At this time he was meditating "a Napoleon book, a three years' task at least. I should have liked to do William the Silent,—and may go back to him,—but Napoleon has his claims upon my mind." This is from the Diary. These projects came to nothing.

75. To H. B. H.

Broad Chalke [*written soon after the house had been taken*]

One day—Saturday I believe it was—I went out for a little while to a most lovely wooded down about 3 miles from here. They tell me that it is part of Cranbourne Chase. It is made for picnics—utterly wild and solitary, and seems to go for miles in three directions.

Also I have discovered a splendid bathing pool close to here—very broad and deep—and a hatch-house in which to dress—platform for diving—everything—it looks uncommonly fishy too, they say there is another a little further up—more fishy and more fishable.

I do wish you could have been here to-day—it is divine, cloudless sky, sun, breeze—and oh! the shadows on the lawn under the Cedar and over the river—I am writing there now—and the dear old stained house soaking in the sun—I can see it whenever I look up—I have the sort of love for it one has for one's Mother.

76. To Henry Newbolt

[Mr. (now Sir) Henry Newbolt was to be Hewlett's neighbour in Wiltshire and one of his most intimate friends. The dinner was a dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club: and the ballad referred to appeared in the "Monthly Review" (January 1903) of which Henry Newbolt was editor.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
13 *Feb.* [1903].

Dear Newbolt,

I am a poor orator, but a worse poet—indeed, but for the warblings of adolescence I am not even a poetaster. Modesty would compel me to decline what it is really an honour to have had offered me—but there is more. I am struggling with a book ["The Queen's Quair"], and the death grapple will continue until April. Supposing I could have done it, therefore, I shouldn't have dared to undertake it. But never let your Committee suppose that I am not sensible of the honour.

I hope to dine on the 27th March. I haven't held converse with our Persian Mage for a year.

I suppose that Gowrie ballad you had some few months since was really Lang's. I taxed him with it—and he didn't say no. It was awfully good, anyhow.

Honestly yours,
Maurice Hewlett.

"The Queen's Quair" was published in June 1904. "The Road in Tuscany" appeared this year. In May the Hewletts made a tour on the Continent by motor, going through France to Italy, visiting various places in Tuscany and the Romagna, and returning over the Mont Cenis. In December they went to Switzerland.

77. To Royal Cortissoz

[The Russian-Japanese War was now in progress.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
11 *Feb.* 1904.

My Dear Cortissoz,

Hoard your regrets against the time when you really want them—if such a time ever come (which I hope will not). I had forgotten all about the little book and am sorry to be reminded of it—for it must be poor stuff. I haven't had the courage to look at it. You speak of troubles—I hope they are not more serious than this one.

You should get Queen Mary between boards in May. I hate the serial business as much as anybody—it turns a tale into a traction engine—a lumbering, creaking progress that it makes. But one must have the money, to buy all the damned things one is supposed to need. I don't see any escape for me from magazines—unless your countrymen rise up in millions and call me blessed. What puzzles me is that I have such respectable popularity as I have. I may be pretty good—and between you and me, every now and then I can say what I want to—but I'm sure I must be infernally hard reading. A whimsical kind of devil too! which people mostly—and reasonably—hate.

I am peddling along with my old Tuscan road-book which I have been five years over. It isn't finished yet—but please Heaven it will be out by October. After that, who knows?

Here we are shouting for the Japanese, who appear to be pulling our chestnuts out of the fire for us, in a very gentlemanly manner. That, at least, is the prevailing belief. I'm not so sure about it myself.

Yours truly,
MAUR : HEWLETT.

78. TO SIR THOMAS ELLIOTT

[This letter is undated but refers to "The Queen's Quair" and presumably was written in 1904, like the following letter to Frederic Harrison.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
7 July.

MY DEAR ELLIOTT,

I never, never omit to acknowledge letters—even when neither so kind nor so welcome as yours. It is a high satisfaction to me to know that wise men, versed in affairs, like a book which without some such knowledge in the writer of it must be a ridiculous offence. It was a thing which cost me a great deal to do. I had to discard all books, go to the sources and judge for myself. I found it necessary to treat the thing more intimately and (perhaps) cruelly than I should have dared in any ordinary case. But I don't think H.M.'s *was* an ordinary case. The importance of the woman and the depth of the mystery seem to me to justify my scalpel.

Ever yours, wishing he saw more of you,

MAUR : HEWLETT.

79. TO FREDERIC HARRISON

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
29 *July*, [1904].

MY DEAR HARRISON,

You appal me! If I have so bewildered a scholar—what on earth can I have done to the poor public which finds Conan Doyle and Ant. Hope its favourite authors? But the odd thing is that the Macmillans are pleased. The thing is selling—some 15,000 in the first month.

I grant you that I squeezed it—but even as it is, I have had to leave out Scotland and England—as you will perceive if you survive.

It is annoying that the critics won't take it seriously. They say it is a Romance, confound them. I say it is History. I haven't had one single review by a man who knows anything whatever about the woman or her times—beyond what he has got out of me. But I am sure my notion of giving *real* history in this form—of illuminating history from within—is a sound one—and perhaps one of these days I shall get people to agree with me. Meantime, a thousand thanks to you for real encouragement.

Yours,
M. HEWLETT.

80. TO FREDERIC HARRISON

["Theophano," an historical romance, was published this year.]

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
2 *Nov.* 1904.

MY DEAR HARRISON,

I have read your fine "Theophano" with interest and wonder. You talk of my "learning" in the Q.Q.!

My friend, I am fumbling with a hornbook, in comparison with what you can do. I am not sure, indeed, that your book is not a little too full—*not* for me (who, though I have small Latin and less Greek, love learning dearly), but for the general Public—that old sow, whose ear it is our business to pull until she squeaks again. But there are many things about "Theophano," which I *know* the Public won't like, but which I *do* like. For instance, I like your rhetoric. You have pitched the dialogue in the Epic key—which Sir Walter used to call the "big bow-wow" style. Well, that seems to me perfectly right. There is no place for my pothouse realism in Constantinople; nor does your Epic appear one scrap the less actual to me—than Homer's does.

Theophano herself is a terrific figure—heroic, perhaps, is the word. I admire all her appearances, and for me she fills the scene so effectually that your men, noble as they are, suffer somewhat in comparison. Certainly a splendid wh—e! She should have been a Titan's mistress—and even then she would have tired him out! Upon my soul, sin on such a scale becomes a kind of virtue. I should like to marry her to Milton's Satan.

It is a big book—in the inner sense as well as the outer. It has the rush, the sweep, the scope and the fulness of Epic. Saving your presence, it is *not* Romantic. Romantic implied "Charmed magic casements," "perilous seas," "fairy lands forlorn"—and you have no time for those pretty mysteries. It is a greater thing: it deals with continents and Nations and Elementary Forces. It is an Epic.

And when I say that, I say all—including the difference there is between my way of tackling history and your own. We each use a convention—writing itself involves a convention. My convention is Carlyle's, yours is Gibbon's—or Sir Walter's. Yours is unattainable by me; it demands a grandiose survey which I am not big enough to take. I don't suppose you would care to use mine—which has its uses, as you will admit; and I am sure that you were perfectly right in not using it here.

(By the way, can you defend "Doss-house" in an Epic? It stuck in my throat when I came upon it.)

I haven't seen what Morley has to say about you, but now I have read the book I shall look at him. I think that you have perhaps done a finer thing than you realise. I rather suspect that Theophano interested you as a grand figure of a sinner. But did you know that you were figuring Nations "as men walking"? That's what it comes to.

I wish you would do another. Theodora? or Rosamund?—the "Donna Lombarda" of the ballad.

Your admiring friend,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

In 1905 "The Fool Errant" was published. M. H. notes in his Diary that it "has brought me much money, but no credit from myself." He was already questioning whether his "novel-writing epoch" was not nearly at an end. "Prosperity no doubt has killed that form of letters. No doubt I have done well, no doubt I have also increased my style of living; no doubt that has meant I *must* write novels; and that involves that I do them not so well, for what I do of necessity I do as an exercise." However, he had ideas for more novels and during the year took up an old subject, which he had treated in the form of a play six years before, "The Stooping Lady."

May of this year was spent in Spain, which occasioned a story called "The Spanish Jade," a story which M. H. despised to the end.

In September M. H. made an agreement for the production of "Pan and the Young Shepherd" at the Court Theatre, then under the management of J. E. Vedrenne and H. Granville-Barker; and it was produced on February 27, 1906. Henry Ainley and Grace Lane were in the cast. It had only a modified success with the public.

In May of 1906 there was another motoring-tour to the South of France. In August on a journey in Eastern France, Maurice fell ill at Chaumont of ptomaine poisoning (which he picturesquely called "cholera") and nearly died.

From this time dates a new interest in Politics which was to strengthen as years went on.

81. To C. Lewis Hind

Henderland, Selkirk, N.B.
8 *Aug* [1905 ?]

Dear Hind,

Many thanks. But if—or when—I come to tackle the Norman invasion, I shan't be able to see anybody but W. Conq. These great men insist upon Epic treatment, and I'm not the lad to deny 'em. Glad you like "The Fool Errant." There is a certain amount of philosophy in it, I do believe.

Yours very truly,
Maurice Hewlett.

82. To Munson Havens, of Cleveland, U.S.A.

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
23 *Sept.* [1905].

Dear Sir,

I am very much obliged to you for your interesting suggestion. I have more than once thought of Villon, though I don't know half so much about him as you do. The rascal was picturesque enough, in all conscience, and lived in a great time. But it has never seemed to me that the life of a man of letters—interesting as it must be to men of letters—was good enough for the public. The public don't care one straw for a man's trade, whereas, to the writer, the fact that his trade is poetry, centres the interest there. And, again to the writer, by far the most exciting things that happen to a poet are the things which can't be expressed. It is true, in Villon's case, he deserved, and nearly got, his hanging—but even that is a mere detail in the life of a poet!

However—it is by no means impossible I may try my hand at Maître François. It will be thanks to you if I do it—and it is thanks to you in any case, for the thought and trouble you have had.

Very truly yours,
M. Hewlett.

83. To E. V. Lucas

[Mr. Lucas had sent his "Listener's Lure" to M. H., who acknowledges it in this note. The book was published in 1906.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
21 *Sept.* [1906].

Dear E. V.,

I read it through at a sitting last night, and chuckled (the highest praise I can give) nearly all the time. My chuckling played about the room like summer lightning, a cheerful sound, so to speak. Whether the public will applaud I know not well—I fancy *not*. I see, in my mind's eye, the critic of the "Tribune" gently repining that the story lacks in plot, and him of "The Times" going even further. They *will* read for plot, you know, bless 'em, and can never be made to understand that the divagations are the thing in your style of work.

Not in mine, remark. I must keep to the argument, and find a digression the damnedest nuisance, and so unsightly (if I ever slip into one) that it is bound to be outed on revision. You are different. Genius—as I think Royce says—shows in digression. If he don't, he ought to—for that is what his heroes, Borrow & Co., thrive on.

The only thing I quarrel with—or could quarrel with, for as a fact, I don't—is that it is not made obvious enough what a charming listener Edith was. Indeed, we never catch her listening, and we don't see your point. The result of this is to make your book an ordinary love-story, which must live upon its obiter dicta (and will, I believe). I believe this is a blot, and don't quite know how it could have been remedied except by taking courage by the scruff and writing the tale in direct narration.

Again, she ought to write more—longer letters, or a diary (perhaps). I have wondered how I should have tried it myself. Diary, I think ; but even in *letters* she might have been shown listening, or as having listened. All the letters we get of hers are very guarded ones to Harberton, or snubs to the men she has lured. Now before we hear her snub them we ought to have heard her beguiling accents—or Syren song—or have seen her ears at work. I'm sure I'm right about this.

Harberton is very much you. I love the telegram "Don't e ass," and don't love the consumptive journalist, although think that you mean me to love him. Harberton is lways right—Royce is right—Rodwell is gorgeous, and ll the young ones are good. The Rev. Wilberforce is arce, of course—perhaps out of his frame, but I don't now. I wish I could have done it all, and tremendously vish that I hadn't read it. I take it on a visit to-day to ome friends of mine. I want to hear them chuckle.

I'm going strong, thank you, but don't feel that I can tand this solitude. When my visits are done I shall be n London—about the middle of October. And then I ope to see you.

Yours ever,
M. H.

By 1907 Hewlett was still doubtful about the form vhich his future work was to take. "Poetry," using the vord in a sense to include prose romance, "with inspiration ehind it" was always his aim. He was now "on the nodern tack," but felt he was working without inspiration. ' The Stooping Lady," which appeared this year, is characterised in the Diary as "a poor, thin story, well written." Ie records the effort of finishing this book as "an agony"; nd doubts if the new novel written this year, "Halfway Iouse," will not cost him as much suffering.

Visits were made this year to Germany, in the spring, nd to the Lake Country and Scotland in the summer.

84. To E. V. Lucas

[Mr. Lucas' anthology of letters, called "The Gentlest rt," was published in 1907. It was followed by a second urther selection, "The Second Post," in 1910.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Christmas Day [1907].

My Dear Lucas,

Your name shall be called the Golden Treasurer or rince of Anthologists, *but* Lady Seymour lived at Maiden radley (which is pretty and extant), not at Meriden Bradley. or your next Budget of Letters remind me to give you one from Alderman Nutting of Cambridge to William Windham. And, if you give Cicero, try Machiavel. And Erasmus, by all means. Personally I should have liked more Walter Scott—and Thackeray too. Too much Byron perhaps. Have a Paston next, and a Dorothy Osborne. Lady Sarah Lennox is wholesome and sometimes shrewd. Have you looked at Croker ? or the Duke of York (to Mrs. Clark) ? Or Cobbett ? or some of Creevy's friends ? There must be one from the Duke of Wellington—and the famous despatch from (whom ?)[1] "My Lord, I have taken and destroyed the enemy's fleet as per margin, and am, my Lord, &c."

How about Charlotte Brontë ?

Yours,
M. H.

85 To Milton Bronner

[Mr. Milton Bronner, an American journalist (now European Manager for the Newspaper Enterprise Association of America), was in 1907 editor of the "Kentucky Post." Having recently completed a book about Lafcadio Hearn, he proposed to write a book of critical appreciation of the published work of Maurice Hewlett, for much of which he had a deep admiration. Accordingly, he wrote a preliminary letter to Hewlett in London, asking for various facts about himself. This was the beginning of a desultory correspondence which lasted over several years.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
29 *Dec.* 1907.

Dear Sir,

It is not for me to deprecate a proposal so flattering to myself, and assuredly I don't need to be assured of your "honesty of purpose." I have always refused, it is true, to give journalists any details of my personal history or private circumstances, because I felt that they were trading upon mere notoriety and proposing to feed the public with what was not good for it—even if it had an appetite. The business of critics, I think, is to criticise a writer as such, and not to help on their esthetic with facts which have really nothing to do with the maker. I could write novels with one eye quite as well as I do with two.

---

[1] Admiral Sir George Byng, in 1718, after the Battle of Messina.

The facts, however, for which you ask me have undoubtedly some bearing upon my writing, and I have no objection whatever to your using them for the purposes of your critical study. My family had land on the borders of Somerset and Dorset for many centuries (I believe) . . . indeed, there is a person of my name mentioned in the Domesday Book of Somerset as holding land there, and as having held it in the time of Edward the Confessor. It was my great-grandfather who left the country and settled in London. So far back as we can trace we were always Puritans and Whigs; my grandparents were strictly so; but my father fell under the influence of Dr. Martineau and called himself nothing more definite than a theist. My grandmother was one of the Gays of Norfolk—a Huguenot French family.

My father was a student all his life, a writer of verses and a critic. I am the eldest of a large family, and began to read as early as I can remember—and to scribble. Oddly (or not oddly), the first book I remember reading was an edition of the "Morte d'Arthur"—which at one time I almost knew by heart. There's no doubt but that had a great influence upon my writing, when I began to write in earnest. I read Shakespeare very early, "Tom Jones" too early, and French when I was fourteen. I read practically no poetry until I was five-and-twenty. My own opinion of my literary sponsoring would be Malory, the Bible, Don Quixote (in English), Sir T. Browne and Carlyle. I can't myself trace the influence of anybody else until I come to the poets—and then Shelley, Keats, Dante and the Italians of his time.

I wrote in fits and starts always, from childhood, and was supposed to be able to imitate anybody. I remember once answering an invitation to a croquet-party in the style of a letter in Sallust or Livy—and very much astonished the good lady must have been who received it. I suppose I was fifteen or so at the time, and the Latin was fresh to me. I copied Plato, too, later on—the mere manner, of course.

I never wrote anything which has survived before "Earthwork"—which shows traces of Pater, of course, and of Paul Bourget—a little Lamb too, and something of Sir T. Browne. The other books follow in order of publication. "The Forest Lovers," of course, harks back to Malory (whom I don't think I can have opened since I was sixteen). I read it again the other day and thought it a very clever fake, with a something real in it which may have made it worth doing.

I don't know very much about Italy—except by reading. The longest visit I have ever paid can only have been of two months. But one doesn't need to be long in a place to get the key of it—in fact, the shorter time you are there the better. I have read a great deal of Italian, though—and have worked very hard at the plastic and other arts of Italy.

"Pan and the Young Shepherd" is difficult to account for. I was steeped in poetry just then and had been reading an enormous amount of Platonism, Greek mythology and Pantheistic stuff. There's a deal of Pantheism tucked away in it and some good mythology. The whole thing is really a myth. The root idea, I suppose, is the oneness of creation—man as a natural force, differing in no essential way from plants and animals. Then God is reduced to the same expression, and He and Man, and the Wind and Weather, Trees, Sheep, Love, Life, Death, Fear, all play their parts out and meet and merge, and mate and mingle. I believe it's more or less true, even now. Personally I think "Pan" the nearest I have ever come to poetry. It's the only sort of poetry I can do.

If novels are to be psychological, then "The Queen's Quair" is my best. I swear it's good history. The real woman is in it. The book, as such, is spoilt by mannerisms which have always been a snare to me, because they appeal to the artist in me. But I am getting the better of them now, I hope, and have just done a book which has hardly any. There were very few in "The Stooping Lady." "Halfway House" is freer still. It's a good book. I should like you to see it before you print what you may have to say.

I hope I think soberly of what I do. I know it to be good writing, but I doubt its being good novel-writing. I can't make characters that live. The nearest I have ever done have been Richard and Mary. But the Vicar of Wakefield, or Mr. Pickwick, or Becky Sharp, or Bailie Nichol Jarvie, or Mr. Collins! No. These are too high for me.

The truth is, I write everything and approach everything as a poet—history, psychology, romance, novels, everything. A poet I ought to have been—but if I am not one by this time I never shall be. I use the poetic method entirely—stuff myself with the subject, drench myself, and then let it pour out as it will. I used once to re-write over and over ("Pan" about five times—"The Queen's Quair" four times)—but can't do that now. Twice is as much as I can manage. I am not sure it's a good plan. You get richness, but stickiness too, I think. What I mean about method is, that I trust to intuition or what is called inspiration, absolutely. I never put conscious or deliberate brain-work into a book. Such as there may be of that is done in sleep. Now, when I was at the Bar, I used to get up my cases in exactly the same way, and all the close searching and arrangement of evidence was the result of inspiration and brainwork done unconsciously. I know no other way of doing anything. If I were Prime Minister of England I would do the same.

I believe in it too, for myself. When I write history, as I hope to do before I die, I shall do it on that plan.

I don't know whether I have told you what you want to know—but can't at the moment think of anything else to say.

If you want anything which I can tell you, don't scruple to ask me.

Yours very truly,
M. HEWLETT.

"Halfway House," finished November 1907, was published in September 1908. "Rest Harrow" and "Open Country," the other novels of this series, were both mainly written this year, though revised and completed in 1909. And in spite of a consciousness that this type of novel was against the grain, when Maurice had once plunged into his subject the zest of writing carried him on.

86. To Milton Bronner

[Mr. Bronner had quoted criticisms from various papers to the effect that Hewlett was becoming in his style more and more like Meredith.]

7 Northwick Terrace,
Feb. 20, 1908.

Dear Sir,

I have three letters from you which ought to be answered, but they all seem to me to deal with questions which you, as a critic, ought to answer, rather than myself. My verses appear to me to be quite bad, and I don't republish them on that account. I couldn't. I have written reams of it in my day—all worthless, I think.

As to my copying Meredith, I'm not conscious of it—but there may be something of that sort done unconsciously. He's the last man I should wish to copy—because the essential part of him would be missed. I think his writing, as such, is bad. The effects he can get, no doubt, are astonishing—but he is quite unscrupulous as to the means he uses. It's not "cricket," as we say.

I never see Press-cuttings, so I don't know what the journals have been saying about me. As one can't afford to care, it is better not to know what they say. The unhappy journalist has to get an effect, somehow, every day—and no time in which to go about doing it. So he makes a shot and trusts to Providence. Providence, with singular kindness, has arranged that he shall be read by people as much in a hurry as himself. That saves him.

Yours ever sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

87. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
22. 1. 08.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your good wishes. I am glad you liked Miss Chambre; but I must say a word in favour of my poor friend Mr. Strelley [" The Fool Errant "]. Let me tell you he is one of the best portraits I ever did.

You don't like him because he is ironic ; but irony is only disagreeable truth conveyed in a facetious manner. It is hardly ever successful in England because our people can only understand unpleasant facts if they are accompanied by scolding. There is something of every young man in Strelley—in every young man who is a gentleman, I mean.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

---

88. To Milton Bronner

[Mr. Bronner had called M. H.'s attention to the fact that various critics had spoken of his work as "fleshly."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
January 28, 1908.

Dear Sir,

The forest of the "Forest Lovers" is a forest. Not Epping, certainly. I think the New Forest may have given me hints—but the "Morte d'Arthur" gave me more. The "Pan" scenery is the Derbyshire Peak—with something of the Cheviots super-added.

As to the Flesh : we are clothed in it, don't want to be without it, and cannot conceive of life divested of it. I profess to deal with life, and do not see why I should shrink from speaking of it as it was, is, and will always be. The characters of my novels are men and women, and when I see them doing things which men and women do—kissing and mating, as well as praying and fighting, I say so, and make no bones. I have never in my life been "suggestive" for the sake of lust, and never prurient. But I don't see why I should leave out half of life, when I am writing for men and women who are alive.

That's all I have to say about that.

The Butcher [of "The Stooping Lady"] lived and loved, because I saw him doing it. But I confess that I slew him. My heart failed me at the last. I liked the young woman, and could not see her made miserable. So I slew him. It was weak, and it was murder, but I couldn't help it.

I don't resent anything in your letter. I like it.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

89. To Royal Cortissoz

[Mr. Cortissoz no longer remembers to what story this refers, but the letter illustrates Hewlett's scrupulous sensitiveness on such points.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
5 April, 1908.

My Dear Cortissoz,

It was most kind of you to back me up, and I am glad that you wrote to tell me of it. It is only in England that I am to suffer from this greedy obtuseness of the publisher. Doubleday, I believe, publishes the thing as what it is—a short story, to wit.

Of course I don't care what the man charges for it. It doesn't matter one sixpence to me. But I strongly object to the public's reading what appears to be a novel and finding it only a tale—an anecdote—tricked out by stationers' shifts. You know as well as I do that the two things are different essentially. A novel has to be full to bursting point—a story concentrates on bare essentials. Then there's the question of common honesty—but it all makes me quite sick.

I have always given the public good measure before, and feel it very much.

Your assistance has been valuable. Merci !

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

90. To Henry Newbolt

[Reply to an invitation to go to France for a holiday. The novel now engaging Maurice Hewlett was "Rest Harrow."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Wed: [6 *May* 1908].

My Dear Newbolt,

"I feel myself adamned—" as Sam Weller did ; but the fact is that I have struck a vein and must pursue it even through the summer heats and autumn rains. No doubt you know what that means—more or less. To me, to cease to bore in one sense is to commence to bore in another. It is my hard business to produce a novel by the winter—and if I don't do it with the grain, I must do it against it.

Hence I must shun delights which would have been very real to me. I love France as much as you do, and to have seen it in your company would have been quite the thing.

Even *now* I don't like to abandon the project. Can I put it in this way? You say that you are fixed for the 10th July. By starting about the 1st, we could be back comfortably by then. In a week's time I shall know better whether my lode is, let us say, tin-bearing or not. I will then communicate instantly with you. It is like me to hope against belief—but I can't help it.

I shall see you, I hope, on Sunday, when I propose to bike to Netherhampton to tea.

Yours ever,
M. HEWLETT.

91. TO HENRY NEWBOLT

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
2. 6. [1908].

DEAR NEWBOLT,

I am relieved that you really can't come. I didn't at all like the notion that I might have had a week or more of you but for my wayward fancies. The thing must be done—I think the autumn might be a suitable time. My frosty pow is liable to congest in very hot weather, but I occasionally burgeon in October.

We'll think of this, please. Meantime, if I am anywhere in Wilts in early July I shall come to see you and les Binyon.

Yours,
M. H.

92. TO MILTON BRONNER

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
June 2, 1908.

DEAR MR. BRONNER,

I had no sources whatever for any of the Little Novels of Italy, so far as I remember. That is to say, there was no historical origin for any one of the tales. The Genius Loci, in each case, spoke in my ear. Mostly, I fancy, the women were suggested by the local type of Madonna. I fancy that is true.

"Sleek" is a good adjective. All women, in certain phases of their being, are sleek.

I am glad that you like "The Spanish Jade," and wish that I could share your good opinion of it. It seems very wooden indeed to me.

"Halfway House" will be published by Mr. Scribner about the 1st October I think.

Yours very truly,
M. HEWLETT.

93. TO HENRY NEWBOLT

[The novel was "Rest Harrow," published in 1909. In July Hewlett went to Ilkley for baths, and then wrote at great speed, but very intermittently.]

Wells House Hotel,
Ilkley,
8 *July* [1908].

MY DEAR NEWBOLT,

I should like to have seen the Binyons, and you, but I am here for a spell, being bathed, and writing a novel. The fire kindled, as I hoped it would, and I am now going free, before a prosperous gale.

Yours ever,
M. H.

We settle at B. Chalke about the 22nd of this.

94. TO MILTON BRONNER

10 *July*, 1908.
Wells House, Ilkley.

DEAR MR. BRONNER,

You mustn't ask me to reveal all my little secrets. So that I can get the effect I want I don't scruple to use any fraud or trick. All I say is, my historical books are true in essence—even as the "Iliad" is true, or "Chevy

Chace." I won't go any further, though, in the case of "The Queen's Quair," I could go a good deal.

"Brazenhead" is a stand-by. I keep him until I want him, and have a look at him now and then.

The only tale in "New Canterbury Tales" that has any foundation is one about Edward III and the Countess of Salisbury. Froissart tells that story, and I think, J. le Bel—if that was his name. But I have no books here.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

95. To E. V. Lucas

Wells House, Ilkley, Yorks,
10 *July* [1908].

Mon brave Lucas, you write far too many books and far too few letters ; but the worst of it is you excel at each exercise, so there's no having you anyhow.

I don't want you to come down here now. Broad Chalke is at its best May, June and early July. After that, carpet-bedding and other common objects of the country.

Nor are there to be pippins and cheese to come—for me—at Froghole. I too am in Arcady, writing a corker ; whose name is "Rest Harrow," and theme obscene. The motto on the title-page will amuse you, who know me well. The world will knit its brows, and fools will not read it. For I *am* "harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose." That's what's the matter with me, so far as they are concerned. Now "Halfway House," even in proof, makes me chuckle. *They* will say I copy Meredith, which is absurd ; unless it is copying Meredith to get well away from your characters. *I* should call that copying God—a first-rate master, let me tell you. Style ! Good heavens, I should think so.

I escape from this cess-pit of triviality and over-eating in a week. Then I go with my Williams adventuring in Devon to see Cecco at Torbay. Then we go to B.C. and there select our rest for the autumn, I to play at "Rest Harrow," and finish it, please Heaven. Write again if you will.

M. H.

96. To Milton Bronner

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
[*Aug.* 7, 1908]

Dear Mr. Bronner,

If you have seen a report by a Mr. Bram Stoker of an interview which he had with me this spring—in the Sunday edition of the "New York Tribune," I believe—you will see everything which need be said about my early history. The dates, which I have not in my head, appear in "Who's Who." To my mind such details are, in the absence of anything intrinsically interesting, utterly unimportant. Here I am, at 47, author of certain things either good or bad—still writing, and going fairly strongly. What else matters? At any rate, I vow to you that, having dug into my perfectly insignificant childhood and adolescence on B. Stoker's account, I find myself incapable of doing it again. If you have any difficulty in finding his article I'll ask him for a copy of it. I revised it myself, so I know it's true.

I'm awfully tired just now—so you must excuse a shabby note.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

97. To E. V. Lucas

[This letter acknowledges Mr. Lucas's "Over Bemerton's." The last paragraph refers to the "Letters to Sanchia."]

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
Michaelmas Day [1908].

My Dear E. V.,

I've read it—and am quite under the spell. All your writing charms me by its whimsical wisdom. At your highest you are Lamb without his pedantry. And you mellow as you grow older, become more tolerant—which is precisely what I don't do. I foam like Dabney, and cry "Down with it" all the time. My favourite character is of course Falconer—because I like your sort of person better than any other, being the least like my own. I recognise, however, that he is very like Harberton in the Lure (who got a nicer girl than Naomi. I don't fall in love with her. She's like the statues of Charity. I'm sure her figure was too full—to put it at that. Drusilla for me).

Two quarrels have I with the work as such. There's too much Chinese Dictionary—I think far too much. I should have kept that rigidly to one chapter, if I'd had it at all, which I shouldn't. Really, I don't think it's good enough—and I'm the sort of novel-reader who wants to get on. That's how I write novels too. I don't allow any dialogue at all which doesn't add a brick to the structure, or a course of bricks.

Quarrel the next. You strain coincidence. I can stand the schoolboy who turns out to be the son of a schoolfellow, but not Miss Gold's proprietorship of The Balance. I'm sure that couldn't have happened. The fact that they do happen in real life is nothing to the purpose. We're not realists.

Alf Pinto—splendid ; Grandmamma perfect. I tried to read her scene with Dabney out loud the other night but couldn't. Solvuntur tabulæ risu. My listener was as overcome as I.

No—it's not a novel, you know. That remains for you to do, if you must. But why you should write novels when you can comment on life as you do beats me.

By the way, I've undertaken to make a commentary for one Bok (brother of Greeley Bok, I believe : in the faith, Edward), who edits a vastly-spreading magazine in Philadelphia. Letters from Senhouse to a young woman, who falls in love with him—though not he with her. I'll do it because I'm like paid beauty. "Halfway House" has sold its 20,000 in America ! Marvellous nation. When are you going to town ?

Yours always,
M. H.

P.S. I wanted much more Bemerton. You left most of him out.

98. To E. L. Burlingame

[" Land's End" was the first name given to " Open Country."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
7 Nov. 1908.

Dear Mr. Burlingame,

Macmillan tells me that you are considering the possibilities of " Rest Harrow" as a serial. Let me first explain how that novel is to be used—if you will give me your ear (or eye).

" Halfway House" is the middle novel of a series of three. " Rest Harrow" is the last of the series. The first of the series is called " Land's End" (at present) and will incorporate some " Letters to Sanchia" which Mr. Bok is to publish shortly in his Magazine. I wish to publish " Land's End" as a book next year, and " Rest Harrow," as a book, the year after next.

Now, the sketch of a portion of " Rest Harrow" which you have seen has got to be greatly modified. The position of the young lady (whose name will be Sanchia Percival—not Blount) will be as you have seen it—but the night-walking gardener will disappear—and Senhouse will appear instead. The whole story will concern the sequel to Senhouse's affair in " Halfway House" and the sequel to Miss Percival's affair, which is the business of " Land's End." This is infernally complicated—let me tabulate it.

" Land's End." Early life of J. Senhouse. His love affair with a very young lady, Miss Percival. He objects to marriage and dares not offer her anything less; so renounces his pretensions and takes himself off. Miss Percival—partly influenced by his theories of life and partly by other honourable motives—accepts the proposals of Mr. N. Ingram—a gentleman unhappily married and separated from his wife—and becomes, let us say, his morganatic wife.

(Period 1894–1900)

" Halfway House." Mr. Senhouse, as you know, consoles himself with Mrs. Germain.

(Period 1904)

" Rest Harrow." Miss Percival's difficulties in her irregular position with Mr. Ingram. Mr. Senhouse's difficulties in *his* equally irregular one with Mrs. Germain. Exact details are wanting, but the end will be that Mrs. Germain will regularise herself by marrying Mr. Duplessis (see " Halfway House "), and that Miss Percival and Mr. Senhouse will be made happy.

" Rest Harrow " will be rewritten, but I cannot do that until I have finished " Land's End," which must be published first. I hope however that the indications of this letter, coupled with the specimen you have seen, will make you comfortable about using it as a serial. I think it will be a very good novel, especially when Senhouse comes into it. I feel that I can't go wrong with this person. I know him by heart—and ought to, as he is very largely my poor self. And when you see the " Letters to Sanchia " which Bok has, and of which I am sending you a proof shortly for copyrighting purposes, I am certain you will like Sanchia Percival. She too is extraordinarily real to me, and will never run off the rails.

Forgive this vile scribble—I'm writing in bed—with influenza all over me.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

99. TO E. L. BURLINGAME

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
15 *Dec.* 1908.

DEAR MR. BURLINGAME,

Many thanks for your letter. It's not difficult to give you specific assurance on all three of your points.

1. I shall assuredly have no other serial running in 1910. It would suit me as little as it would you.

2. " Rest Harrow " will almost certainly end in the triumph of the old order—in this case, of the marriage law. I don't bind myself, of course—for who can foresee how an unfinished novel will finish ? But as it is entirely sketched out I am able to say that there will be nothing polemical about its tendency. It will be the last of three novels—and its end will be harmonious, restful and final. I hope that will satisfy you as to that point.

3. As to independence of interest, that, of course, is

essential to *you*. It is also essential to *me*, since I wish to sell it to people who may not have read "Land's End" or "Halfway House." You will have seen from the draft of Chaps. 1–12 that it is self-sufficient so far. It will be no less so—it *is* no less so—as it has proceeded. The character of Senhouse is to be introduced into it—but I can do that, and make him "tell" without any trouble at all. I don't propose to have so much as a prefatory note to the effect that it is a sequel to anything. That's quite against all my ideas of novel-writing.

4. The Sanchia Letters must be serialised within a month or two or not at all. I shall have finished "Land's End" (which, by the way, is to be called "Open Country")[1] next month. I shall send you the MS. to publish when you please, and as you can agree with Macmillan. In that all the letters have been inserted bodily. I don't know when you will publish—but I should say about May.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

1909 was memorable for a journey to Tunis, Malta, Sicily and Naples. M. H. found that the revision and completion of "Rest Harrow" gave him great trouble; but it was finished at last on September 4. In November "Lore of Proserpine" was begun.

100. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
29 *Jan.* 1909.

DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you. I can quite understand your not agreeing with Mr. Senhouse's preference for Don Quixote over the Bible, and also for your not liking it. It needs great detachment of mind to put aside the associations connected with the latter book, and to judge the pair of them in the same balance. I don't know that I could do it myself.

Yours truly,
M. HEWLETT.

---

[1] This is final.

101. To E. V. Lucas

[The early poems were collected in "Artemision," published 1909. The next two letters are also concerned with this volume.]

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
6 *Apr.* 1909.

My Dear Lucas,

You *are* a poet, and I *want* to be one—there's the difference. But I have never wanted to be anything else—and ought to have been one, if trying-to were any use. This "quair" is the boiling down, or skimming, of a three-years' stack of verses still mouldering in this room. God! how happy I was when I was doing these things fourteen years ago. It's really self-indulgence that made me dig 'em up. I have had some of the fine careless rapture over again, in seeing them aprinting.

You are bound to have them, because you stand for a great deal to me, and I know that you'll treat them with gentleness, because you're a poet and a gentleman, and because one is always gentle with the dead.

Yours ever,
M. H.

102. To Henry Newbolt

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
6 *April*, 1909.

My Dear Newbolt,

Here's my little book of exhumed (one may say, alas, posthumous) verse for your compassionate leisure. Remember, please, that the raptures and pangs of a bad poet are precisely as precious to him as are yours to you elect. I meant every word when I wrote it—and believed, moreover, that I heard it. Looking at them now—these things—the glamour of the old mood returns and I feel at moments as if I could do it again. "There's no fool," they say, "like an old fool." Never mind. My offering to you is quite sincere. You are a poet and I should like to be one. It's really a tribute, though it's like sending cinders to Newcastle.

I'm going to Malta and Sicily, but hope to see you and Wiltshire in May.

Thine ever,
M. HEWLETT.

103. To LAURENCE BINYON

[I first saw Maurice Hewlett at the Vienna Café in Oxford Street, where writers and artists were often to be found at lunch-time. This was about 1898, when "The Forest Lovers" had just made him famous. I did not know him, but recognised him from his portraits. He seemed to have a rather truculent air, but this was more due to the twirl of his moustache and the defiant pose of his head than anything else. We met some time after this; and I saw him in London from time to time; but it was only after 1907, when I chanced to see him at a performance of a play of mine which he liked, that our acquaintance became closer and gradually ripened into friendship.]

7, Northwick Terrace, N.W.
6 *April*, 1909.

MY DEAR BINYON,

I have asked Mathews to send you a little book of mine, because I feel that you are one of the chiefs, and that whatever I have of this sort ought to stand the racket of your eye. Strike, my friend, and spare not. I'm old and tough, though I never shall be wise. These things, God bless me, are twelve and fourteen years old!

I shall never be a poet, though I have never wanted to be anything else—but it's true that I can't to this day write a novel, or anything at all, unless I conceive it and try to execute it as a poet would his poem.

I'm just off for Malta and Sicily, and shall be away when this mild explosion occurs in your breakfast room. But I shall hope to see you in May, and bear as meekly as I can your just resentments.

Yours ever,
M. HEWLETT.

104. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.

11 *May*, 1909.

My Dear Newbolt,

I reached home late yesterday from Malta and Naples, and found your generous and enheartening letter. It was so exactly what I wanted that it moved me greatly. As you say, Deus nobis haec otia—there's no reason why one's head should swell because one has poetry in one's keeping; but there's much reason why the heart should, when one is told so in your manner.

Poetry, however, to me—the dreaming in it and the struggle to record it—has been from my childhood up a thing (like love) so extraordinarily solemn and sacred that I have always been diffident as to my having any power over it, or because of it. It is no dishonour to one's mistress to suppose it impossible that she can love such a one as oneself: the higher you put her the lower you find yourself to be. That is how I have taken the complaint. But I'm older now, and don't consider myself so soberly as I once did. I hope to go on. I have stacks of things—all the reapings of three active years, and perhaps—— But I must see you, and that soon. I hope to be at Broadchalk on Friday, and if anything can be managed on Sunday so much the better. I may have a guest with me, or I would propose myself to you—but if you could by any possibility come to me in the afternoon I could drive you back after dinner in the motor, which will be there. It will be a scratch meal, I fear, as I shall only have one servant with me, or at the outside two—but you will be most welcome, and tongues shall wag. I can't possibly write all that I would—with a mountain of belated letters to deal with, and a daughter to pack off (a week late) to school—but perhaps you will guess (you should, with your fine antennæ) how much I feel the need of speech with the likes of you.

Ever most truly,

M. Hewlett.

105. To E. V. Lucas

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
20 *May* [1909].

My Dear Lucas,

I didn't accuse you of sneering, as I don't believe you are capable of that. I thought you meant to rot me about modesty—and perhaps I deserve it. But you are so devilish oblique. How was I to know that you were reading Chuzzlewit?

I'm sorry that you've left the R[oyal] L[iterary] Fund, as it deprives me of one chance of seeing you and sometimes loafing with you afterwards. I haven't had much loafing lately, God knows. I don't know what's come over the world, that it won't leave me alone for ten minutes. I'm getting very sick of it. It's as bad here as in London—almost.

Yours ever,
M. H.

Glad that you really liked "Artemision." If I'm a fool, damn it, they shall know it now. I'm going to publish all my stuff of 1895–99.

106. To E. V. Lucas

[The novel referred to in the postscript is "Rest Harrow."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
5 *July*, 1909.

Dear E. V.,

Would you feel inclined to help clear up this trouble about the prices of novels? We want a small committee to investigate the whole damned bungle. The 7*d*. business is done with. It's now a question of Nelson's brand-new novels at 2/-. That will involve the 6/- question also.

Nobody wants to do these things less than you, except probably me; but I know they couldn't get a better man, if you would only do it.

What are you going to do about it? Refuse, I expect, though I hope not. You could fix whatever day suited you for meeting.

Yours ever,
M. H.

(P.S. I've been in Hell about a novel, and ain't out of the wood yet. I doubt sometimes if a worse tyranny can be devised than to sell one's imagination.)

107. To Dr. Marie Stopes

Gosberton House, Nr. Spalding,
20th July, 1909.

My Dear Miss Stopes,

Your letter has given me great pleasure. If, as you say, few writers hit the mark, it is as unhappy for them as for the readers. It takes both to make a book. I count myself the richer for assurance such as yours that I have earned your praises.

Yes, the writer of the "Letters to Sanchia" is Senhouse. I can't say that he is a portrait of anybody in particular, though it does so happen that I have known a man who lived and still lives much the same life. But the two have nothing else in common, and I think my man is more what I should like to believe myself to be than anything more definite. *Video meliora.* He is one of the better things I see. I won't go nearer than that as yet.

But if you, who have travelled far and been quit (for a time at all events) of our horrible trammel of circumstance, find truth and reason in the substance of what I have imagined, I feel enormously encouraged to go on. It was really kind of you to tell me so.

Believe me to be, with real truth,
Yours much obliged,
M. Hewlett.

108. To Dr. Marie Stopes

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
16th August, 1909.

Dear Miss Stopes,

There seems to be no need for me to devise a heroine for Mr. Senhouse's satisfaction. She has been created already by another Hand.

I should much like particulars of your 2-lb. tent. Do you mean that you carry it on your back with all other needful things?

We live here—on journey from Devonshire to London. Why, therefore, not pitch your tent in this garden? My wife would be greatly interested, and so should I. We sleep outdoors all the summer.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

---

109. To W. H. G.

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
9 *Sep.* 1909.

Dear Sir,

I have read your paper with great interest. You have written very charmingly about Isoult [the heroine of "The Forest Lovers"], and I have nothing to suggest to so sympathetic a picture—save that possibly you have, in both cases, emphasised the ethical side rather than the æsthetic—I won't say at the expense of the æsthetic, because that aspect of romance is undoubtedly present. I think Spenser brought ethics into Romance.

I am very much flattered to see Isoult put beside Imogen—and glad that you can put her there.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

---

110. To Milton Bronner

7 Northwick Terrace,
8 *Oct.* 1909.

Dear Mr. Bronner,

I can see nothing of Stevenson in Senhouse, except perhaps something of his personal appearance. I only saw Stevenson once. Senhouse's ideas and his style don't recall the other man—to me, at least. It is a favourite trick of modern reviewers to trace resemblances between writers.

I have often been compared to G. Meredith, and, ridiculously, but never to Stevenson before.

Yours very truly,
M. HEWLETT.

P.S. I never see reviews, so don't know what the "Saturday" may have said about me. But I don't suppose it spiteful. So far as I know I have no enemies.

111. TO HENRY NEWBOLT

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
5 *Nov.* 1909.

MY DEAR NEWBOLT,

I was glad enough of your poetry book [" Songs of Memory and Hope "] and grateful to you for sending it. You may rejoice, I believe, in "The Presentation" and "Amore Altiero." *I* rejoice in them, and didn't write them! "The Presentation" is entirely beautiful, and I entirely agree with it.

There's a Newbolt unknown to me in the book. There are two. "The Adventurers" reveals one, and "Le Byron" another. "Great Gosse! I'd rather be . . . !" There's only one word for that. Ripping.

I envy you many things—but chiefly two: your lyre, and your piety. I had both once—but I've frayed out the first, and the second has been so belaboured by circumstance that it bellows when it ought to be at prayers. It's all very well to have a head (like Henley's) "bloody but unbowed." I'd rather have your serenity: but I never shall.

I'm collecting rhymes now for Mathews and an unconvinced world. It will be a ragged budget—but it holds music for me.

I wish that I might see you anon.

I have to speak tomorrow at the Poets' Club.

Yours ever,
M. HEWLETT.

112. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
2 *Jan.* 1910.

Dear Mr. G.,

It is most kind of you to send me your Essay, to bind it, and to inscribe it as you have. I shall value it as at once a compliment to my writing, and still more as a sign of regard for myself—higher than I deserve. I have made mistakes, like all public or semi-public men, but I am quite sure in my own conscience that I am on the side of the angels. I have never written a thing in my life which had not an idea in it—an idea which, to me, was beautiful and true. Not all things which the world calls good are good, according to me; and many things which it calls bad to me are reasonable and lawful. I don't ask my generation to agree with me, but I desire of it credit for honest purpose.

I don't think you'll quarrel with your last view of Senhouse and his Sanchia.

I am,
Yours, much obliged,
M. Hewlett.

A new interest in politics was noted by M. H. in his Diary at the end of 1905. In 1906 he spoke at a meeting in Salisbury before the General Election. By the next General Election, in January 1910, his interest had become more acute. On January 15 he made a speech at Leicester, which Mr. Woodford, to whom the next letter is addressed, described as "brilliant, if concise." 5,000 people are said to have been present at the meeting.

In May and June of this year M. H. left England for a motor tour through France to Tuscany, returning by Ravenna, Verona, Bergamo and the Simplon.

He worked at "Lore of Prosperine" and at a story, "Captain Brazenhead." But in the autumn of the year he turned to poetry, and re-wrote the three plays which were to form the trilogy called "The Agonists."

113. To Walter Woodford

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
19 *Jan.* 1910.

Dear Sir,

Such a letter as yours is more than I deserve, for it makes me remember that I have had such gifts as I possess for thirty years or so, and have only just begun to put them to the service of my brothers and neighbours. However, as I said at Leicester, I hope that I have some time still before me. It shall all go to the work of making England a rational society where men and women, seeing things as they really are, shall attend to the serious business of life—which I understand to be the development of the faculties wherewith the Creator has equipped us.

There is, indeed, plenty to be done before we can even begin to settle ourselves to that work. We have Privilege to clear out of the way, and War to abolish,—and before we can cope with such wicked old growths properly we must subdue our own evil passions. We have, I suppose, got to "die" before we can hope to "live." That is good Christianity, and good Heathenism too. For Epictetus taught it as well as Christ. But I could fill twenty pages with these reflections, and won't do it now. I will put some of it into "The Daily Chronicle," and speak some more whenever I have a chance.

You did magnificently at Leicester on Monday, setting an example which Sunderland and Liverpool would have done well to follow.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

114. To Miss Ella Coltman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
22 *May,* 10.[1]

Dear Miss Coltman,

Hard on the heels of your kind letter follows "Ionica." For both my best thanks. It is years since I saw the little book, but I have always remembered the lyrics as (with Landor's) the very best Greek-infused writing done in

---

[1] At this date M. H. was in Italy. Perhaps the year should be 1911.

English. We are a complicated people and the gift of simplicity is mostly denied us. If Meredith, for instance, could have had it occasionally! Only once—in "Love in a Valley"—did he get it. You'll agree as to the perfection of that. I'll have it out with you about Modern Love one of these days—soon, I hope.

As to what you say about my own things, you could not have gratified me more than by recognising that they are all intended to be poems. If they fail there they are less than nothing. I am not—and never can be—a novel-writer. To be that one must observe and analyse. Now I can't observe; I can only feel and divine. I feel, and make my shot: it's hit or miss. With a real novelist that's not the way at all. We haven't many in England. Balzac is the prototype.

But it's near breakfast time and I must bedeck myself. I hope to see you in June.

Yours very sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

115. To Milton Bronner

[Mr. Bronner's book on M. H. was published this year in Boston.]

7 Northwick Terrace,
23 *June* [1910].

Dear Mr. Bronner,

Your book has come and I have read it. I feel very much elated at your praises, and grateful to you for the pains you have taken to find out what I have been driving at. It surprises me that you should have discovered so much—which I am sure I have never told you or anybody. My old work seems to be so far behind me that to read you seems like reading of an unknown writer. I don't think I have opened any of my books—or hardly any—since they were printed off; but on the rare occasions when I have (such as the other day, when in Florence I found and read "The Road in Tuscany"), I do seem to discover something permanent and substantial in them underneath, and making excuses for a deal of haphazard, hit-or-miss kind of shooting.

I do believe that occasionally I am inspired and that, on those occasions, truly and really inspired.

Quando Amor mi spira, in fact, vo significando. I do believe that, in all humility—for certainly it isn't myself who inspires myself.

Well, I think your pains in your book the kindest thing that has ever been done to me, and the greatest compliment ever paid me. What I like most about it, of course, is that it wasn't meant as a compliment. I intend to take it as a testimony to the grace of God, and to a lot of real hard work—hard thinking and hard feeling. For I've done both in my day.

Now, God only knows what is ahead of me for the remaining dozen or fifteen years I may have to live. Politics of a kind, I rather believe ! Once more, my best thanks to you for your work.

Yours ever sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

---

116. TO HENRY NEWBOLT

[The Academic Committee (of the Royal Society of Literature) was formed in 1910 to fulfil the functions of a literary Academy, such as were outside the scope of the British Academy. Maurice Hewlett and Henry Newbolt were original members of this body.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
6 *Aug.* [1910].

DEAR NEWBOLT,

I think I sent my "Who's Who" proof back some time ago. I certainly put nothing about the Ac[ademic]. Com[mittee]. upon it. I tell them nothing but my age, the names and dates of my books, my address and my clubs. In fact, I resent them having anything at all. Such things make me rage. The public for whom such works are produced is a dirty feeder and ought not to be encouraged. At least, I think not.

The motor will be at your door at 3.30 or thereabouts on Wednesday.

Heaven bless you.

M. H.

117. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
3 Oct. 1910.

Dear Newbolt,

One Henry Simpson, secretary and Founder of the Poets' Club, wants you to be the guest of that body at a "full-dress dinner" at the end of this month. That will mean your making a speech about poetry, and listening to some rhapsodist mouthing your rhymes (of your own selection). If you come, I am to take the chair. I did it—or was done-it to—once, and got Ainley to recite me. They were very kind to me, and rather foolish: but I am foolish myself, and like folly in poets.

I told H. Simpson that I would ask you, but had not much hope.

Yours always,
M. Hewlett.

---

118. To E. V. Lucas

[The book by W. H. Hudson was "A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
9 Oct., Sunday [1910].

My Dear Chap,

I have only just been to B.C. for a day, and found my Hudson with your note. Thanks for both. I was so impatient that I got it from "The Times" and have read it. It has a strange quiet beauty, but is superficially repelling, because it's so wilfully dry. It's rather like Wordsworth at his literalest—do you know what I mean? But, of course it's a quarry of thought and truth. One can go back to it for ever and a day.

Yours
M. H.

119. To Dr. Marie Stopes

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
15*th October*, 1910.

Dear Miss Stopes,

Senhouse will feel that he has done something when such a letter as yours is communicated to him. You evidently haven't read his third volume " Rest Harrow"— which I beg leave to send you herewith. Therein you will discover how he and Mrs. Germain parted company, and in what unearthly manner he and his Sanchia found each other—the where and when as well as the how. I personally am unable to distinguish the fairy-tale from the other tales, or the dream from the daylight reflection. I don't know whether I write truth or lies. To me they are truth—to a large proportion of mankind foolishness : but I write for myself, because I have to, and am lucky to have such readers as you.

Always yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

120. To Bernhard Smith

[The book of poems in question won a prize from the Poets' Club, of which Hewlett was Grand President at the time.]

7 *Northwick Terrace, N.W.*
15 *Dec.*, 1910.

Dear Mr. Bernhard Smith,

It is very kind of you to send me " The Children's Noon," and I am highly gratified that you should do it and inscribe it as you do. The poems are very beautiful music, and some of them, especially " The Children's Moon " itself, full of magic. I know enough of the East to know how much of the glamour and scent of it you have caught. Of the others I like best " In the Cathedral Close," and better still " Parentage." The second stanza of that is not only beautifully true, but truly beautiful. The simplicity of it fills my eyes whenever I read it.

Yours sincerely and obliged,
M. Hewlett.

121. To Henry Newbolt

[This and the following four letters are concerned with "The Agonists," the trilogy of three plays published in 1911.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Tuesday [*Dec.* 1910].

Dear Newbolt,

Since you were so good as to ask to see this thing, I send it. Look through it at your leisure, and you shall tell me your sentiments when we meet (as I suppose) on Monday.

It wants music. It was composed to the sound of melodies unheard. That's why I call it "symphonic." It's supposed to wax and wane, shriek and fade away.

It's the first of three.

Perhaps I had better enclose with it the draft of the introduction I am going to print along with it.

I think that you may find it bald. That is design. The whole thing is archaistic, I know. How can one be otherwise, approaching antiquity as we do?

Yours always,
M. H.

122. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
22 *Dec.* [1910].

My Dear Newbolt,

I am greatly exalted by what you say, and have good reason to be. If you tell me it is real tragedy, and more which I am too modest to write, but not so foolish as not to be proud of—then I must be somebody. You write very generously, my dear man, and I am truly grateful.

I feel the obscurity here and there, and know the difficulty of being explicit without being also banal. I shall have to have another whack at it, played out (in its regard) as I am. I shall, of course, prefix an "Argument" to each section of the work, and there will be the Introduction.

By the by, you haven't returned me the Introduction. It was written, not typed.

I ought to be writing a novel—since I must live, and expensively—but Music calls me loud and clear, and I expect I shall spend Christmas over "The Agonists." It's a hateful time this of enforced merrymaking. One settles down "to one clear harp" and children come and bawl about "The rangel of the Lord"!

We are not going to Brighton after all—but stay here and on Tuesday go to Broadchalke for two nights, picnicking by ourselves. Might I see you either Tuesday afternoon or Thursday ditto?

Yours always,
M. H.

123. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Thursday. [1910].

My Dear Man,

My memory is a sieve, and in case I *didn't* write to you (but counted on seeing you today for more than 4 minutes) let me now assure you how very much I felt the generosity of your letter to me, and how very much uplifted I felt by your praise. It was worth a dozen and a half reviews, for I know that you *know* what is good, and that you are incapable of allowing friendship to betray you into insincerity. No, no, I feel myself to be something and am very proud of it (tho' that's foolish, because one can't help it). I could tell you, but I won't (perhaps needn't), how, why, and .when I was moved to do the thing, and what sustained me throughout the three years' grind it was at first. But these are matters for talk when the day is over, and not for a letter done in a snatched five minutes. All I will say is that I am pleased to believe that if I die quick (so to say) I shall leave behind me a tribute to the highest I have known. You have helped me to that belief, and believe me, I owe you a great deal for that. I'm not likely to forget it.

Yours sincerely and obliged,
M. H.

124. To Henry Newbolt

[The following note by Sir Henry Newbolt explains the reference in the last paragraph :

This letter refers to an episode which M. H. regarded as one of the most important in his life. He was to give evidence before the Divorce Commission which was sitting throughout 1910 under the chairmanship of Lord Gorell, the President of the Probate Divorce and Admiralty Division of the Supreme Court. By his own wish he came to stay at Netherhampton in order to discuss with me the views which he intended to put forward. These were eventually summarised in " The Times " of December 22, 1910, as follows : " The Commission did not seem to have considered what must be called the psychical welfare of the married. He urged, among other proposals, that [a] marriage should be voidable by agreement of the parties [to it] and [upon] evidence from one of them that desire or intention were absent or elsewhere engaged, saving always the interests of children. In all cases of divorce the Court ought to be assisted by two lay assessors—one male and one female."

We debated these propositions for many hours, and M. H.'s view remained at the end quite unmodified. His conviction was very deep, and it was accompanied by a belief that his public testimony would be " the end of him." He imagined that he would be made a martyr : " No moral cause can be successful until a leader has been crucified : someone must go, and it will be me." The event proved him wrong : Lord Gorell, after hearing him with courtesy, thanked him publicly for the sincerity and highmindedness with which he had given his evidence.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
Tuesday. [*Dec.* 1910].

My Dear Newbolt,

We only came down this noon, so I couldn't get over to see you. I hope to be here again on Friday week, but perhaps you will still be holidaying.

Don't worry about the Introduction. I have the original parcel intact and it's not there; but I know what was in it and can quite easily do it again.

I wanted to see you because I hoped to cajole you into letting me publish "Minos" by himself. I have no time now to do the other two properly (and both of them are, in fact, much more difficult than he ever was). I have many reasons to urge—but they will keep. In my heart of hearts I believe that you are right—but you know the feeling of the hen that has laid an egg.

A very kind letter from Pamela Tennant—who has read my Divorce evidence (I suppose out of Mrs. Jack's copy of it). Bless you, she likes it! She writes most sympathetically—but she's a good woman who understands things without having to have them explained. I can get on with such people. You are one of them.

Good-bye.
M. H.

125. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Monday. [*Dec.* 1910].

My Dear Newbolt,

If you could let me have "Minos" back before Friday it would be useful, as I could then tinker it at Brighton where I shall be for a week at Christmas. I am mugging at the second one of the three, which is hard work—altogether a more difficult job than the first. My poor old Pegasus is very stiff in his joints nowadays, and will never carry me across country as he did once.

All seasonable greetings to your household.

Yours ever,
M. H.

In 1911 the novel "Mrs. Lancelot" was begun; at first without conviction. "There is no heart in this book, none at all" (Diary, Jan. 10). In the early spring M. H. was at Florence, and again in April and May.

126. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
31 Jan. [1911 ?]

My Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind letter on the occasion of my birthday. I can't expect to please you with all my books; but it happens that there was more of myself in "Rest Harrow" than in most. I fancy that Senhouse and Sanchia will be happy. They both know how to give as well as how to take.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

127. To Henry Newbolt

[The novel referred to is "Mrs. Lancelot."]

La Canonica, Settignano,
4 *May.* [1911]

My Dear Newbolt,

. . . May so far has been bad here. Cloudy skies and a cool wind. But the memory of April still remains. It was surprisingly beautiful. The Earth here goes into her birthpangs with a frenzy which makes one drunk to behold. Love! Good God, how one could make love in this land. How one *has* indeed.

But I've been hard at work all the time struggling with a novel which, I fear, has missed its mark. I'm not happy about it.

I suppose my poem ["The Agonists"] has appeared. I told Macmillan to send you one. I am hardening my heart for a knockdown from "The Times," or what will be harder, a sniff.

I return on Saturday, and shall see you on the 11th.

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

128. To Clement Shorter

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
9th May, 1911.

Dear Mr. Shorter,

I cannot dine with the Omar Khayyam Club on Thursday, and will tell you quite frankly that the fewer public dinners I attend the better my health, morals, and spirits.

I placed my resignation in Mr. Henderson's hands a year ago but he wouldn't accept it. Perhaps if I try him again he will.

You will quite understand that my absence from the dinners is not any disparagement of my fellow-members, but simply a question of health, and leisure to do my work.

Yours very truly,
M. HEWLETT.

Clement Shorter, Esq.

129. TO MISS ELLA COLTMAN

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
7 June, 1911.

DEAR MISS COLTMAN,

How kind of you to write. I am very glad that you like the poem ["The Agonists"]. I put a lot of work into it, and heart too. But you are wrong in thinking it new wine. It's very old wine indeed. I did the whole thing in '96, '97, '98—then left it, with occasional tinkering, until this February, when I attacked it with frenzy and rewrote entirely in its present form. Originally all the speeches were in blank verse, which I believe to be an outworn mode.

[H. Newbolt's] "Drake's Drum" is sure of immortality. It has the magic without which a lyric is nought. I think equally highly of "Amore Altiero" in his last volume—a beautiful thing with some of Dante's dignity in it.

I'm extremely drawn to Newbolt. I like his mind and share a great many of his ideals. He has far more culture than I have. I think he has a sweet nature. I knew nothing of his ancestry.

I hope that he is coming to stay here tomorrow—and hope also that I shall see you soon.

Yours very sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

P.S.—You ask me of my ancestry. Saxon, I believe, wholly. But I had a French Huguenot grandmother.

130. To Harold Monro

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
16th June [1911 ?].

Dear Monro,

Yours is a very kind and interesting letter. I like it. Of course one goes, in poetry, straight for the thing one likes. If you like melody and smoothness you will like "Ariadne" best of my three. Myself, I prefer "Hippolytus," but feel convinced that "Minos" makes the best approach (golf !) at the highest thing of all, which is Form. A friend of mine, and a sound judge, described "Minos" as monumental, and gratified me hugely. But I can't help hoping that the three are inter-related and form a whole.

I hate (personally) the jingle of Swinburne. The Choruses in "Atalanta," luxurious and smooth as they are, have very nearly nothing in them—and to my own mind the exactness of their form prevents their fitting close to what sense they have. It is like putting half-a-dozen women in stays of the same pattern. They will still be very pretty—but will they be persons ? individuals ?

I like regularity in its place—but submit that drama is *not* the place for it. My irregularity, abruptness and raggedness, as you call it, is calculated, or rather felt.

I was rehearsing "Ariadne" yesterday for the first time. The players were the ordinary uneducated, amiable people—yet, reading it as prose, and using the natural stresses of ordinary speech, they none of them had the least difficulty, and really it sounded *exactly* as I had heard it in writing it. I think that rather a triumph.

As for the Chorus—that represents to me the world at large, more particularly the audience. I like a Chorus treated as a person, and not as an orchestra to play intermezzi. They have more to do in "Minos" because the Cretans were vitally concerned in what was going on. In "Ariadne" the pinch of the drama is with the principals. In "Hippolytus" again they stand for you and me, and are awfully interested in knowing whether there is any way out for mankind. I think I may fairly say that I've thought out every step of this book, and have done nothing unadvisedly. I'm awfully glad it has interested you. I wonder what Thorley thinks about it.

I often think fondly of the peace of the Settignanese hillside—but there is no peace for me on this side of death.

I hope we may see each other again before long. You are one of the few people I have ever picked out as a man with whom I have wanted to talk and to be. I'm a frightfully lonely man myself—possessed by one enormous, overmastering idea which gives me no rest, and no scope for intercourse with my fellows.

But I feel myself at home with you.

Yours ever,
M. H.

131. To Miss Ella Coltman

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
21 *July* [1911].

My Dear Miss Coltman,

I *was* tired, and *am* tired ; but your party on Wed. was too big to congregate. Segregation was inevitable. And you are a household which wants some handling by one who is attracted to each one of it in turn, and finds himself dissipating. I could be happy and at my best with any one of you for a month or more. When you are all together I seem to get no hold of you.

Again I am either uncommunicative or I communicate everything. I don't seem able to detach portions or sections of myself and hand them about for discussion. I believe that I'm all of a piece—a somewhat unwieldy block. My poor friend Senhouse was more what I should like to be than what I am.

I feel that there is much that we could talk of. God forbid that you should think me formidable. I'm too frightfully simple really. Mislike me not for my complexion. But upon the subject which is dearest to my heart (inseparable from it in its wildest aberrations) I *am* shy—I admit it. Too much is at stake. Either I am what I claim to be, or the most egregious quack in these islands. But I am doubtful of my footing, because my gift is so fitful. We will talk, perhaps, in September when I shall be at B.C.

My love to Harry, whom I love.

Yours always,
M. H.

132. To Henry Newbolt

[" Ariadne in Naxos," Part II of " The Agonists," was produced by Mr. J. Fisher White at the Little Theatre in the Adelphi on 9 July 1911. Miss Grace Lane was Ariadne, Mr. Godfrey Tearle Dionysus, Mr. Claude King Theseus.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
15 *June.* [1911]

My Dear Newbolt,

My players have had no difficulty whatever in reading " Ariadne." They read it as prose, with natural stresses, and the rhythm came out beautifully. I think that rather a triumph. I have written to Bridges to tell him so.

I do hope you'll make a push to come to the performance. If you can't, you must come to a rehearsal.

Yours ever,
M. H.

133. To Henry Newbolt

[The first version of " The Agonists " had been written in blank verse ; but Hewlett became persuaded that the capacities of this medium for his purpose were exhausted. He therefore adopted for his new version a stress-metre, on the principle enunciated by Coleridge in the Preface to " Christabel " but not logically carried out in that poem. Many of Robert Bridges' best-known poems, " London Snow " for example, were written on this principle. Mr. Morton Luce, in the " Nineteenth Century " for September 1911, attacked " The Agonists " in an article called " The Hybrid Art." The whole point of the stress-metre is the effort to bring verse-writing in closer relation to the rhythms of living speech. This was what Hewlett meant by saying that if his verse was read " as prose," the rhythm would be brought out. Mr. Luce, not troubling to understand the principle, assumed that there was no metre, merely " licence " ; he inveighed against all such innovations, and rashly asserted that Milton's " licence " in the choric parts of " Samson Agonistes " (actually written on a different principle, but certainly on a metrical principle) had been "disastrous." This was negligible criticism, if gratifying to the prejudices of many minds. A critic might more reasonably have questioned whether after all this kind of verse, adopted for its capacity to respond to the turns of emotion, and vary its rhythm accordingly, did not in practice yield an effect of greater monotony than blank verse, handled with flexibility and freedom.

The postscript refers to the prize given by the Princess de Polignac for some years and adjudged by the Academic Committee. This year 1911 was the first occasion on which it was given; and it was awarded to Mr. Walter de la Mare for his novel, "The Return."]

Broad Chalke, Tues: 12th,
[*Sep.* 1911].

MY DEAR HARRY,

Have you seen the attack on "The Agonists" and the New Prosody at large by one Morton Luce in this month's "XIX Cent."? He whacks about and enjoys himself. If I weren't in the forefront of the enemy I should go for him—but I have an abscess in my head and can't do anything but groan. His mislike of me involves hard sayings of "Samson Agonistes," so I am bloody but unbowed. You might look him over in case you feel inclined to smite.

Here, after a wondrous month of it in France, I grumble and nurse my face. Let me hear how you do in your beautifully named lodging [Mount Grace].

Netherhampton I fear is given over to the lion and the lizard until long after we are gone. Pia's school begins on the 25th, so we must be off the 24th, but I shall pay several flying visits in October, to survey digging and planting operations.

I want to write a poem, but my head won't let me. So I read "Xenophon" with a crib.

Yours ever,
M. H.

Ames summons the Ac. Com. for the 27th à propos the de Polignac benefaction. I shall attend. We shall have to appoint a special committee to adjudge, of which you must certainly be one and Dobson (I say) another. Bless you.

134. To Henry Newbolt

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
16 *Sep.* [1911].

My Dear Harry,

You will strike a doughty blow at Luce O'Trigger and serve not me alone, but Milton and other august Johnnies, such as Shelley and M. Arnold. He has (Luce) quite failed to see our point of the stress making the verse, and seems really to think that unless you get five beats to a line that you don't get a line at all. This is almost too silly for confutation, but is generally held—out of a mistaken loyalty, I believe, to Shakespeare, who needs no such bolsterings and proppings. The funny thing is that to prop and bolster Shakespeare he has had to discard some of Shakespeare! But read him and you will see.

B., you will find, either has not, or will not, read "The Agnostics," as Lang calls it. I don't know why. Incuriosity and Prejudice are the bane of such anime altiere. I'm glad I haven't got one at that rate. Once I should have been hurt, but now am not—much. My hide waxes thicker as my hair wanes.

Much as I should love it—and of that you must please to be sure—I don't think I can make the pilgrimage of Grace this year. I am unwell and have gadded enough.

I shall put you on to the Awarding Committee if I can, but not myself, I believe. The scribbling world wd. cavil—but against you nobody could say a word. This it is to be a consistent poet—for *you* came late to novels, while I began with 'em, or they think that I did; and a man never loses his first mark with the foolish.

God bless you all.

Yours,
M. H.

I could make awful fun of Luce if I weren't so dipped by him.

135. To E. V. Lucas

[Mr. Lucas's " A Wanderer in Florence" appeared in 1912.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
26 Sept. 1911.

My Dear Lucas,

I liked the Kingfisher Essay, and felt my bosom heave under your praises of the garden. You might have added to it that I had seen, that very summer, foxes at play in a hollow of the hills, for it is the fact. However, the otter vindicated my claims to remark, and I am satisfied. But if *I* saw an otter and foxes, *you* saw a dead badger, and discovered Mr. Hastings—which feats set you level with me. Mr. Hastings is superb. You have a rare nose for these good things—the truffles of history.

Now for the billiard-table. Much as I like the Broad-chalkers, I confess that £16 plus carriage plus the billiard-marker make me hesitate. The Churchwardens have built a parish room so hideous that I feel like spending the money in masses for the perdition of their so-called souls. No—I don't feel that I can run to that. So we must drop that.

I forget the Hôtel de Rome almost ; but if it is where I think it is it will be better than Bonciani's, which would be awfully noisy. Take your luncheons occasionally at the Toscana in the Calzaioli. You get a corner window looking on to the flank of Or San Michele and a perfectly charming old rogue of a waiter, one of Nature's gentlemen-pickpockets. The food is good there too. I always lunch there whatever happens.

I can't imagine what you will find to say about Florence—but then I have written myself out upon it. I've sucked it as dry as a husk.

Yours always,
M. H.

136. To Dr. Marie Stopes

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sunday 26th, 1911.

Dear Miss Stopes,

I think that . . . was right, and that most other publishers would agree with him in declining your MS.

in its present state. I read it last night, and recognised immediately its enthusiasm and amiable intention. At present, it seems to me there is no more in it. It is a kind of first sketch for a thing which, when complete, might be romantic, poetical, philosophical—of any one or all three kinds—but which must be completed to make it so. It is much too short, and has no conclusion ; the verses are not really parts of the book. It looks to me as if the narrative, on the other hand, has been made to connect the verses. That is quite legitimate, of course, but it should be done with more art. As for the verses themselves, if you will let me say it, I think you trust too much to the first impulse or inspiration. They would all be better for severe revision, and some for reconsideration. One or two of them, though put into the mouth of the heroine, seem to be addressed to a woman.

I recognised, as I began by saying, your enthusiasm at first blush. It is there—or it *was* there. The question you must decide is whether there is enough of it left in you to urge you to begin again and make a book of it. If your MS., as it exists now, were my own, I should keep it by me until I felt a recurrence of the mood, and when that happy moment arrived I should begin slowly to recopy it (by hand). Then, if it were mine, the book would be born. I have a dozen things—prose and verse—in exactly the state of yours. If the gods are benign they will all be born anon.

I think that you express yourself more naturally and clearly in prose than in verse.

Forgive this forthrightness, and believe me

Sincerely yours,
M. HEWLETT.

137. TO ROYAL CORTISSOZ

[" The Song of Renny " was published in this year.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
10 *Oct.* 1911.

DEAR CORTISSOZ,

I am very pleased with the handsome things you say, in your letter and review, of " The Song of Renny."

Naturally I like to be thought a genius, though, if one I am, I had nothing whatever to do with it. But I am sorry that, to pay for my Paul, you have to rob my Peter. If I am a genius "The Agonists" will assuredly testify to it more infallibly than "The Song of Renny." However, every man to his taste, and I take your generous tribute without more cavil. Such things as "The Forest Lovers" and this one come to me very easily, when they come at all. You probably know that my own opinion of their worth is not very high. There is poetry in each of them I don't doubt; but poetry is all the better for being written in verse, I think, and I prefer, ceteris paribus, to deal with heroes and demigods than with mediæval knights-at-arms. The Greek forms and the Greek ideas appeal to me more strongly than any other forms or ideas; so it is with the Greek convention. I know, of course, that I am incurably a romantic. That's temperamental; but I am telling you what I like best of my own things. "Pan and the Young Shepherd" is my best work, and next to that I put "Ariadne in Naxos." Then "The Queen's Quair," and so on.

I rather doubt if I shall write any more novels. I don't feel like it just now.

Once more—my best thanks to you.

Sincerely yours,
M. Hewlett.

138. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
10 *Nov.* [1911].

My Dear Harry,

Will you dine with me at the Poets' Club on the 20th? Belloc is to speak on "Bad Verse" and will be truculent, possibly amusing. I wish you'd come. It is good for you occasionally to condescend. I will provide you with good company (better than mine). On Friday next Pia and I go to Broadchalke and perhaps we could see you on Sunday on our way back to London.

I am deep in a play. "Helen Redeemed." The last night of Troy. It is rather terrible, but moves me much.

Yours ever,
M. H.

139. To Henry Newbolt

[Sir Henry Newbolt was now lecturing for the Royal Society of Literature on Poetry. The lectures were afterwards published under the title "A New Study of English Poetry."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
13 *Dec.* 1911.

My Dear Harry,

I felt every word of your lecture, but should like to read it, and hope that I shall. I never heard the vital relationship between Poetry and Life so tersely and incontrovertibly put before. I am not perfectly sure, however, that Art is simply Expression. I think it more truly the expression of Emotion. It isn't, for instance, expression of sensation *without* Emotion, or even of Thought or Reflection without Emotion. The perfect definition of Poetry is very hard to get at. It is perhaps the expression of Emotion in terms of Beauty: but even so you leave out the Rhythmical quality which is the essence of all Artistic Beauty: and you leave out Design.

Let me also say how touched and grateful I was to you for the mention of my name in your roll. That was perfectly stunning of you, and set me up for many a day to come.

Yours ever,
M. H.

At the beginning of 1912 the Old Rectory at Broad Chalke (or rather Hewlett's interest in it) was sold, as it was proving too expensive to keep up. M. H. bought a piece of land at Hadlow, near Buxted, in East Sussex, and built a house on it; but this proved unsatisfactory and was sold, before it was finished, in February, 1914.

His mind was now turning back to the Greek subjects of his earlier love. He was writing a play on the Sack of Troy, called "Helen Redeemed"; and was intermittently engaged on a translation of the "Iliad." And this spring he decided to visit Greece itself, and was there for most of April and May.

"Bendish," a story based on Byron, whom Maurice disliked, was begun in October and finished by the end of the year,

140. To E. V. Lucas

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
4 Jan. 1912.

My Dear Man,

I am now landless, having sold my interest in this place for £1100, and I want another immediately, in your downs for choice. I want to *buy* not more than six acres, with or without a cottage upon it. South exposure—*with* water, running or still. That's about all. If you know anything, let me know. I ought to have added that a few trees, or a small wood, and pasture, would be useful.

I must turn out of here by Lady Day ; but the sooner I can send my man (plants in hand) down to begin, the better. I don't want to be so far off as I am here—and not so expensive, either. I only want a cottage (one sitting-room, three bedders). Lunch with me in London next Wed.

Yours ever,
M. H.

141. To E. V. Lucas

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sunday.

My Dear,

I like to have your inscribed book [" A Wanderer in Florence"] and to see how Florence strikes you. You take it and its art and letters more seriously than I ever could. I always saw something ridiculous, and therefore pathetic, in both. Dante and Michelangelo stand apart of course : too serious : they banished one and tortured the other. But all the rest—children, tragic, or trivial, sometimes both. Altogether I don't think you found it a place to wander in. Perhaps you weren't there long enough—or were there too long.

When are you going to sit down to Cobbett ? I want another interior from you of the scope of Lamb. Don't tell me there's no time. There's lots. Why, even I am now considering the ways and means of a Masterpiece ! and I'm older than you. I've got a superb novel in my head unfortunately, and fear that I must do it first. I'm sick of novels ; but this one is too good to lose.

I was sorry indeed to have missed you last Saturday.

God bless you.
M. H.

---

142. To E. V. Lucas

Gosberton House, Nr. Spalding,
21 *Sept.* [1912].

My Dear Lucas,

I've finished a long and wearing piece of work [" Helen Redeemed "] and am ready to be amused. Can't I persuade you to accompany me for a week's tramp—France, Germany, Heaven or Hell, all's one to me. To walk through the Black Forest would be jolly—or Fontainebleau, which you know and I don't. Woods and walking seem to be my immediate lust, but I'm quite ready for hills if you prefer them. I wouldn't keep you more than a week, and would start whenever you pleased—but the sooner the better.

Yours, anyhow,
M. H.

---

143. To E. V. Lucas

[" London Lavender " was published in 1912.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
23 *Sept.* [1912].

My Dear Lucas,

I have had to *buy* " London Lavender " ! Considering the gestation of that jolly document I think that a humiliating confession ; and so is this other that I was so certain it would be waiting unforwarded here that I telegraphed from Aldeburgh to a servant, who was coming down, to bring it with her. I hope you feel humbled—I do.

It's too early to tell you what I think yet. But it's better than " Mr. Ingleside." You have had a good harvest for your quick eye, this time.

God knows where you are or may be, *but* I think I am going to Hadlow on Saturday to see my acres. If you could give me a bed that night it would rejoice me, and I could go up to town like a gentleman after lunch, or tea, as the case might be.

Lang's English Literature is very excellent—don't you think? I say—don't get cynical whatever you do.

Yours always,
M. H.

144. To Henry Newbolt

[" Bendish " appeared in the following year 1913.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
28. x. 12.

My Dear Harry,

Kindly tell me if Argent, a Bend Engrailed sable, (?) souttee of the first, is a possible coat—and again if it is that of any prominent person. It has been revealed to me by the Pythian that it is the cognizance of George Lord Bendish, with whose meteor-course I am now to deal. His crest is a Peacock in Pride. Should that be " proper," do you think?

Honours crowd upon you. I hear of D. Litt. and rejoice; I hear of a Grand Presidency [of the Poets' Club], and am concerned. . . . I shall come to hear you address them on the 5th. I shall hear you more gladly on the 6th, and I shall have comforted myself with your Corpus Poesis on the 1st, I hope. You are going strong, and I'm glad. Be glad with me that I am also.

My own poetry book won't be out till January, I think. I'm rather nervous—I wish it had been better—less fruity and more concentrated. I can't get my images naked enough yet. If I could have finisht " The Voyage " I should have been glad—but I stuck midway, and don't want to wait. I'm getting old.

E[lla] C[oltman] dined with me on Saturday. God bless her. She's a generous creature if ever there was one. But she's a woman, so it's of course.

Yours ever,
M. H.

145. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Wednesday, 13. 11. 12.

My Dear Harry,

Yours is a brave true book [" Poems New and Old ; a complete collection "] and I'm proud to possess it ; but being an unconscionable dog and a greedy, I want more. There's much of the troubadour about you—you can do tenzons as well as sirventes ; but there's the trouvère too. Your narrative is awfully good : it's terse and it flows too. It's narrative poetry we want, I believe, and I hope you'll do it. I don't say epic, from you or anybody—yet ; but narrative is a test case, I believe. What have we had—I won't say since Don Juan—since Tennyson, if you like ? or since Morris ? It's time, you know. I've done one—you'll see it at the turn of the year—but you'll have to do a much better one than that. " England expects . . ."

If comfort weren't so damned essential to us—if we were content to go back to lodgings in Hampstead, or empty palaces at Pisa—we should write our novels in verse—both of us. But—blast it, I'm writing a novel in prose, and so (I expect) are you. *ἀνέρες ἔστε φίλοι μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς*

All right. But do you, senior bard, begin.

Yours always,
M. H.

In 1913 M. H. began to work on " The Song of the Plow," then called " The Hodgiad." " Helen Redeemed " was published ; also " Lore of Proserpine."

Another tour in Greece was projected for this spring, but put off on account of the Balkan War ; and in April M. H. and his daughter went to the Italian lakes and returned by way of Germany.

146. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
22 *Jan.* 1913.

My Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind letter. As the years add up I take more and more pleasure in being remembered.

And I value your friendship as having been gained for me by my writings. Yes, I read your "Queen Elizabeth" with great interest—as also, I think, a study of a character of my own which you sent me yet earlier in our acquaintance.

I hope you will like the poems. The long one on Helen of Troy is a tragic business—but I believe it to be a logical consequence of the 3rd "Iliad."

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

147. TO E. V. LUCAS

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Wednesday 25 [1913].

MY DEAR CHAP,

I can't imagine a deed or omission of yours which would really hurt. This one didn't, because I know so well the qualms and megrims of authorship. We are all tired, you know, we all write too much, being all of us damned fools enough to think we want a deal of money. I believe that I have come to my senses, just in time. So will you, I expect.

There's fatigue, I fear, in "London Lavender," which is an awful pity, because for wise observation and fruitful, you have never done better. But you are too short; you seem to hold, and then you tire, and begin another chapter. And then you take refuge, try to excuse yourself by cynicism. Your novelist chapter is not worthy of so good an artist. Novels *do* matter. All work matters. It matters frightfully that it should be the best of its kind. You are not really a Falconer; far from it.

However, you'll escape—as I am doing—and a good thing for you and England when you do—for you matter, let me tell you, more than most of us. Much more than I do, for instance, who am only a spasmodic and very occasional poet. But you can see. Therefore no cynicism, I beg of you—and much less income.

I am going to be really poor in a minute. That's why I want to get a house built, to be poor in. Then, if there's time, we'll have some larx.

Yours ever,
M. H.

148. To Harold Monro

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sunday.

Dear Monro,

I am your grateful debtor for a very kind notice. I rather wish you had seen the Songs in "Pan & the Young Shepherd," which, personally, I like very much. But you do me more than justice. Of course, but for "The Forest Lovers," I should have written no prose. For three years before that book I wrote nothing but verse. I should have been a more considerable poet now than I am ever likely to be if I hadn't been deflected by the success of the story and the ease of repeating it.

However, I am in for it now. I serve Poesy henceforth. "Helen Redeemed" will be out this year: a long thing *which is meant to be heard.* I have some thought of hiring a rhapsodist to try the effect of it.

I don't think that anybody who heard "Ariadne" declaimed by Tearle and Bunston especially, would deny that it was poetry.

Many thanks to you for your words.

Yours always,
M. H.

149. To Henry Newbolt

["Helen Redeemed" was published in 1913.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
27 *Feb.* [1913].

My Dear Harry,

Your letter has inevitably given me a *mal de cœur* which I may in part deserve to have, and to get. I think I will give you up ——, which came forth from me in a hot stream, like arterial blood and couldn't, at the time, be denied. Perhaps it ought to have been corrected with the file—you say so, and you may be the herald of the host of reviewers to come. If you are, I shall catch it. I won't defend myself, but in one particular. If ever nymph wedded with a ghost, you may depend upon it the thing was mutual. You say mutuality was absent. The text is against you there, as you will see, or may see.

As for Helen and her redemption, where the text is still more positively against you, I am really sorry that I must inflict a letter upon you ; but the thing is serious—to me. If my poem ran as you have found it to run it would truly not be worth while. You really seem to think that her fresh adultery with Paris was her own doing—" unbeguiled," you say. My dear man, it's not possible that you can take that to be the meaning of the story !

" Mercy ! I cannot do it. Let me die
Sooner than go to him so. What, must I lie
With one and other, make myself a whore,
And so go back to Sparta . . . ! "

Haven't I made it plain that she was forced into it ? Have you read Odysseus on p. 109 ? Or Odysseus on p. 106 . . .

Paris *by the stroke*
Of him he robbed shall wash out his old cheat
In blood, and thou, woman, by new deceit
Of him, redeem thy first. For thus God saith,
" Traitress, thou shalt betray thy thief to death."
— ?

I may be wrong as to the Lex Talionis in Homer's time. If I am, the thing fails. But it makes me very uncomfortable that you should miss the whole point of the poem—which is that " an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth " is the moral law ; that Helen could not escape the nemesis of her deed, and Paris could not escape the nemesis of his character. That, to my mind, is the law of human life. Then come the historic probabilities, that Menelaus would *require* to kill Paris.

You don't feel that I have " done much " for Helen. I wasn't concerned to do much for her, but rather to show her, and get pity for her, in an hour of mortal agony. I have failed to get yours, I'm sorry to say—but may I be damned if I've made up such a story as you ascribe me.

One can only do what is in one as well as one can, and personally I don't mind being told that I've made a mess of a thing, because I have always been very diffident about my verse, and am only too ready to believe what is chiefly said about it. You may be sure that I'm not offended by any criticism that is based upon the text. Indeed, I mostly agree with it. But I can't for the life of me reconcile what I have printed with what you make of it. I say to myself, there's some mistake. Can it be mine? I look at the book, and—well!

You write very kindly, my dear Harry, and I know quite well that you write sincerely, and that you love whom you chasten. I don't honestly think I'm thin-skinned; and certainly I'm not puffed up about my writing. But I do candidly think you have missed the point, and that it's not my fault.

Yours always,
M. H.

150. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sat. [1913].

My Dear Harry,

You take my writhings and outcries very kindly. I'm only thin-skinned to reproaches from men like you whom I have come to love and whose good opinion I hoard.

You touch me on one point which (as I'm rather proud of the invention) I shall labour again. You say that Odysseus couldn't have *forced* Helen to betray Paris. But he did, by a bit of desperate courage. While she was still wavering Paris appeared, or was heard coming. Helen would have hidden behind him, but Odysseus chose to take the risk. He was unarmed and Paris had a sword. To save his life Helen was forced to call Paris to her. That started her on the destruction of Troy.

Yours always,
M. H.

151. To Mrs. Leaf

[Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leaf became friends with the Hewletts almost at their first meeting in 1898. In the spring of 1913 M. H. and his daughter stayed at the same hotel with them at Lugano. From this time onward he corresponded frequently with Mrs. Leaf, advising her about her garden and criticising her poems. Mr. Leaf also helped him with his translation of the "Iliad."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Friday, [1913].

DEAR LOTTA,

I'm very sorry to hear of your adversity. It was good of you to write.

I knew you wouldn't like Helen before I sent it—but couldn't resist the pleasure of doing it. It's a dreadful story, but I know I'm right about it. That was the way of it. She was an instrument in the hands of the Furies. An eye for an eye—alas! But that's life—that is—and we'd better know it.

Yours always,
M. H.

152. To Mrs. Leaf

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
20 *Mar.* [1913].

DEAR LOTTA,

I hope the [Balkan] war won't devour us, but Pia and I are going to Corfù by the Austrian Lloyd which gets there on the 15th. There Stamati meets us and takes us to Ithaka, then to the Peloponnesus, where we go to Bassae, Andritzena, Megalopolis, Chelmos, the Styx and on to Aigion and Patras. Thence home. Back in London 30th. What a pity you won't come. Stamati is a delightful creature and does everything. It is practically arranged now. I don't really see how the war can affect us in the Ionian Sea—it might in the Ægean, no doubt. We shall have, as I calculate, ten or eleven clear days in Greece, and four days steamer. I think that is good enough.

Stamati charges 25 fr. a day a person and does everything for that. I wish, even at the eleventh hour, you could persuade Walter, that *οὖρος ’Αγαιῶν*, to bring you all. Herr Baedeker says of Chelmos that it is "interesting to botanists." I only know that it is a v. fine mountain. Don't you want to see the falls of Styx? I do. But I want the Greek air and light most of all. Ithaka too! Oh, Ithaka!

Yours ever,
M. H.

You cheer me about my poetry book, which has *not*, so far, made Great Britain reel.

153. To Mrs. Leaf

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
2 *Apr.* [1913].

Dear Lotta,

It's a great disappointment, but the F.O. decided me. The international row is evidently just beginning. I would have risked it by myself—but Pia is another story. She is safer in Switzerland. I leave here on the 9th and go to Celle to pick her up. Then we train to Airolo and walk down to Lugano. I've bookt rooms at the Parc from the 15th. Pia is a mighty walker and will expect a great deal of moral support. We must go up the Valtellina whatever happens.

Gentians, auriculas, &c. must be dug up in spite of the law.

Yours always,
M. H.

154. To Mrs. Hugh Elliot

[M. H. had been invited to talk about "Lore of Proserpine" (1913) and the experiences of seeing fairies.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
29 *May*, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Elliot,

You are taking no liberty, but on the contrary doing me great honour. I hope you will understand me if I say, nevertheless, that I really can't come and meet your friends in that particular capacity. To begin with, I should be speechless. I find that I can be communicative enough to the printer, but it is a fact that I have only *spoken* to two people through the whole course of my life about those sort of things. I really couldn't do it. Yet I hope very much that I may meet you and your husband again before long, " unofficially " as we used to say in the Civil Service. I know Canning Place quite well. Another friend of mine lives there—Gladys Hunt.

It so happens that I saw Horace Headlam yesterday, at his brother's wedding.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

155. TO MRS. LEAF

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
21 *July*, [1913].

MY DEAR LOTTA,

What a nice letter, and how nice of you to write it ! I should love to see your garden in its glory, and you two in it like two hens who have just laid eggs. That is the happy moment of a gardener's life—" a grand lot of ill-feeling ! " I know it well, and perhaps I shall have it again some day, when I can feel that I have really gone one better than you. That blue meconopris ought to do better with you than almost anybody. I should say your soil was exactly right for it. I shan't try such things for a long time yet. I don't even get trees to grow well, at present —and of sixteen magnolias I planted last year only *two* are doing really well—and *two* are almost certainly dead. Wire worm !

Yesterday I was within four miles of your Giraffian son—on the road between Cromer and Norwich. What a lovely house is Blickling ! Do you know it ? It's pink and square and turretted like Hatfield—and is approached by a broad sweep of grass the same width as itself, flanked by yew hedges about 20 feet high and ten thick. Such things make me drunk.

Aren't you glad about Bridges [just appointed Poet Laureate] ? I am. I shied a sonnet at him on the spot —which is this :

TO THE POET LAUREATE

Not clamour nor the buzzing of the crowd,
Bridges, beset the lonely way you took :
The mountain path, the laurel-sheltered nook,
The upland peak earth-hidden in a cloud,
The skyey places—here your spirit proud
Could meet its peers, the lowland route forsook ;
Here were your palimpsest and singing-book,
Here scope and silence, singing-robe and shroud.
  Let England learn of thee her ancient way
Long time forgot : the glory of the swift
Is swiftness, not acclaim, and to the strong
The joy of battle battle's meed. Thy song
Will call no clearer, nor less surely lift
Our hearts to Beauty for thy crown of bay.

There !

Yours ever,
M. H.

156. To the Reverend Kennedy Williamson

[M. H. was invited by Mr. Williamson to contribute a preface to the "Glasgow University Students' Handbook.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
22 *Aug.* 1913.

Dear Sir,

Such an honourable invitation can have but one answer. If you and your Council think me worthy of the task I am not the man to decline it. I find the Handbook of this year full of interest and don't doubt that your own edition of it will maintain it. In a few days I will send you my preface, and if you want a photograph you shall have that too.

Few things, let me add, have pleased me more than that you should have thought of me in connection with the Undergraduate life of your University, or that you should have written so kindly of what I have done.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

The Preface to the Handbook is here appended, as originally written :—

No "singer of an empty day" can be so idle as to be insensible of the honour of such an invitation as I have received. To find himself for a year heralding a University STUDENTS' HANDBOOK is to find himself taken seriously by his juniors. There can be no prouder discovery for a writer.

Inveterate romantic, incurable idealist, as I must confess myself, I have not been able to study this Handbook without excitement. I was never, "in the body," member of any University, but otherwise—in such other wise as is allowed to me by that gift of which the poet speaks as granted to him now and then—I have matriculated at many : at Oxford, not fortunately, with Mr. Percy Shelley ; at Cambridge, less tempestuously, with Mr. Thomas Gray ; at Padua, with Mr. John Evelyn ; at Salamanca, at Leyden, at Bologna, with many a British gentleman exiled for his opinions or for those of his parents. And now I have seen myself going up to Glasgow, a freshman, keenly conscious of the dew upon the morning landscape as well as of the great stretch and sweep of it ; the world before me and leisure for the road. I have broken my fast upon the Handbook, considered with chin in hand the spacious array of Faculties and decided incontrovertibly for Arts. I have joined the Union. I have weighed, not without happy dalliance, the merits of the Societies (and the Alexandrian must be one) and the Clubs (Here's for the Mermaid !) which may enrol me member. But there is yet more for me to do. Like all ancient foundations worth a rush, Glasgow is fiercely modern. The smell of the Agora mingles with that of calfskin and midnight oil. Politics ! Shall I be a Fabian ? Can I be a Socialist ? Am I a Liberal or a Conservative ? I don't know, but I am glad to be asked. It is exhilarating to have the field open, to know that once at least in my career of undergraduate I can clamour and pound and cheer, yes, and vote for the Lord Rector of my heart. And here, not without a pang, I close the Handbook, restored to my sober senses. That field is never to be opened for me now.

I must not stop to ask how it has come about that the

University of Glasgow has retained to some extent its mediæval character while Oxford and Cambridge have completely lost it, or if I do, it must only be to congratulate Glasgow. Whether her sons need the admonitions to realise their corporate life, admonitions which I see scattered up and down the Handbook, I do not know, but I should say that they could not, seeing that they have in their hands something of which England has too little. It is the fact that in England the College has obscured the University ; you cannot, as they say, see the wood for the trees. But at Glasgow, so far as I have known, the University is all. She is mother indeed. She nourishes whom she begets. As she was in this regard in 1450, so she is now—a noble record.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

157. TO MRS. [NOW LADY] FRAZER

[" Asinette ; a French story for English children," was published in 1900.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
12 *Sep.*, 1913.

DEAR MRS. FRAZER,

My girl Pia was nourisht upon your immortal and matchless " Asinette," and it is still (though she is eighteen) her constant companion. She now wants to try her hand at putting it into English, and has asked me to approach you about it. I think she will do it well, so far as I can judge from what she has made of " La Neuvaine de Colette." That is to be published I think in the Spring. Will you let her try ?

Yours sincerely,
MAURICE HEWLETT.

Mrs. J. G. Frazer.

158. TO E. V. LUCAS

[" The Hodgiad," to be re-christened " The Song of the Plow," occupied much of Hewlett's thoughts during the next few years. Beau Brummell is associated here with

William the Conqueror because he spent the last ten years of his life at Caen, a needy exile.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
30 *Sept.* [1913].

My Dear Chap,

It's very kind of you to write about "Bendish." It amused me to do—and, as you divine, the beginning and the end amused me most. I never know what I may be writing in the next ten minutes, so I don't prophesy about it. But novel-writing bores me in the abstract. Just now I'm off on "The Hodgiad"—almost done a prelude (The Man on the Hill), which I like. We'll see. Sunday for France—Caen, Angers, Saumur, Chinon, Tours, Blois, Paris, home. Plantagenet country—with a look in at the Conqueror (and Brummell). I'll come to Coates when I can, be sure.

Did your eagle eye remark the advertisement in yesterday's "Times": "Can any gentleman tell me how to make a man's chin bald? Not too painful—have tried barmin sulphide"! *What* man's chin? There's black work there, depend upon it.

Yours,
M. H.

159. To E. V. Lucas

["Business is Business," a revue in which Mr. Lucas collaborated, was produced in 1913.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Friday, [1913].

My Dear Lucas,

I couldn't go to your play, but I sent a friend, who will report. I should have been highly interested. Somehow, though I knew you had leanings, I shouldn't have imagined you as a *successful* playwright. Unsuccessful, like me, you might have been!

But I'm very glad you have that sow by the ear, because she's fat and nourishing. Castles are built upon her entrails.

Don't leave Sussex just as I enter it. I hope to find my house with a roof on it tomorrow.

M. H.

160. To E. V. Lucas

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
12 *Oct.* [1913].

Dear E. V.,

I wish you'd do a Life and Letters of George Crabbe. It's worth it, and you could make a good thing of it. Bowles is worth putting into a book, and so's Tommy Moore. Think of this.

I've done the Prelude to "The Hodgiad," and feel dimly that it may make me immortal, *if I can keep it up*. Pray observe that I finisht it three clear days before the little Welshman made his speech at Bedford. This may be important. I don't believe at all in rushing poetry into print, but don't think I can resist the boom in Hodge which there is certainly going to be. I shall put it in the "Fortnightly" for November, I think—unless you think the "English Review" the more popular. It may be more popular, but it is much less respectable.

I've sent for your Essays. By the way, I don't at all approve of your anthologies of your own gems. Leave those to posterity to collect.

Yours ever,
M. H.

P.S. I've never thought so before, but I do think I've done it this time.

161. To Henry Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
12 *Oct.* [1913].

My Dear Harry,

I am going to hear you on Wednesday pursue your researches into the nature and habits of the Poet.

Meantime I have begun "The Hodgiad" and perpetrated the Prelude thereof, called The Man on the Hill—a trifle of 350 lines of octosyllabic terza rima. I have never felt before, what I feel dimly now, a kind of deeply fundamental conviction that I've done it this time. No, I never felt that before. I have felt that things were good; but this time I feel that it's not only good, but likely to be found so and approved so by the profane. This is the combination of qualities which confers immortality—and of course a Prelude is all very well. I have now to keep it up thro' ten centuries of history, past Magna Carta and the Armada, the Pragmatic Sanction, the Thirty Years' War, the Reform Bill and the coming of the "Daily Mail."

I should like to read it to you, and I don't think I've ever askt you to listen to me before. Can you come here on Wednesday night?

I beg to tell you beforehand that I finisht it three clear days before LL. George spoke at Bedford. It's so d——d timely that such a warning is only fair to myself.

Yours ever,
M. HEWLETT.

In 1914 Maurice was still full of Greek themes, and busy translating. In April came the second tour in Greece, fully described in the diary which is appended to this volume.

The outbreak of the War in August found him at Thorpe, near Aldeburgh, on the East Coast, where he had taken a house.

162. TO S. B. CLARK

[Mr. Clark had written to describe a "strange being" which he saw in Grantchester churchyard in October 1908, —a vision "strangely coinciding" with the account given on p. 26 of "Lore of Proserpine."]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
19 *Jan.* [1914].

DEAR SIR,

Your letter is very interesting. I never had any experience of that kind; but find no difficulty in conceiving that the non-apparent world is peopled with beings of all sorts. The *most* interesting part of your account is naturally unaccounted for—I mean, how you came to see it, or how it managed to present itself to your senses. That's the thing I should like to understand.

Yours very truly,
M. HEWLETT.

S. B. Clark, Esq., M.A.

163. To Sir Sidney Colvin

[The drawings referred to were presented, through the National Art-Collections Fund, to the British Museum in July.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
14 *June.*

My Dear Colvin,

Do you think that the National Art-Collections Fund would contribute to a purchase on behalf of the B.M.? This is briefly the case. A. S. Hartrick the artist used to live in the Cotswolds. When he was there he made some drawings of types and characters to be found in that most English part of England. All these people are now dead and there can be no more of them. The drawings are full of life and idiosyncrasy. C. Dodgson has seen them and will keep them if somebody will present them to the B.M. I have got a certain amount together, and if I could get a very little more Hartrick would be content. If I fail the set will either be scattered or will go *en bloc* to Australia. I feel very strongly that the Museum is the place for them. There are few enough faithful memorials of our past life as it is, and, it seems to me, the real English are almost extinct. I do want to embalm what I can.

I am a member of the A.C. [National Art Collections] Fund and wd. write to the Secretary if you think the Committee would be interested.

Dodgson would show you the drawings. He has them now.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

Sir Sidney Colvin.

164. To E. V. Lucas

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
20 *July*, [1914].

My Dear Kingston,

I never consult you without profit. You combine in a remarkable way the fanciful with the practical. Your head is winged, but you are gaitered, and carry a stout stick.

The girls at Pia's school, today, are going to enact a scene out of "Mr. Ingleside"—four of them are in it, but not Pia. I thought you might like to know. I am not going, but shall hear all about it tonight—what scene, etc.

I have visited Humphreys and discussed his iron buildings with him, at considerable length. That was a sound advice of yours. Crowlink came too late, for yesterday I went to Aldeburgh in Suffolk and hired a great house, practically *in* the sea. It stands by itself, as well it may, for it is extremely hideous, within and without. But you can dip your feet in the sea without getting off your bed.

I shall spend September there, writing a novel and having tea with old Clodd, who lives, I believe, at Aldeburgh. My house is at Thorpe, a mile and a half away.

Yours always and as much as you will,
M. H.

165. To E. V. Lucas

Haven House, Thorpe, Suffolk,
Aug. 1914.

My Dear Chap,

I wrote as I did in "The Times" because, much as I hate war, I hate tyranny more. If I hadn't thought we were fighting for freedom I should have been dumb.

The last I heard from Cecco said that he was stuck at Westgate, armed to the teeth, coast-defending. I confess I was thankful that he hadn't gone to the North Sea, whence we shall have red tidings before long, I hear. I fear yet that he may go there, as he is one of the few with a really powerful sea-plane. It doesn't do for me to think of what this business may mean for me—that way madness lies. It is serious enough from other points of view.

My poor foolish trick of story-telling has been cut down to almost nothing, and America will have no dollars for me next year, from the look of things.

I am here till the end of the month—then London, I expect.

Yours ever,
M. H.

166. To Miss Ella Coltman

Haven House, Thorpe, near Leiston, Suffolk.
Wednesday. [End of August 1914].

My Dear Ella,

I was very glad to hear from you. I feel strongly for the Newbolts, whose case is nearly as bad as my own (perhaps it is worse). Cecco at the moment is at Westgate on Coast defence and I do my best to persuade his mother that he will remain there. God knows! The strain of waiting for sea-news is one of the hardest things to bear.

Here, they sweep the seas daily in fleets of 24 at a time for mines and the Destroyers dart about like sharks. We have usually two, sometimes four off Aldeburgh at night. It is near Orfordness and a marsh over which an important trunk wire runs. They are prepared for a raid as there is twelve feet of water almost on the beach. A Zeppelin wouldn't at all surprise *me*, and I hope not the defending force.

It's all very hateful, and makes one despair of mankind; surely the most inferior order of creation. Consider the trees! I take off my hat when I pass them. But it is some consolation to know (*a*) that we are fighting for Liberty; (*b*) that we simply can't afford to be beaten; (*c*) that we shan't be. I regret co-operation with the Russian tyranny as much as anybody. Swine as the Germans are, the Russians could be wolves. But we must do one thing at a time, and "any stick," etc. . . .

We shall have conscription before it's over—but it will be for the last time, please God.

I didn't think Harry's second lot of verses up to his first. It's no time for things about middies. I feel it to be too serious altogether—and I can't care for the saucy or rollicking aspects of war. From all accounts there's mighty little to rollick about. I think we have outworn the mediæval jacket. It looks shabby. That's why all the war poetry has been so sombre. We are fighting for Liberty, not for flags.

I can no more write cheerfully, my dear, than you can. I don't at all like this morning's news. What are the French about? Where are they? They had three weeks to mass themselves before Paris, and even now they are outnumbered and outfought. If they are rotten it will go hard with them—and we shall want all the men we have for home defence.

I leave this on Saturday and shall be in town from Monday until further notice. Perhaps we might meet.

Love to them all down there—and the same to you.

Yours ever,
M. H.

167. To Henry Newbolt

[The Ballad of the Gloster and the Goeben was printed as a broadside and appeared later in "Gai Saber."

"Our steady Iberians" may puzzle those unacquainted with the "Iberian Theory" in which M. H. fervently believed. The hypothesis (not new) of an Iberian or Mediterranean substratum in the population of Britain is admitted by anthropologists (see Ripley, "The Races of Europe," p. 324; and Fleure, "The Races of England & Wales"), though Hewlett may have been more sanguine about the extent and persistence of this element in the English race than the cautious men of science would approve. See the poem called "The Mother" in "Flowers in the Grass," which begins:

Salute your mother on your knee,
  Offspring of the Iberian,
Who lives yet while afield go ye,
  Wiltshire woman, Wiltshire man!

See also Letters 278 and 302.]

Gosberton House, Nr. Spalding,
Wed. [1914].

My Dear Harry,

I return the cutting with many thanks. My light-hearted jingle [the Ballad of the Gloster and the Goeben] did itself on Sunday, in fact, but the cutting was valuable as showing me that I hadn't gone wrong in any essence.

The news was better yesterday, I thought. Old French's comments on our chaps were charming—modest and plain, with more, evidently, in reserve. Our steady Iberians. Thank God we are hardly Teutons at all. I always guessed as much. Old Sayce's letter came apropos. I've done an interview for America wh. is to go into 50 newspapers there next week. And a burning, fizzling thing for the "Corriere della Sera." I don't know that I can do much more just now. I have put old P. Reeves of the Anglo-Hellenic League in touch with Schuster.

Cecco goes to the North Sea today—God bless him. He carries an arsenal and has three planes under his command.

Yours ever,
M. H.

168. To Henry Newbolt

["Aladore" is a mystical Romance in 15th century English by Sir Henry Newbolt and was published in 1914. It is treated of more fully in the following letter.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
17th Dec. [1914].

My Dear Harry,

I shall redeem my "Aladore" from the Janissary today. You are all square on the transaction, for I had already bought one, which shall now go as a Xmas present.

I shall be curious—for you will remember that I am an old hand—to see how you have tackled some of the technical difficulties. One I see already you have "confessed and avoided," as the pleaders used to say—I mean that which seems to demand that every sentence shall begin with "And." I think that bothered me as much as anything. The Sagas show you a way out of it. "Osmund Fishkettle went directly to the stead of Thorstan Gumbril. There was a woman there washing, whom he greeted. He said, Is my hat on straight? She said, Not at all." That's direct enough, though bald.

But I shall read you in a serious spirit and for what you say, not for what may be at the back of your mind, and underneath the ink.

A good Nowell to you. I wish we had caught those pirates [the German raiders] off Hartlepool.

Yours ever,
M. H.

169. To Henry Newbolt

[The illustrations to "Aladore" are by Lady Hylton.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
18*th Dec.* 1914.

My Dear Harry,

I have just finisht your book and am completely bewildered. It is as impalpable as mist, though quite as beautiful. At times the gauzy stuff lifts and I see Whigs and Tories at their familiar work, and then it all goes into fleecy whiteness. I can't withhold my admiration of the skill with which you keep up the sense of enchantment, even while I confess to you that even in my dreams I find, and like, more wine in ladies' kisses. I am sure that I shall never get to "Aladore."

The writing has great art. To have avoided definition at every turn is quite a feat of the pen.

I'm a bad hand at allegories. I get impatient and let go ; but (so far as I can hold on in and out of your dreams) I'm not sure that it holds—not water, but air. Are Ywain and his filmy lady to go in the boat with Tristram and Iseult ? I don't think so. And why should Paris be there ? And where is Menelaos ? And why is Achilles there without Briseis ? You see what I am—gluttonous, a winebibber.

Again,—even though the narration is doubly oblique—Gudrun and Kiartan and their mountain country struck me as being a thought too strong for your transcendentals.

But you have mystified me, and charmed me too.

The pictures are unequal. She is best when she follows Calvert. Next best after Lionardo, or Luini : Aithne at the garden gate. Worst when she remembers Angelica Kauffman.

Yours,
M. H.

170. To Harold Monro

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sunday.

Dear Monro,

I have done so many jingles of the war, some comic, some tragic, that I think of making a chapbook of them. What do you think? Paper covers, and a woodcut or two—style of the "Bull," &c. Wouldn't it go, at *6d.*? I've got one called "The Emperor of Almain" which I think rather well of. So far there are five pieces making about 320 lines. Tell me what you think of this—and if there's time before Christmas.

Yours,
M. H.

171. To Henry Newbolt

[This and the next few letters were written when Maurice was anxiously awaiting news of the fate of his son after the attack on Cuxhaven, Christmas Day 1914, by English sea-planes. The attack was led by Wing-Commander Hewlett and he alone was reported missing.]

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
29 *Dec.* 1914.

My Dear Harry,

Short of murder, he must be a prisoner. But you never know with those devils. We hope for a wire from Berlin in answer to one which the American Ambassador sent for us yesterday. God knows. If the dear boy is dead, he has made a good end, and would have asked no better. We have to content ourselves with that and with the love of our friends, which means more—and does more—than I could have believed possible before I was hit so hard.

Yours ever with all my heart,
M. H.

172. To Cecil Headlam

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.

30 *Dec.* [1914].

My Dear Cecil,

Thank you ever so much. There is still a chance—even a good one—that he is a prisoner. Unless they murdered him he *must* have been picked up. We are waiting for a wire from Berlin to the American Embassy in reply to theirs. But these things take time.

It was an awfully swagger thing, and did a lot of damage. I saw the Admiralty reports.

Yours ever gratefully,
M. H.

---

173. To Lady Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.

31*st* [*Dec.* 1914].

My Dear Margaret,

When I didn't hear from you I fancied that I knew why—and now I am glad and proud to feel that I was right. If anyone knows, you know, what a knock like this must mean to us.

If the dear boy is dead, he would have asked no better end, I know. He was entirely fearless, he loved adventure, and hated waiting. But please God he is alive. There is more than a bare chance. I have seen or heard from almost all his companions in the attack. They all say that he came down unhurt, that he was seen standing on the float, and that two German destroyers were steaming straight for him about six miles away—call it 20 minutes. He had on a floating jacket and is a wonderful swimmer. All we can do now is to wait with patience and courage. My wife is awfully brave about it, down at Leagrave working hard. Pia is with me—very quiet and even-minded. I simply wait for the telephone or a telegram, because I can't afford that either of them should get it unprepared. It's pretty bad.

But the kindness of people of every sort and kind, known and unknown, is perfectly extraordinary. It *does* console ;

I never thought it would—but it does. And it humiliates me too, to feel how ungracious I have often been, and how arrogant.

God bless you for writing.

Yours,
M. H.

174. To Lady Newbolt

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
1 *Jan.* [1915].

My Dear Margaret,

I hope you have got my card, which I dashed off last night—but we heard too late to send off even telegrams, otherwise you would have had one.

The strain is off, thank God, and we shall see him in a few days. There was a day when I thought we should never see him again. I must show you his report—it's confidential at present—but he really did have some escapes.

I am overwhelmed and in a way humbled to the dust by the kindness of everybody in the world. Cecco deserves it, but I *get* it. That don't seem at all fair.

I hope that you and H. won't have the dreadful experience we have had, but I know that your Francis would do exactly as mine has—and that you would grudge him no more than I do mine—if needs must be.

I am going to write to H. about his glory.[1] I was awfully pleased that he got it. The thing is not *what* you get, but that you deserve it—as he does.

Yours always,
M. H.

175. To Frederic Harrison

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
1 *January*, 1915.

My Dear Harrison,

It is more than kind of you to write to me from sick-bed, and by this time you will have learned of our immense relief. I was steeling myself yesterday to bear it—

---

[1] The Knighthood, announced in the Honours List of January 1, 1915.

and so was my brave wife. We felt that if he had to die, that was the end he would have wished for ; and we knew that he had done well. The kindness of our friends, known and unknown, has been a real consolation. I have never been so hit before and couldn't have guessed how that would be.

I am sure that your son will do as mine did—namely play the man and face his duty. God spare him to you !

Ptomaine poison very nearly did for me six or seven years ago, but I was all the better when I was through with it. You are a wonderful man, and will conquer it I trust and believe.

I can't tell you how glad your letter made me.

Yours always,
M. Hewlett.

1915 found M. H. still looking for a country house to settle in. It was not till October that he found one which suited him. This was Elm Tree Farm, in the village of West Wittering, some ten miles from Chichester. With his usual impetuous decision, he went to see it, liked it, and bought it on the spot. Though lacking the charm of Broad Chalke, Elm Tree was a delightful long white house, of some age, and the garden soon became full of choice plants and flowers. The village is on a wedge of land with the Channel on one side and the shallow creeks of Chichester Harbour on the other. In the same month of October the house at Northwick Terrace was sold, and a house taken in Pembroke Road, Kensington.

"The Song of the Plow" occupied much of this year ; but M. H. found time to write a light novel, "Love and Lucy" ; he also made some speeches, and wrote against Newspaper Tyranny.

176. To W. H. G.

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
22 Jan., 1915.

Dear Mr. G——,

I should hardly know my birthdays unless you marked them with a letter. I have learned to look for it. I feel at least 108 instead of 54, but hope I shall live to be happy again. That won't be until mankind is ashamed of what it is doing now.

My boy did very well, and was abundantly fortunate. He will be involved again very soon, I fear. I am waiting to hear of it. God send us better days than these !

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

177. To Sir Henry Newbolt

Northwick. Wed:
[*April* 1915 ?]

Dear Harry,

I am in bed at this moment with my second bad influenza since Christmas. I asked Margaret to look at a house with me on Saturday, but fear that I must cry off. I shan't be ready for a jaunt by that time. Will you please to tell her how I stand, or lie ?

As a matter of fact, I think I shall buy Beechingstoke Manor House—four miles from Pevensey. A place without architectural pretensions, but with a good deal of quiet character of its own. There's a tulip tree in the garden, and you can see the White Horse plainly from it. It is close to Alton Barnes where that pious prig Augustus Hare guessed at Truth with his less pious but more priggish brother Julius.

Goodbye, my dear.

Yours ever,
M. H.

178. To Harold Monro

7 Northwick Terrace, N.W.
Sunday.
[*September* 1915].

My Dear M.,

. . . Proserpine and her lore seem far from me now. Mankind has made red the green places of the earth, and trampled the fairies into mud. How inaccessible all that seems ! I can hardly believe that I ever lived such a life. And yet I did ! Eppur si muove ! God help us all.

I am away again tomorrow until Wed: when I come back to attend a meeting in Grosvenor Square. From then onwards I am at hand and glad to see you here.

Pia and I have been at Sennen Cove, which has the bluest sea I have seen anywhere from English shores.

Yours ever,
M. H.

In February 1916 Hewlett gave up his house in Pembroke Road and left London for good. This spring "The Song of the Plow" was completed, and it was published in October. The translation of the "Iliad" was also finished to the end of Book XII: he did no more.

179. To Harold Monro

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
17. 1. 16.

Dear Monro,

I read "The Argive Women" to a visitor here last night. It goes well and is very effective. The short lines seem to me an important discovery. They prevent that feeling of despair which settles over you in beginning a blank-verse drama. Also, you can't crib Shakespeare.

If I can get Ainley to read it for me to your charity it shall be done. But I won't read it myself. I am a narrative, not a dramatic reader. I do it very badly—monotonous and spiritless, it sounded to me. If you like it when you hear it I'll try to get the great rhapsodist. He's quite the best I know.

Yours ever,
M. H.

180. To Laurence Binyon

Elm Tree.
Wed. [*Feb.* 1916].

Dear Binyon,

I was awfully pleased to have "The Anvil" [a little book of war poems], with your name and mine in it. "The Antagonists" is about the deepest thing I have seen—

quite the deepest, indeed, of the core of this hateful thing. You have the power of being indignant without being angry —which I have not, which is very rare, and puts you on a moral height above us. I should like to get up there, but I can't. "Fetching the Wounded" is very beautiful, I think. I didn't see the Zeppelin, but it must have been like that. I heard it overhead at night, like a dragon of old.

It was jolly to see you both at the beano yesterday.

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

Don't forget you are coming to Elm Tree again, when you can.

181. To E. V. Lucas

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester.
3. 4. [1916].

My Dear Lad,

That will be jolly indeed. You shall see your old —— if you please: a kind soul as ever wore a cassock, and *most* prolific. A quiverful. Seven sons and four fair daughters. He shall not be ashamed when he meets his enemy in the gate.

Spoon River Anthology didn't impress me. Ruthless notes for poems may be so, but not when they are uniformly ruthless. We are not so bad as all that—and Spoon River could not have been—even Spoon River. Some of the Agonists really lived. One of them wrote a life of Lincoln, which I have read.

I'm glad you are on the road again with a book. You will be worth reading on the War—but it's a difficult subject for my own reading. I trust you to have been chary of blood-shedding. There has been too much of that. Have you read Binyon's little book? Most beautiful, and very grand in parts.

I've done a proleptic Envoy to the "Hodgiad" which ought to satisfy you. It even (does) me.

Yours ever,
M. H.

182. To J. C. Squire

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester.
24. iv. 1916.

Dear Squire,

I am very glad to have your quire of poetry [" Twelve Poems, 1916 "], which is in jolly type and on jolly paper. It is like your beloved incurables—and perhaps it is one! I fear that Death has not been sparing you, and I see that you take it hard. I suppose that is the penalty we must pay for being honest with ourselves and owning that we don't believe what we have been taught to say that we do—And yet I don't know. I feel myself that those chaps out there have died greatly; for even if war is the hateful, wicked, futile business I feel sure it is, we had no way out of it this time—and to have faced it and its friend Death as I am sure your friend did, is a noble thing. I wish you had been able to get a little uplifting out of that.

But indignation, I see, or scorn, makes verses for you. You hit hard, but we deserve it. The Restaurant Ode makes me very uncomfortable—but it's a fine thing. You are a fine rhymer too.

I am glad you are doing the " Hodgiad "; I don't think you will say I have copied anybody, as I see a foolish colleague of yours accuses me of doing in a novel. Why will these geese say that I copy Meredith? The thing is incredible. I can barely read the man—in fact, never do. For me he is as dead as the Dodo. But they repeat that cry, like parrots, every time I put forth a novel. D—— them.

Ernest Rhys is going out to France to read Shakespeare to the soldiers. Brave of him. I think I'll go and teach them the " Hodgiad," or the " Iliad."

Yours ever,
M. H.

183. To J. C. Squire

[The poems collected under the title " Gai Saber " were published in May of this year.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
31 [*May*, 1916].

Dear Squire,

I have ordered your scalding brew [" The Survival of the Fittest ": Satires in verse] from the P.B.S. [Poetry

Book Shop], but am grateful for an inscribed copy. It must have done you lots of good to do them. I'm glad I'm not a Lambeth Guardian, or Editor of the "Spectator." Yet there but for the grace of God stew I.

Hodge is all in fair print, and the question is when to dish him up. I want, if I have luck, to move public opinion in a generous direction towards the Peasant Volunteers. Do you know that 250,000 out of an outside 900,000 "persons engaged in agriculture" have volunteered? "Persons" includes both sexes and all ages. So Hodge has levied himself practically to a man. Astounding. It makes me cry.

Well, the question is, when publish? If I wait until peace is declared, I am swamped in Maffickings. Personally I vote for this autumn, or early next year.

I have told E. Mathews to send you "Gai Saber." There's nothing to it, I fear—except a certain amount of high spirits, unbecoming to my white hairs.

Yours ever,
M. H.

184. To E. V. Lucas

[In 1916 Hewlett began a series of "Sagas re-told," of which three or four were published in separate volumes.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
14. 7. 16.

Mon Vieux,

Do you think your baronet (or is he but a kt?) would like to embark upon a set of the Sagas re-told? The unknown first, and later on the known. I have just done one of them which pleases me—and ought to please boys and such unsophisticated creatures. As you know, there is next to no sex in them. In the one I have done—none at all. But a d——d good tale.

I daresay you know how I do them. I am a knowing hand at a fake, of course—and I contrive that what I add—which is what I add for myself when I am reading them—shall be in the manner. They are too good to be unpopular—and I think I know why they are so.

Well, there it is. I am thinking of doing the whole set —and would like somebody to take them up.

Yours ever,
M. H.

185. To E. V. Lucas

The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.
Tuesday [*July* 1916].

Original to the last! You must be the only man in G.B. with diphtheria. But I am very sorry for your ill luck, and wish that I might come and babble of green fields to you.

For one thing I am obliged to you for the loan of this hotel, which suits me exactly. Your genius for being snug has long been a proverb with me. I wd. back you thro' thick and thin. Here I sit awaiting Pia to lunch: then two committees (dam'd pen) and then I take her to the play.

You are welcome to the London day—and if you want diaries come to me. I have a great quantity. Pitch it before 1815, when Byron left. There are some good things in the new Granville-Bessborough letters, but much better in the old Harriet Granville ones. Come, when you are mended, and pore over what I have.

Barrès moved me very much (by his lecture), but I'm easily moved nowadays. He's too much the priest for devilry, and the devil in France is pretty latent just now. Not for love.

Yours,
M. H.

186. To E. V. Lucas

[M. H. was now intermittently busy with his blank-verse translation of the "Iliad." He completed twelve books, but the translation was not published in his lifetime.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
[*July*] 26 [1916].

My Dear Lucas,

I'm easier about you, and the card was welcome. You needn't, however, answer this, which is out of my fulness of leisure of a hot afternoon. I ought to be bathing, but the tide is at the full ebb—and that's a bore.

I don't know that I urge you to come here in August, though I believe I could find room for you. My sister-in-law will be here with her young, healthy and noisy children—very good for *me*, and I like it for three weeks; but it is not the pleasure of every man of maturity, and I'm sure you would hate it. September we shall be away till the 17th, when Pia gets a week's holiday, and will be here I hope. Then or after, all is at your feet.

I've asked the Squire and Squirina for next Saturday—I like the pair. And there will be Armstrong from the hospital, I suppose, with some wounded men for the servants to cherish. He mostly brings a couple. What do you do with your hours? Do you read? I have recommended the Granvilles, I know, and do it again. The fat "Shakespeare's England" of the Clar. Press is a fraud—but one or two things are good—Bradley on Language, Underhill on Law—there is a quotation in the latter which wd. do you good. It's too long to quote.

I've gone back to old Homer, having got my heavy poem in type. Look for it in October—you'll like some of it and hate some.

Yours ever,
M. H.

187. To Laurence Binyon

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
[*August* 1916].

My Dear Binyon,

Your letter is good to read, and very good for me just now, as I am in the August mood, the dead slack of the mind's year when I not only doubt whether I shall do anything, but am almost sure I never have done anything with my five-and-fifty years.

I am especially pleased that you like my Homer—which so far as I have read the critics has fallen quite flat. I have reached the end of X, and when I have done two more shall publish and be d——d. I find that it reads well aloud, and that is a thing to aim at and stand or fall by.

I believe you are right about my tales [poems in "Gai Saber"]. There is a lot of glitter and rattle, a lot of keeping the pot boiling—but human nature is probably not there. I suppose I am a troubadour and little else—but enough of myself. It is a great thing for me that you, with a much more deeply funded mind, find something to like.

Yes, please come here, for more than a bare Sunday this time, at the end of September. I send the servants away for holidays and go myself (unwillingly) on the 1st; everything will be ready for you on the 25th for as long as you can make out. Those last days of the month and early October are generally heavenly. The girls will be at school I fear. They must come another time—perhaps at Christmas, to breakfast out of doors as we did last time.

Yours ever,
M. H.

188. To J. C. Squire

[On his garden wall at Elm Tree Farm Hewlett had a species of convolvulus from Africa; it had a great flower of an exquisite pale blue.]

Elm Tree,
Thursday [1916].

Dear Squire,

Do you want some mirth-stuff for Solomon Eagle? I had a letter yesterday from a Wesleyan divine of Cheshire asking me to tell him the best reviews of the "Hodgiad." He was preparing, said he, a lecture upon the poem for the autumn. "P.S. Sorry I have only as yet seen parts of the poem in the brief notices I have seen of it." Obviously he intends to lecture upon it without reading any more.

Then this morning a lady askt me to contribute to a Symposium for the "Woman at Home," to be called "Film Favourites of the Famous." She flatters herself that the title will explain the scope of the Symposium. She also writes for a nice photo, to appear with my contribution. Isn't all that pleasant?

The Lily of Malud on the front gets larger and paler every day, and now casts a shadow like its prototype. But it will burst upon my tenants, and they must provide the small-breasted for its worship. I should have had a difficulty.

Yours ever,
M. H.

Have you been asked to contribute to the American War-Book? Mrs. Warman brought in some old newspapers for me to look at, among them the Declaration of Independence! I have done three sonnets out of it—one very bad, the other so-so. Would it bore you if I sent them to you to look at? I doubt they are sheer rhetoric; but I think, nevertheless, that the facts in them are true and worth saying. It is a shame when you are so busy; but I esteem your critical honesty and feel that I want it. I haven't straightened them out yet, but shall to-night.

189. To J. C. Squire

[This letter refers to the sonnets mentioned in the postscript to the previous letter. Mr. Squire was at this time literary editor of "The New Statesman."]

Elm Tree,
Wednesday [1916].

DEAR SQUIRE,

I am so glad you don't think them bad. To "put to the horn" was to declare an outlawry. You blew a trumpet at the market-cross. Now I think of it, I believe it is a Scots term. I have put a note to help the Americans. Also I have altered the last lines, for the better I think. It now goes:

You may search the land
In vain, and vainly rummage in the schools,
To find a deed more English, or a shame
On England with more honour to her name.

I am sending it off. It is for a War Book, you know. I don't see why you shouldn't have it if you like. Meantime

I send you No. 2, and shall be proud to see it in the N. S. [" New Statesman "]. (It—the N. S.—now gets to Wittering on Tuesdays.) Quite right to stand up for Churchill [the satiric poet]: a drunken swab and a savage—but he could write.

Herewith No. 2.

Yours ever,
M. H.

190. To Mrs. Leaf

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester. Saturday,
[23 *Sept.* 1916].

My Dear Lotta,

That scoundrelly train was ½ an hour late at Woking and never made it up. Presently I discovered a goods train on its back and apparently in a fit near Brookwood, which explains it all. Cause of fit unknown.

The name of the rampant rose which wd. go up your old plum-tree at the bottom is Moschata Grandiflora.

Having told you all these facts, I will now say that I had a happy visit and owe you all my thanks for the pains you devoted to me. You find me rather terrible I fear ; crude and craggy ; but you must believe me when I say that it is half make-believe and the other half as a reaction against a dangerous sentimentality—which besets me within and without, behind and before. In reality I don't reckon to have any better friends than you and Walter, and certainly have none of whom I am fonder, or for whom I would do more, if it were needed. Therefore mislike me not for my complexion, as the Prince of Morocco vainly said. You wd. like me no more than you do now if when askt my opinion I gave you a sham one or a sugar'd. I don't know why I say this, for indeed I believe you don't think me as black as I paint myself.

Farewell to you both and hearty thanks from

Yours,
M. H.

191. To Miss K. Green

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
11. 10. 16.

Dear Madam,

I am very much gratified by what you tell me. I have never described a better woman than Sanchia, and for very good reason. I have been in love with her for 22 years, and shall no doubt die in the same state of mind—but that is, I suppose, neither here nor there, as we say.

The name comes from Navarre on the borders of France and Spain and is a corruption of the Latin Sancta. It became Sanxia first, and then Sanchia. The Spanish form is Sancha—which is the feminine of Sancho. I don't think the masculine was common in Navarre, except in the King's family. There were several kings called Sancho, and their daughters were often called Sanchia. That is all I know about it.

All my good wishes attend your Sanchia !

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

192. To Dr. Marie Stopes

[Concerning a play on the story called " The Judgment of Borso " in " Little Novels of Italy."]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
17. 10. 16.

Dear Marie Stopes,

You may try your play until all's blue, so far as I am concerned. I am never likely to do one myself. The proper way of doing Borso into a play is to do it in verse and have music put to it. It is stuff for comic opera, properly so called. Prose tempts you to ask yourself : Is this remotely like life ? Verse tells you : This is much more amusing than life. The kind of prose I put it into in " Little Novels " was a compromise, but was deliberately high-keyed and artificial. However—go on, by all means.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

193. To J. C. Squire

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
6. xi. [1916].

Dear Squire,

This thing [" The Song of the Plow "] is practically out of print already, and I want you to take a copy of the first edition from me. I have only just received them from Heinemann.

By a labour of Herakles I secured your " D. News " review, and thank you for it. I *think* you have mentioned all that I wanted you to spot, but naturally the " D. News " was no place, nor space either, in which to point them out to an expectant public. I wish someone *bonæ voluntatis* would do it for the " Quarterly " or " Edinburgh." I believe that either George Prothero or H. Cox could and would print it, on the subject.

It looks as if there might be a little boom. I hope so, for the sake of Hodge.

I wrote to your lady about the "Farm Servant," a very mature and observant novel, I think. She'll have some shrewd comments to make on this our life when she feels her feet. Anyhow, it's jolly good.

I'm going to read a Saga to the Hodges here to-night.

Yours ever,
M. H.

194. To J. C. Squire

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
28. 10. 16.

Dear Squire,

I must thank you with all my heart for your awfully kind letter. I never really know how far my things come off, and sometimes I think that they ought to, when they don't, and am considerably dashed and *ébahi* as they used to say. I fancied then that the " Hodgiad " might be pretty good, because (a) I was tremendously in earnest over it, and (b) it was such fun to do from first to last. I was never bored with it, and found myself quite homesick when it was done. But one does like to know, you know ; and the fact is that your letter is almost the jolliest thing I have ever had. I wish you had done it in the N.S. because I feel that you understand it and sympathise with its aims; and also because I'm pretty sure from what you say that most of the little touches on which I set most store have not escaped your eagle eye. They will assuredly escape the so-called eye of the ordinary stiff who "does" poetry for the reviews. Never mind—but send me your "Daily News" article. It will be meat and drink to me.

What I should like most of all would be a boom of Hodge himself in the press. I want to get pressure to bear on the Board of Agriculture—which is benevolently intentioned. I want them to canvass the households of volunteer peasants to see what they are prepared to do in the way of working land. No one else can do it, and there's no other way of getting ready for their return from the war. Of course the democratic papers would do this for me if they weren't so ha'pynish and so timid at once. How awful if the Harmsworth dungflies took it up! I suppose I should have to swallow my pride and help them!

I see on re-reading your letter with your poem that your friend whom you elegise was *not* killed in war—but that doesn't affect what I intended to say. The Pagan view of life and death seems to me a sound one. Life is short but on the whole very jolly. Death is only heart-breaking if there are no memories and no belief that the good a man has done survives him. But indeed it does survive him. The world is the more fragrant because of him. I think you must have written down your first thoughts of your friend, which were naturally very painful ones. I don't think you would write so dispiritedly about him now.

Yours ever,

M. HEWLETT.

195. TO LAURENCE BINYON

["The Song of the Plow" was reviewed in the "Times Literary Supplement" by a critic to whom the (doubtless very controversial) view of English history which it embodied was violently obnoxious, and who dismissed the poem with contumely as a failure. M. H., hurt on Hodge's account more than his own, wrote a reply, to which the critic made a rejoinder. I myself, indignant at such treatment of a poem which, with all its obvious faults, is a finely sustained effort of impassioned narrative, on a most difficult theme, sown with passages of great power and beauty, wrote a protest which appeared in the following number. In a more recent issue of the same journal complaint was made of the neglect of this poem. But its author was then dead.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,

12. xi. 16.

My Dear Binyon,

You write generously and make me happy. I can afford "The Times" after such a letter as yours. The conception of the whole thing came upon me in a sudden flood, and after that I had no other thought in my head till it was done. There are bad bits in it—19th Century sociology, legislation, Corn Laws, Ballot Acts and so on beat me. I had to choose between being intolerably didactic, or a reckless Hudibras—terza rima is not the only sufferer; amenity, urbanity and proportion all suffer too. If I could have made Hodge a man, or several men, it would have been a great thing; but I knew that I could only show him in lurid flashes—which is just how he appeared in history—and hoped that a word here and there, or an action, might reveal him. The "Westminster," otherwise very friendly, complained of that. His mistake was that he looked for an Epic while I was offering him a Chronicle. As for the "Times" man, he meant to hurt me, and succeeded. He said that the man I had tried to show as loving wife, child, home and work, as moved by Wyclif and Wesley, and as volunteering for war (which he hates) in defence of human liberty—that such a man was exhibited by me as an "elemental hog." That was outrageous, and I have written to say so. Surely somebody who sees what I mean, and doesn't think love, work and religion are hoggish, will back me up. Who knows?

Anyhow, my dear friend, you and your wife have put heart into me again. I know that she understands—I knew that when I read her some of it. That makes me feel very rich.

I think I'm going out to France in February to talk to the Hodge-Soldiers at the bases. I've been askt, and feel I can't refuse.

I should like to see you both sometime—but when ?

Yours ever gratefully,
M. H.

196. To Mrs. Leaf

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
9. 12. 16.

My Dear Lotta,

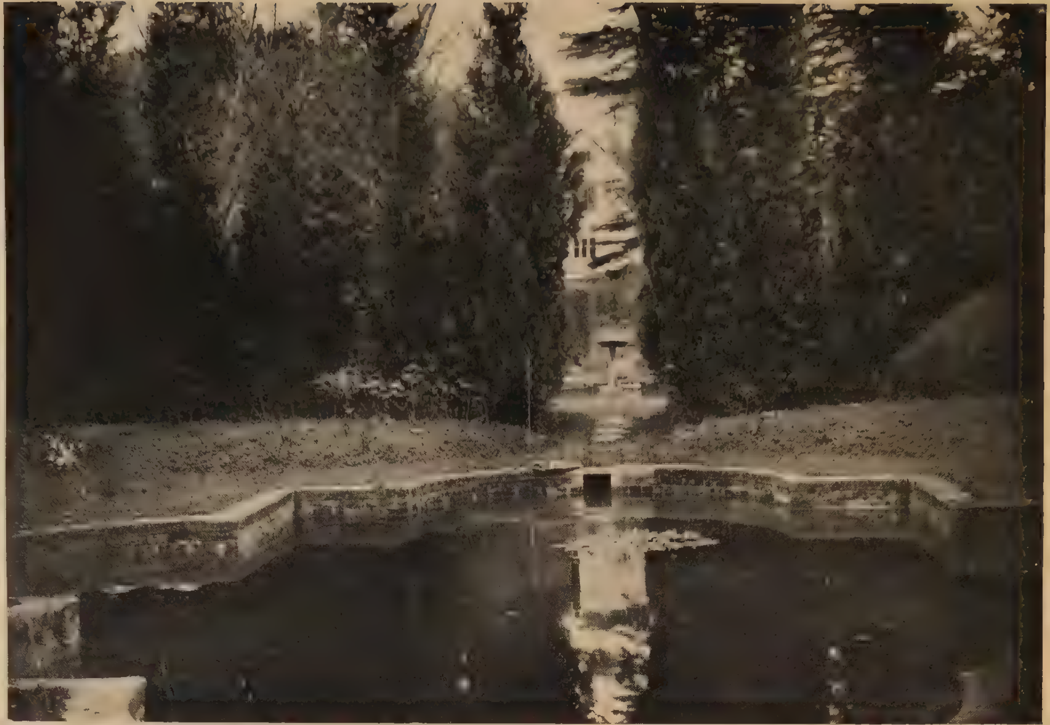
How jolly of you—and how nice your book is. I like "Snow in Summer," "A Frozen Field," "The Sea Lover," "Sunium," "Savernake" equally ; but "Memories of Travel" best of all. It perhaps wants an end—but it is delightful and beautiful as a fragment. The Sonnet to W. L. is very fine and perfectly true. He is a great man, and you may well be proud of him and happy in him. I think that I value a good word from him more than any from anybody else. Then the memorials of your father touch me too—especially the Dirge. And if you have a photograph of the Innsbrück Arthur you must show it me some day. I didn't know, never having been to Innsbrück, that he was there. And now, of course, I shall never see it.

You didn't inscribe your book, which was either an oversight or a perverse whim. That you shall do when next you are here.

I'm halfway thro' a thing now—"Peridore and Paravail"—which you shall accept as a countergift—it isn't up to much as yet.

Yours ever gratefully,
M. H.

The early part of 1917 was much occupied with plays and play-production. Three plays were produced at the Margaret Morris Theatre in Chelsea, through an enterprise called "The Stockpot": "Pan and the Young Shepherd" on January 28, "The King's Son" (a play on Philip II and Don Carlos) on February 25, and "The Ladies' Comedy" on March 4. Mr. Fisher White produced the plays and played important parts.



A GARDEN POOL, OLD RECTORY, BROAD CHALKE

Pleasant as Elm Tree Farm was, Hewlett found himself pining for the Downs of Wiltshire. He had thought that the sea would make up for the loss of the hills, but found it was not so. And in August he took the Old Rectory at Broad Chalke once more ; sold Elm Tree, and left it on September 26. At this time he was beginning "The Village Wife's Lament," which he thought the best work he had ever accomplished, and completed that poem by the end of the year. The idea of a more ambitious poem than any he had yet attempted came to him in May of this year : "The Song of Man ;" and he notes in his Diary, "Sketched out 20 Books of it. Too big !" 150 lines were written ; but it was never to be more than a fragment.

Politics began to absorb his time to an increasing degree after the return to Broad Chalke. In October he joined the Fabian Society ; and was retained by the Board of Agriculture to prepare a report on Wages.

197. To J. C. Squire

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
8. 1. [1917].

Dear Squire,

No offence at all, especially when you temper your decision so kindly ; but I don't follow your policy. A poem doesn't cease to be one because it is orthodox. Moreover, in mine, a keen nose would smell two rank heresies—at least. I think that religion should be treated as a strange human symptom, like love or patriotism—I mean by Editors. But who am I to instruct Editors ?

I've bought and read Davies. Some of his metaphors are strokes of genius, no less. The girl's breast which leapt like a netted fish ! Nothing was ever more exact. But he's a loose rhymer ("world" and "gold," "year" and "tear*s*"), and occasionally doesn't mean very much. I suspect he doesn't take enough trouble, but makes shots.

Give me the "Shropshire Lad" for felicity. But what a pessimist the chap is. It is snowing, and I have been reading him, and have the hump.

Yours ever,
M. H.

198. To W. H. G.

West Wittering, Chichester,
25 *Jan.* 1917.

Dear Mr. ——,

I am very pleased to have heard from you again and interested in what you tell me of yourself. You are lucky to be able to take your share of duty. Much as I should hate it I should go if I were any use. But at my age that sort of thing is beyond me. Please Heaven it won't last much longer now. It will have taught us a lesson or two which we needed badly to learn ; and the world at large will, I hope, have found out that fighting and civilisation are incompatible terms. The chief thing we are doing, I think, is to vindicate the rights of small nations.

Yours always sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

---

199. To E. V. Lucas

9 *Eccleston Square, S.W.*
29. 1. 17.

Mon Vieux,

I couldn't attempt a lunch with you and Squire. Actors are unaccountable to time, and rehearsals were never over at a reasonable hour.

"Pan" came off yesterday, and was better done than by Barker before, though with no scenery and in a barn. It will never set the Thames afire, that's certain, but it's a jolly bit of ancientry to me, and raises memories which touch me. *You* reviewed it in Hind's Academy, I remember. "Mr. Hewlett can write !" you said, and I, who had wondered before whether I really could, was immensely gratified. Afterwards I paid Hind a visit in a basement of Chancery Lane, and saw you for the first time. History ! I shall be up here again next month, for another play—a new one—very Grand Guignol. I should like you to see it if you are able.

I am going to let Elm-Tree if I can and live in a cottage with one woman to do for me. That is my only way of escaping the degrading occupation of writing bad novels — novels in which I don't myself for one moment believe.

I don't know that I shall like it, but self-respect requires it of me. I have heard of a cottage at Amberley. I want to be near the hills again. Or perhaps I might find one at Singleton—a nice place, I'm told. I must get up there when the weather is better. Singleton ought to be near Tillington—within range, anyhow.

You must live there if you want to write verses. And I do, more than ever. "As poor, yet making many rich." That's the idea I have.

Yours ever,
M. H.

200. To Mrs. Leaf

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
3 *Feb.* [1917].

Dear Lotta,

I will go through your poems carefully, but it will take me some little time, and you must be patient. I have only turned over the pages as yet. I am very much touched by the good opinion you must have of me to entrust me with such private and personal papers. Whatever criticism I may feel called upon to make, you must never be in doubt of my belief in the sincerity of the emotion which inspired you. I shall take that for granted, and so may you. But poetry is creation as well as expression and the question will be, not whether you have been moved yourself, but whether you have moved your readers. No more now. I am struggling with a pot-boiling tale ["Gudrid the Fair"] which began well and has tailed off into little or nothing. I am almost in despair—but that has been the way with me lately. Everything is against us just now—the war destroying our manhood, and the weather our exotics. The frost has gone down nearly 2 feet into the earth. A black winter indeed.

Best love to you all.

Your friend,
M. H.

201. To Mrs. Leaf

[" The King's Son " was acted on this day, but Maurice Hewlett was not present.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
25. 2. [1917].

My Dear Lotta,

I am just home again after a fortnight's racket in town—rehearsing plays mostly. I had hardly a moment to spend as I pleased—and I thought you were at Malvern all that time.

No outdoor flowers? I have crocuses, and a vase full of stylosa—and daffodils in bud. Have I beaten you then? It seems absurd. But that frost has killed a lot of my things I greatly fear.

You write as if you were in the dumps—as indeed we all are. The only thing to do is to set one's teeth hard and do the work that comes handy. We are in up to the neck, and shall only get out by plugging. Meantime, you can't hate it more than I do.

Do I admire Blake? Why, I should think I did. He sang like a thrush.

Yours ever,
M. H.

202. To Laurence Binyon

[I had been at the performance of " The King's Son " and criticised not so much the shortness of the play as a certain lack of body. It seemed to have been too hastily composed.]

Elm Tree—Wednesday. [*Feb* 1917].

Dear Binyon,

It is very jolly of you two to write so kindly about the play. I wish now that I had had courage [to be present]—but I believe I shun to be admired quite as much as to be scorned. You puzzle me, though, about amplification. Why have more? If there are no gaps or breaks anywhere, why should there be more? It would only be repetition, and therefore surplussage. Henry Irving wanted it in 4 acts, and I put it down to mere convention, just as I do when a publisher tells me that a novel of 350 pages is worth more than one of 250. Pascal has a postscript to a letter in which he apologises for the length at which he writes, and adds, "I have not had time to write a shorter one." As to verse—I thought of it of course—I even began it. But I saw what was bound to happen : bad Shakespeare. That's always the way when I try to write blank verse. It is happening at the moment with the one I am doing about Mary Stuart, and must all go into the w.p. basket. In fact, unless I can make it lyrical I can't do it. I shall perhaps hit upon a scheme some day, but it will never be blank verse, because that means rhetoric—which I detest. I did that one which Ainley read ["The Argive Women," Feb., 1916] in 8-syllabled verse—some blank, some rhymed. Personally, I liked it ; but I darkly suspect that you did not. I have sent it to my brother to make an opera of it. My ideal of tragedy is opera. Greek tragedy was that really—like Wagner !

Two blazing days of Spring here !

Yours ever,
M. H.

203. To J. C. Squire

[An acknowledgment of "Tricks of the Trade," a book of parodies.]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
7th [1917].

Dear Squire,

Thank you—it's jolly. Your name shall be called Bite-'em. I like Rabindra best, and Wells. When parody comes to that point it is the best sort of criticism, I think.

Bless you, you won't give it up. You couldn't.

No indeed—this winter has caught us bending. All my exotics are perishing. I have just been out and counted *eight* dead birds under the eaves of the thatch. They are dying like flies or soldiers. This place is a Golgotha. I feel as if I was going mad—blue sky, white fields, burning sun on my neck now—and everywhere the grin of death. Shall we come out at the other side of it ? I begin to wonder.

Horrid, awful days these. I find Homer absolutely the only thing. My brain is going, but I'm not alone. Even Wells has stopped talking about the war.

I shall be in town I hope on the 20th and will look you up. This time we'll drag Lucas from his lurking den and make him sententious over a bottle of wine.

I shall have to give up this dwelling. Can't afford it. If you know a financier who would take it, it's his, for the dibs.

Yours ever,
M. H.

204. To Professor Lewis Chase

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
5. v. 17.

Dear Sir,

I can hardly remember the time when I did not write verse. It was by an accident, and an unfortunate one for me, that I was tempted to write prose. If I had not succumbed to it I should have been a more considerable poet than I am now ever likely to be. I had written verse seriously for about four years before I published a book; and my first book which was in prose ("Earthwork," 1895) actually quotes from a poem which I wrote in 1893 and did not publish till 1909. However, prose came easily when it did come, and having hit the public taste with "The Forest Lovers," I went on with romance, treating it very much as one behaves with verse. All my real romances would, I believe, be better if they were versified; and more than once I have thought of doing it. "Richard Yea-and Nay" was actually based on a *chanson de geste*, and "The Queen's Quair" is really a symphony of sounds, very artfully done and never yet discovered by any critic. After "The Queen's Quair," in my own judgment, the vein was worked out, and I began to do things more like novels—though they were still treated poetically, that is, a priori. I am not a novelist, who is an observer, but always begin with an idea or a person and weave the tale round about that.

To go back to poetry, the bulk of "Artemision" (1909) was written in 1893–5, and the whole of "The Agonists" (1911) in 1895–6. These books are, I believe, as near to Greek poetry as you can get in English, after Landor's "Hellenica." In "Artemision" the best idyll is "The

Niobids," and the best verse "Latmos"; but there are some jolly lyrics appended—one of them, "Ask Me Not," as good as I have done since. As for "The Agonists," "Minos" is the best play as a work of art, but "Ariadne" acts better. The Chorus beginning at the bottom of p. 18 and ending at the top of p. 20 is a beautiful thing.

In 1913 came "Helen Redeemed," a long poem about Troy—good narrative and good psychology but not a good poem. In 1916 came a book called "Gai Saber" with two good lyrics in it—"Night Errantry" (p. 113) and "In the Trenches" (p. 164). Lastly, in 1916, I published "The Song of the Plow" which cost me ten years' preparation and three years' actual writing. I doubt I shall never better that; and I believe that it will last when I am dead and gone. Most of the England that I know and love is in it, and I like the Prelude best, myself; but the opening of Book IX is very good too. It is a long poem and difficult in parts, because it is so packed. It demands a good deal of its reader—but so does all really good poetry.

As for my own preferences, "The Song of the Plow" is certainly what I must stand or fall by. There is a poem called "Hypsipyle" in the "Helen Redeemed" volume which I myself believe to be good, though I have never dared read it in public. It has an inner meaning, of course, which is, as they say, "neither here nor there." Apart from that, it has passion, and a good deal of art too.

You have invited this inordinate letter, whose length makes me ashamed. I don't know that I can say any more—except this: that so far as I understand my own poetry I believe it will repay study; but study is what it wants, and just what, in these days, it is not likely to get. I don't know that I can put you on to any other poet to whom I owe more than my knowledge of the rules. Dante, perhaps, Homer, perhaps, the Bible certainly, Sir Thomas Malory. Nobody else, to the best of my judgment. I think you will find it to be individual stuff, but shall be interested if you discover any direct inspiration from other people's work.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

Professor Lewis Chase.

205. To Mrs. Welby-Everard

Elm Tree—15. v. 17.

The Poem cleared itself in my head last night. It was like the clouds rolling back and showing the starry heavens. I doubt if I can attempt it—not for want of courage, for I have that—but for want of brains. It calls itself "The Song of Man," and is a history of that futile animal, and of the aboriginal struggle between the lust to possess and the instinct to be free. It is what the Dons call a Philosophy of History, a key to the history of the world. My favourite idea—you may say my only idea—is at the bottom of it, that happiness lies in having as little as possible, not as much. Now we shall see.

The Song of Man

Prelude.	The Children of Earth (the Creatures).
Book I.	The Last-born (Man, in fact).
II.	The Wanderers (primitive man).
III.	The Patriarchs (Abraham, &c.).
IV.	The god-makers (Egypt, Crete, Moses).
V.	Empire (Babylon, Persia).
VI.	The Reasoners (Greece—Socrates).
VII.	The Tyrants (Rome, Carthage).
VIII.	Christus.
IX.	The Barbarians (Attila—Theodoric).
X.	The Pontiffs (Popes).
XI.	Islam.
XII.	Chivalry (Roland—Charlemagne).
XIII.	Il Talento (Renaissance).
XIV.	The Hammer (Luther).
XV.	(Philip II).
XVI.	The Bloody Cross (St. Bartholomew and religious wars).
XVII.	Revolt (Fr. Revolution).
XVIII.	The Last Struggle.
Envoy.	The Return.

206. To J. C. Squire

[The book criticised is the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," by James Joyce, published by The Egoist Press, Ltd.]

Elm Tree, Tuesday [1917].

Dear Squire,

Solely on your recommendation I have bought and read the book published by the limited Egoist. I wish he had been limited some more, unless it is really true that undergraduates in Dublin *do* catch lice on their necks (because if it is really true I suppose we ought to know it). I have been hunting on mine since. Do you really think it a good book? It seems to me shoddy in parts and pose in other parts—yet I can't deny I read it—partly because I wanted to see what other words besides "bloody" (which is stale now) he would use. He has a good record. There is one which I have not seen since Swift—and one which I have never seen before—not even in Shakespeare. I think something ought to be said to these unstitcht young men—"Please adjust your dress before leaving," might do. That should be written up in every publisher's office—and Editor's too. Nobody since Swift has been so good at urinals as this Egoist.

I shall be in London on Thursday—to read parts of the "Hodgiad" at the Pioneer Club. Hard luck, but I did not like to refuse. I'll look in on you on Friday if I can, unless you are going to be away.

The weather is perfection here, and the walk outside the house a sun-bath. But I am sick of being alone.

Yours ever,
M. H.

207. To J. C. Squire

[In June 1917 a certain number of poets were invited by Miss Elizabeth Asquith to read some of their own poems in public for a war fund. Mr. Squire read "The Lily of Malud."]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
26. vi. 17.

Dear Squire,

It is kind of you to send me the "Lily." It fetched me tremendously when I heard how it went, tho' I fear you gagged freely in the middle. You had better set up for an Improvisatore, because it was good enough for me—and for Lady R. too, who sat next to me and very nearly put her old head on my shoulder with sheer wantonness of pleasure.

Lord! What a silly entertainment that was—and how badly most of the poets read. Next year I shall suggest that they read *each other's* works.

I haven't had time yet to look at the other things in your quire—or quair.

I looked at the Swinburne Border Ballads [published in his Posthumous Poems]. They aren't half so good as you make out. I don't think they would deceive anybody who gave his mind to them. They are all too long—as all Swinburne's things are; but the real point is that every one of them has præ-Raphaelite phrases and cadences which give them away. "The rain *rains* sair. . . ." Quite impossible.

Yours ever,
M. H.

208. To J. C. Squire.

[The poem referred to is the lines "To a Poet Growing Old," afterwards printed in "Flowers in the Grass."]

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
26. ix. [1917].

Dear Squire,

Bridges, quotha! Pooh; it is meself, of course. But I think I may alter the title to "Growing" old. I don't want the MS. at all, but do want a proof. So glad you like it.

I shall be at B.C. on Saturday and feel as if I was going home. I have done 250 lines of the "Village Threnody" [afterwards called "The Village Wife's Lament"], which I shall very much want you to like when it is done; and which you *will* like if it comes out at all as I mean it to come out.

Yours ever,
M. H.

209. To Mrs. Leaf

Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester,
2. vii. [1917].

Dear Lotta,

The Leaves are certainly in affliction, and I am truly sorry for it. All I can say is that your troubles might have been much worse, which of course you know already. My pride as a gardener and proprietor will be the easier for your not coming. I shd. not like you to have seen the effect of an awful winter followed by three months drought. We had a flood last week, almost too late for the flowers—but it saved the potatoes.

Don't worry about your verses. They insist upon leisure of mind, which you can't have just now.

I don't know what books to recommend you. I have read none but old ones for a long time. I have a certain set of favourites, and read them over and over again. Wordsworth is one—Mme. de Sévigné another—Gray's Letters another—Horace Walpole's another. And so on. If you haven't read Harper's "Life of Wordsworth" (in 2 volumes), do so. Also "D. Wordsworth's Journals," and "Letters of the Wordsworth Family"—by all means.

I must go and get myself up.

May all right itself with you soon!

Yours ever,
M. H.

210. To Mrs. Leaf

["Night-Stock" was published in the volume finally called "Flowers in the Grass" 1920.]

Elm Tree—6. vii. 17.

My Dear Lotta,

You must read, and make Walter read, Lowes Dickinson's "The Choice before Us." It is the last word of wisdom on what is going on. L. D. is much more of a Socrates than Walter is. I send you this. It will appear some day in a volume to be called " Twitterings from Wittering."

NIGHT-STOCK

The night falls,
Husht the earth lies ;
In the thicket
No bird calls.
The first bat flickers,
The last swift flies ;
Softly the wind in the tree
Falters and sighs.

Afloat on the night
Without leaf or stalk
The smouldering blooms
Watch a catafalque.
The trees are the plumes
About the dead,
And they the tapers
At feet and head.

What waft comes thronging
Sweet on the wind ?
It is hot and faint
With the burden of longing
As a young man's mind,
And sharp as the taint
Of death in the air,
Be autumn never so kind.

'Tis the night-flower
Calling her lover,
The moth, to kiss her
In fragrant bower,

With his wings to cover
Her well of bliss,
To quench her drouth
With the balm of his.

There—

Yours,
M. H.

211. To Mrs. Leaf

Newlands, Stanstead Abbotts, Herts,
[22 *Aug.* 1917].

My Dear Lotta,

I have bought back my old Rectory at Broad Chalke. Pia and I went to see it last week and couldn't resist it. It was looking so beautiful—and all my things had grown up and were doing what I had meant them to do when I planted them. I shall have a horrible month of struggle at Elm Tree and be away by Michaelmas.

No poems here. I began one just before I left Gosberton, but it is dormant for the moment.

Love to Walter and all of you.

Yours ever,
M. H.

212. To J. C. Squire

[The "new plans" of the Labour Party refer to the policy of including workers with the brain no less than with the "horny hand" of tradition.

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
21. x. 17.

Dear Squire,

I am very excited about the new plans of the Labour Party. Please address and post the enclosed to S. Webb. I want (*a*) to be a member of the party, (*b*) to be adopted Labour candidate for this division. *Then* I can get to work to realise the dream at the end of the "Hodgiad." If you see Webb make him help me. This is the chance of a thousand years.

Yours ever,
M. H.

When will you come down here? Next Friday? Both of you, of course.

213. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
28. x. 17.

Dear Squire,

I have askt Sidney Webb to put me up for the Fabian Society. I hope he will support me, for tho' I am not a sound socialist, I am a profound anarchist, and want to break down as many British Institutions as you please. Did I tell you that I want to stand as a Labour candidate for S. Wilts?

I wish you would come down here soon. You would delight in this place and it might be expensive to get here —but it is worth it. I asked you to come this week, but you kept strict silence about it.

I must see Chesterton's so-called "History of England"; he seems to have bagged at least two of my ideas from the "Hodgiad."

The standing instance of the value of a word in a poem is Butler's. Suppose the Ancient Mariner had been called The Old Sailor!

Yours ever,
M. H.

214. To Laurence Binyon

[Sent with a copy of "Peridore and Paravail," a poem published this autumn.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
17. xi. 17.

Dear Binyon,

Here's another go-as-you-pleaser, which I know I ought not to do; but I was offered £50 for it—and fell. It may amuse you—and there's something fundamental in it too. I am doing a tearer now—"The Village Threnody" —too pacificist to publish till the war is over.

H. Newbolt blessed me very nearly altogether in his lecture last Wednesday. Very decent of him. I wanted bucking up badly. When do you escape from office? The Squires talk of coming here and living practically next door. If you came too we should be a little clan for great verse to be left to.

The greetings of a countryman to you all.

Yours ever,
M. H.

215. To Sir Henry Newbolt

Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
16. xi. 17.

My Dear Harry,

Here is some small beer ["Peridore and Paravail"] in exchange for your generous dram of cordial. I am upon a much more serious thing now, which might please you when the war is over. It mustn't appear till then.

You filled me with comfort in what you had to say of my "Plow," and I'm very grateful. I think I have an answer to all your criticisms but one. That one is about the Black Prince's service of the captive King. I don't believe, now, that it did make "more rude the chain," nor that it was so intended. I was savage with kings when I was doing it—and no wonder—but unjust to that particular king.

As to the two races, I am sure I am right. Dizzy, I find, said very much the same thing, only he called us "two nations." That is slack and mainly rhetorical; but I hold to my point. Otherwise I am proud to believe what you said of me—and happy to be so much in your debt.

Yours ever,
M. H.

216. To Laurence Binyon

[The lines called "The Tamarisk Hedge" (published 1920 in "The Secret") were begun on the beach at

Wittering; and as they give some picture of the surroundings of the place, and of Chichester Harbour, I may perhaps be allowed to transcribe some of them.

I know that there are slumbrous woods beyond
On islands of white marges, where the tide
Floods upward, blue as a kingfisher's wing,
And sails, like wishes of a reverie,
Shine to the wind that fills them, far inland.
I know that there are harbours in the hills
Amid those verdurous, smooth bosom-folds,
Found by the idle sunbeams for their sleep.
But it contents me to see nothing more
Than liquid blue of the invisible wind
Flowing and glowing through the tamarisk
That waves upon this wild deserted bank;
And I lie warm on the short, sandy turf
Lulled in bright noise of the returning sea.]

B.C. Tuesday. [*Dec.* 1917].

My Dear Binyon,

You are very kind to my "parergon" ["Peridore and Paravail"]—as it really was. I'm not with you about the soul in the mother's milk—because I believe that I believe it. Figuratively, spiritually, morally, I certainly believe it. But then I find everything we do sacramental.

I love your "Tamarisk Hedge." It is quite Chinese in its fidelity—and very beautifully full of dreamy music. The world ought to read that. Whenever you feel like publishing it you shall have it again.

I have just finished my "Village Threnody" which I was trying to get at when you were at Wittering. There's a lot of work in it yet—and when I feel it is fit you must let me read it to the two of you. I doubt if I ought to publish it until the war is over—but you'll tell me that.

I am going to town on Thursday and should like to see you.

Yours,
M. H.

Politics in 1918 were much in the ascendant. At the beginning of the year M. H. undertook to investigate rural labour conditions in the extreme North of England, and from January 21 to April 19 he was travelling, investigating and reporting. "The Village Wife's Lament" was published in August. In November M. H. was chosen as Labour candidate for Salisbury; but did not accept his candidature and gave up the Party very soon afterwards. Some short poems were written, and short essays contributed to newspapers.

217. To Cecil Headlam

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
9. i. 18.

Dear Cecil,

I think that you may be able to help me very materially. The Board of Agriculture are sending me to the North to investigate and report upon the conditions of Agricultural Labour. It is to help the Wages Board in its job. My district is Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham—and Furness. Now put me on to one or two good and genuine peasants who will give me the facts I want—hours of labour, wages, chance of rising, weekly budgets and so on. You must know some such at Hawkshead, Windermere or Kendal; and I am starting operations at Kendal, leaving Northumberland and Durham till the end. The more districts you can get me in touch with the better for me. I'm awfully keen on the job and determined to make a job of it.

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

218. To J. C. Squire

County Hotel, Kendal,
24 *Jan.* [1918].

Dear Squire,

But I did return the proof, and what's more, you made use of it, and put in my corrections—at least, I thought so.

I am up to the neck—literally snowed up with the bloody forms (no, bloodless) of the B[oard] of A[griculture]. They would draw the heart out of any reformer—except me. I keep going by steadily pursuing my own aim.

The position here in Westmorland is very curious; demands a treatise—and shall have it. A servitude not to poverty but to time. 14 hours a day!!

Authorities mildly surprised there is no demand for allotments. *No* married labourers because no cottages. If you marry you must leave the county.

What are you going to do with the topographic Press? Does nobody mind except Belloc and me, what they do? Belloc is too wordy and pompous in today's "D. News." I wrote a letter but have torn it up. Can't now get embroiled in newspaper correspondence.

My poem has been admired by those of my acquaintance who note such things. Walter Leaf e.g., who read it aloud somewhere.

They know the "Hodgiad" up here.

Altogether there are signs of smouldering fire in the Ageing P[oet]. The volcano is not quite extinct. Good.

Yours ever,

M. H.

219. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Saturday [*Jan.* 1918].

Dear Squire,

I am glad that I have another critic besides yourself who is bonæ voluntatis. I have had so many shouts, sniffs, scoffs and jeers that as I grow older, I grow hungry for friendliness.

I would go as far as possible to get you to Reddich [a house near Broad Chalke]. As for the eight-mile stunt, couldn't we run a second-hand Ford between us? I'd go halves in purchase and running expenses. You could use it every day and give me a lift when I wanted it—which would not be often. The heating you could put in by degrees. The bath seems to me a small thing. Personally, I mean—as in many respects I prefer a bath in my room. But I know that most people lay great stress on it.

I must go north again tomorrow—otherwise I should like to see you. I want a concerted move made towards a clean government. We *must* get rid of Press Syndicate Government. A mixed Labour-Intelligentsia Cabinet ought to be workable. But one must talk, not write, about that.

I am excited about your long poem. I hope it's not (*a*) Pessimist, (*b*) Cynical. Being temperamentally (*a*) I dread your slipping into (*b*). It's an easy descent. But don't despair of our miserable human nature. The fact that we are ashamed of ourselves is the best thing about us.

Yours ever,
M. H.

220. To W. H. G.

Rigg's Windermere Hotel,
Windermere,
26. *Jan.*, 1918.

DEAR CAPTAIN—is it?—G——,

I missed a letter from you on the 22nd, but ought to have had it, as I see yours is dated the 17th. But I am away on a Govt. Enquiry and it has followed me about, and run me to earth on the 26th. Indeed you can't feel further away from reading than I do at the moment from writing. I have written nothing but verse (to speak about) for nearly two years. And now I am enquiring into the conditions of agricultural Labour in the North—work that is deeply interesting to me, and more important than can easily be expressed. I hope I shall make a good thing of it for the sake of Poetry; for I believe it is the first time in history that the writing of a poem has led to a Government appointment. Yet that is literally the case here.

The sooner you are at home with your books the better I—and old England—will be pleased. It ought (with luck) to be this year, I do believe.

Yours ever,
M. HEWLETT.

221. To J. C. Squire

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
24. iv. [1918].

Dear Squire,

I have done my job in the North. They allowed me three months, and I finisht it, to a day, in the time. Not badly mapped out, I think. I feel a complete bumpkin, and shall talk some town scandals. Why don't you come and give me a Sunday? You can inspect your neighbouring property and listen to the cuckoo. Bring a meat coupon or two. If you can catch a trout, we'll eat it. My family was here at Easter and caught 55!

S. Webb has chucked me for a divine on the 26th or I should have called on you. Now, I am sulking in my tent.

So long. One of these days I'll send you a poem. I want to send you my Threnody.

Yours ever,
M. H.

222. To Dr. Marie Stopes

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
24. iv. [1918].

Dear Marie Stopes,

I am just home from the north and find your little book ("Married Love") here. It is very well written, and I should say exceedingly good doctrine. The intelligent, I should say, coloro che sanno, or at any rate those who have "intelletto d'amore," have made your discoveries for themselves—but it is proper that all men should be plainly told what are women's dues in such a matter. If I remember, Edward Carpenter said the same things—but he published his books in such a secret way that they naturally have remained secrets to this day.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

223. To J. C. Squire

Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
Sunday.

Dear Squire,

We have a Labour meeting here on the 12th, with three fiery lights from the Railwaymen's Union to light a candle that night in England, etc. I am in the chair. The farmers won't like me—but at present they do. Their wives call on me, and I have to return the civility—damn it.

The threnody now numbers 1100 lines, but the last and most tricky part remains to be done. I don't know—I never do know—whether I have pulled it off this time. All I can be sure of is that the person who is supposed to speak it is as real to me as Mrs. Warman, and that when I listen I can hear her voice complaining of her wrongs.

I suppose London is humming with Ld. Lansdowne's letter—and the dungflies are out in a swarm. What a town! How can a war be conducted or a peace concluded with such a plague-spot in the midst?

Yours ever,
M. H.

224. To J. C. Squire

[Who had given up the project of taking the house at Broad Chalke.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Sunday [*April* 1918].

Dear Squire,

Come next Sunday. I know Kingston Manor quite well. Good house, bad garden. The hills are jolly, but I always thought a peg too near the house. I'm very disappointed of course, but I felt all along it was too good to be true. You would have liked the people here so much when you came to know them. The salt of the earth.

I hope the man of God did his chairmanship properly, and wasn't condescending. The pulpit often makes them so.

Yesterday I fell off my bike—and broke (α) knee, (β) thumb, (γ) face, (δ) stript my nose of skin, (ε) smashed my lower lip, (ζ) gave myself lumbago and (η) fever at night. Not a bad morning's work. The local murderer came with second aid—a cottage woman at Bishopstone aid the first. I look like a tattoed cannibal chief, and feel like a boiled cabbage.

Yours ever,
M. H.

225. To Col. F. E. T. Hewlett, R.A.F., O.B.E., D.S.O.,

[who was in Mudros during 1918–19].

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
13 *June.*

Dearest Chap,

I daresay it was exciting to go out with the bagpipes, but it must have tailed off woefully as you went dragging down to Southampton. It's two days since you went, but I guess you are still trifling about in France. Mamma hated you going, and so did I God knows, but these things have to be and neither you nor I like making a fuss. My point is though, that a War is about the most sickening fuss you can make. It is shaking this village to the roots. First all the young men, without families, now all the middle-aged men, with large ones.

226. To J. J. Eaton

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
21. vii. [1918].

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for writing. What I am chiefly anxious to do at the moment is to turn people away from shadow and induce them to contemplate substance. The feeling of Labour all over Europe is a real thing. The League of Nations a "fond thing vainly invented." I sent the "Daily News" a second letter which ought to appear on Monday, and at the same time urged the Editor to adopt my line of argument. But I fancy he is for the League. I don't know what more I can do. The mischief is that the leaders of the Labour Party are out dream-hunting too.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

227. TO J. C. SQUIRE

[About Mr. Squire's "Poems, First Series"; published this year.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
13. viii. [1918].

DEAR SQUIRE,

I have now gone all through your book, twice, and have an opinion of every poem it contains. In spite of the Lily, by far your highest flight, I still think that you will observe mankind from China to Peru better than anyone else. If Rivers was as flowing as rivers really are I should put it level with Birds, but it doesn't flow, it lags. So do others. You start, very often, such a slow measure that you seem to send yourself to sleep with it. The Restaurant has the beginnings of your live China-Peru; your imagination only spreads its wings at high altitudes. Oh—there's a song that captivates me: Eyes like flowers—delicious. I don't know why you are so crepuscular and melancholy. A matter of health I guess. You should live in the country and follow your real trade, and then you would find out that it is really a jolly one. I think the time is coming when we might be able to live by it,—if we are content to sacrifice all frills—but really all.

I'm glad that you found Wreyland ["Small Talk at Wreyland," by Cecil Torr] to your Eaglish taste. I was sure you would. At the end of the book he goes to Greece, and sees the right things rightly. A very nice man I call him.

Yours ever,
M. H.

228. TO COLONEL HEWLETT

*The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.*1,
16. 8. 18.

DEAREST CHAP,

Mamma has sent on your two jolly letters and I at once forwarded your gun to Gaskell in S. Wales. I have applied to Chamberlain,—or rather to Mrs. Chamberlain (he being not any more), but she couldn't rise to cartridges. N.B. Mrs. Warman in giving the order to the Carrier, in my hearing told him to get 500 PARTRIDGES from Chamberlain ! Lucky I was there ! They are *your* department. I wonder how Gaskell would have liked them towards the end of their journey to Mudros !

229. TO COLONEL HEWLETT

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
28th Aug.

. . . The other day (did I tell you ?) I found a hedgehog swimming in a pond. As big as a beaver and very much bored with his steadily approaching death. I rescued him with a landing net, but as the net touched him true to instinct, he tried to turn himself into a ball, *in* the water. With disastrous effect. He exploded like a bomb, and when I landed him, he laid himself on the border as if saying, "instinct be damned, I'm going to peg out." But I believe he recovered.

230. TO COLONEL HEWLETT

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
4. ix. 18.

. . . News I have none. The finest harvest within recollection has been got in. The finest crop of apples in England is in this garden and is also being gathered. Mrs. Warman has made, of Mamma's sugar about 150 lbs. of jam, and is still RUNNING.

I have still got a beard and there has been no judgment on me yet. I send away peaches, nectarines, and pears every day to my relatives.

A poem of mine is publishing itself next week which everybody who has seen it seems to like. I would send it to you, but I don't think it is in your line. (NOT that I know what your line is at all.) There are 19 people of our name and family including yourself engaged in warfare, none of whom have you ever seen ! . . .

231. To Colonel Hewlett

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
10. ix. 18.

... The weeks revolve, but the same old trouble remains, that I have nothing to send you except my love.

A man I never heard of called C.—— says that he has heard of the beauties of this garden and wants to come and work in it, "for his keep." He is a gentleman and apparently wants to come and live with me, here. That won't suit me. I can't imagine living in the same house with any man, even Shakespeare,—whereas I can imagine being happy with almost any woman who wasn't (*a*) very ugly, (*b*) a great talker.

232. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Tuesday [1918].

My Brave Squire,

The 22/6 is useful, I don't deny; but your good words about the Lament are much more useful. All my life I have suffered from this, that the right people have never praised me for what I have done well, and the wrong people have always praised me for what I have done amiss. Unless *this* thing prove popular, as it may, I shall never be so. For a good thing to be popular there must be heart in it. I mean widely popular like Dickens or W. Scott. If I am remembered after I am dead it should be by the "Hodgiad," because that is respectable and has scope. But after-memories are freakish things—Landor is *only* remembered by two verses[1] which he says he composed while he was cleaning his teeth.

I've done a Note to the poem to serve as a preface. Good prose I think.

Yours ever,
M. H.

---

[1] "Rose Aylmer."

233. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
1. ix. [1918].

Dear Squire,

Really you do me good. Send you victorious, etc. But I have always found the poetical profession a generous one. It is the novelists who are the jealous little gods. What you said the other day about the stimulus of praise was vastly true. If I ever get a series of good reviews I set no bounds to what I may do—

But

with the "Village Wife" I can't expect to succeed, because success would mean that it was supreme of its kind. To be that it would have to beat the "Flowers of the Forest," the "Wife of Usher's Well," e tutti quanti. I'm an arrogant party myself, but even I don't expect to knock the town flat. A vision of —— like a beetle on its back, with the book half cut beside him, rises. . . . Well, I know that you are going to do all you can for me—and if you gain me one adherent as staunch as yourself, I'm a rich man.

The poem which I have told Pia to send on to you will give you an article, or I rave. If you can spread-eagle the author it will do him good.

Yours ever,
M. H.

Evidently I am not going to catch a lot of Leaguers of Nations in the "Statesman."

234. To Laurence and Cicely Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
9. ix. [1918].

My Dear Friends,

Your letters have made me happy. You see what I saw, and feel what I have felt all through the horrible years. I can't expect the critics to understand—and, so far, the only critic who has read it doesn't see—but you, luckily, do—that the peasantry, without knowing why, are morally outraged by the war. I don't know that I could point to anybody who has said so in so many words, but I know that they are so.

I'm glad that Laurence likes the metre. As I got into it I found it beautifully elastic. I pride myself rather on the hang back which it has now and then.

I won't deny that I must have run off the rails here and there—though I don't see it in the stanza of II, viii. (Perhaps you mean VI, viii ?) I might perhaps have cast it as a narrative in my person, and let her speak now and then ; but I don't think I should have reached the bare simplicity and directness which I hope I have found by letting her tell her own story.

I wonder if I shall reach the unlettered ? That's the test, after all : to be good, and yet get home there. That's what the cracks—Burns and the balladists—have done. There are bits here and there which seem to me almost good enough :

There's no rebelling in a poor man's dwelling—

But my modesty, which, believe it or not, is painfully real, won't allow me to believe it.

I was at Grange [-over Sands] last February—a most attractive place—it was all lemon yellow and aquamarine then, and the mountains hidden in white fog.

I am glad you are there, yet wish you were here instead, eating my peaches instead of the wasps.

I've written incoherently—but L's letter excited me by what it said, and C's by what it didn't !

Yours ever,
M. H.

---

235. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
15. ix. 18.

Dear Mr. Freeman,

The applause of so fine and true a poet as you are is a great deal to me. I value it. I can well understand that you didn't admire me in the neo-classic shrine I built for myself. Very few did. And another thing always, and properly, against me was a fatal facility I had in stringing rhymes. It wasn't so much the fundamental brainwork which was lacking as (I fear) fundamental heartwork. I should have been disappointed if you hadn't liked the "Song of the Plow," seeing that you like "The Village Wife." If I can live a little while by those two I shall be content to let nearly everything else go by, for I love English country people much more than I love myself. Whether I shall reach them by anything I do, or may hereafter do, I dare not say. I would sooner touch the uninstructed and unspoiled by poetry than do anything in the world. But how impossible it is to say what precisely bestows immortality upon "Helen of Kirkconnell" and "The Flowers of the Forest"!

I hope we may meet some day. If you care to see a Henry VII house in an untoucht corner of England you will seek me here. You may be sure of a welcome.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

236. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
14. x. 18.

My Dear Freeman,

—there should be no titles among co-craftsmen—what possesses me now entirely, thrilled as I am by the tragedy of man in its last act, is to hymn the astounding race to which we belong—a thing I have been trying to do ever since I found myself actually living upon the bones and dust of our ancestors. I hope I have done something towards it, but feel that there is a great thing left for me, or a much better man. Haig will be made a marquis, and Lloyd George, perhaps a Duke. But greater, infinitely greater than all these people seems to me Private or Lance-Corporal Atkins. He and his folk at home—whether in pastoral Wilts or suburban Anerley—oh, what a people! So many virtues, so few graces! Such a golden core and such an unlikely husk! He will be at his worst soon, when he is making London hideous with his uncouth rejoicings—but remember him in 1915–16, when things were at their worst. And here I am, encamped upon his dust. We are here, you must know, in the thickest of the remains of Neolithic man. There is one of his towns a mile from this house. In this hour of success I feel the thing so strongly that, although I meant to write you quite a different sort of letter, all this has come out of the inkpot.

It arose out of your saying that I was attempting a new thing in poetry. That's true. I don't know that we have ever had a poet who wanted to sing about the people of a country. It's a perfectly different thing from Shakespeare's historical plays. At least I feel about W. S. that he loved the land more than the folk. I think that *I* love the land for the sake of the folk. The land is what it is because it exhales them. I don't know whether I can work that out—but I must try it.

Apart from all that, you are of course right in what you say, that the only success one has a right to think about is in getting out of yourself what possesses you. One is momentarily dashed, even annoyed, when other people don't see what you see—but that doesn't last, at least with me. As far as I am concerned myself, I don't think I shall be much read while I am alive, or even when I am dead. Some people have had a conviction of their so-called immortality.—I never have—at least, since I knew anything. My feeling is that the thought which fills you, and the rhythm of it, *must* be uttered because utterance is the right and only clothing of thought—just as an engineer will spend his life in getting a road or a bridge made because he knows that the world *must* have a bridge or road exactly there. He sees the world with that bridge in being, and can't die till he has realised his vision.

And as for lyrical poetry, the same rule holds. I don't think you need trouble yourself—I'm sure you don't—with any logical sequence of ideas. That is there, and will unfold itself in time. Nobody supposes that Wordsworth at 25 schemed out the philosophy which has, since, been read into his body of poetry. It evolved itself. You are perfectly right, and Socrates said the same thing : we must follow the Argument, at all costs, and wherever it leads us.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

237. To Colonel Hewlett

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
15. x. 18.

Well Cecco,—you see the Huns have had enough of it! Today I hear that the Turk has caved in. We are clearing up the mess by degrees,—and I feel at liberty to look at it all round and say, what a people we are! It fills me with pride and amazement,—not that we have Haigs and Allenbys and such. Other people have them. But these plain, dull, obedient patient and cheerful Tommies seem to me to be heroes beyond count. Never to be beaten, these chaps. Smashed flat and up again. From Mons to Gallipoli, it's the same tale. Yes, we are a rare breed.

238. To Colonel Hewlett

The Athenæum,
20 *Nov.* 18.

Dearest Col.,

Your letter about your flight to Sophia was v. exciting. I long to know everything, but realise that I must wait.

Last Saturday at Sarum the Farm Labourers asked me to represent them in Parliament and I didn't feel that I could refuse. However, I obtained a week's grace and came up here to find out what the chances were. Answer: None. So I shall stand down and feel myself jolly lucky. The life would have slain your Father, who doesn't want to die till he has

(*a*) bought B.C. for you.
(*b*) Written another poem.

As to (*a*) I have laid some negotiations on foot. As to (*b*), I hope to go to the battlefields in January to have a notion of the country and then two years' work ought to do it.

239. To Mrs. Leaf

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
15. xii. [1918].

Dear Lotta,

A generous hamper from Hull came last night. Delphiniums galore, cistus, and Jacob's Ladder, which I am glad to have here. I had lots at Elm Tree and wrote a poem about it, which if you haven't seen it (or in case you haven't seen it) I copy overleaf. It appeared somewhere (? "New Statesman"). All these things must be put in ground today—for a wonder it isn't raining—but the delphiniums will go in pots until the Spring. Ever so many thanks to you and your inspired gardener.

Yours,
M. H.

JACOB'S LADDER

Light-finger'd Jacob, as he swung
His eye aloft from rung to rung
That vista where the angels clomb,
Saw over-archt the purple dome,
And burning deep therein and far,
The home of God, one golden star.

And if the crown of your degrees
Report no such immensities,
Your stairway green no angel freight
Convoy to no celestial gate,
The earth-bound eye demurely dwells
Upon your little peal of bells,
Violet each, with golden eye,
Heaven in a pretty mimicry.
Nay, if to some each may disclose
The pivot of the Mystic Rose,
Happy are you, the hierophants
Of *Primum Mobile* to ants.

240. To Colonel Hewlett

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
18 *Decr.* 1918.

. . . I should like to have heard the French General,—Fayrolles I think,—at Maintz, who had all the leading citizens bareheaded before him, and just recounted without comments some of the things their people had done during four years. And yet, you know, I don't suppose it had any effect. They are a strange people.

241. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Dec., '18, Sunday.

My Dear Freeman,

I don't wonder you have been toucht by the rejoicings. So was I. Their ineptitude combined with the struggle to express was deeply pathetic. But tipsy girls rather horrified me—yet even that toucht me too. At every public orgasm of these four years of national stress I have known—yes, and loved—our people more. Now I mean to do a war epic—with an absolutely sublime incident for its kernel. But when? Alas, I feel that I must yield to these poor chaps' desire and stand as their candidate. They seem to have no other friend but me—and I can't forsake them now. They beset me last night at a meeting at Sarum, and unless something happens *this* week, I am bookt for the torment of a war which I loathe—the spending like water of money wh. I haven't got—and a possibility of five years' purgatory in London. But I don't see how I could have refused them.

That is where I am at present.

I shall look forward to your book, but probably have no time to read it until after Dec. 14.

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

242. To J. C. Squire

[Mr. Squire unsuccessfully contested Cambridge University as Labour Candidate at the General Election at the end of this year.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
22nd [*Dec.* 1918].

Dear Squire,

I think you pulled your hundred and fifty handsomely out of the fire.[1] Cambridge is twice as good as Oxford anyhow. But the Universities adventure was a wild one for the L.P. I don't honestly see what they have gained out of it.

---

[1] M. H. was misinformed on this point.

I hope that you'll be able to settle down now to your real job. I shall do that if I can. Politics fascinate me at times. I get swept in. But it's a trade. Honesty is *not* the best politics. That's the worst of it.

What grieves me most is that none of us, to speak of, seem to have learnt anything at all from four years of agony. To read the papers we might be swimming towards a great boiling war, instead of gasping at the end of one. The way of the idealist is hard.

Yours ever,
M. H.

243. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
29. xii. [1918].

Dear Squire,

I'm retiring from the post of Political Vaticinator—not because I'm too old for the business, but rather that I'm much too young. The result teaches me that working-people think for themselves and that they really believe in Geo. Lloyd. That beats me—but there it is. And of course I'm very squeamish.

Well, I hope I'm through with politics for a long time—but so soon as they begin electioneering again I know that I shall say Ha Ha among the captains. (We very nearly got our chap in, though.)

I have just got Davies' new song-book. He doesn't babble of green fields as he used.

Did you ever read "Noctes Ambrosianæ"? It is mostly disgusting—but there are some very funny things scattered up and down it. Fitzgerald with his scissors could have made a good volume out of its four.

Yours ever,
M. H.

Through 1919 M. H. lived for the most part quietly at Broad Chalke, much occupied with local affairs and especially the housing question. He wrote some lyrics and ballads for "Flowers in the Grass," and resumed work on his Mary Queen of Scots play.

244. To Colonel Hewlett

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
7. 1. 19.

Dearest Col.,

Hearty congratulations on your D.S.O., letters which I translate "Deserved So Often." It will make up for the O.B.E. which hurt my parental feelings. It sounds too good to be true that you will be home in March,—in time for the fishing. I won't believe that until it happens. I want you to let me go with you to Ettrick this June. I have been reading about it all lately, and am smitten with a vast desire to see it again. I expect I shall be able to reach most places on a bike. I don't believe I could walk them nowadays. June is the time I guess, just as it is here.

245. To Colonel Hewlett

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.

. . . I am getting to be the fashion here. They are sticking me in every local office they can, and many which they can't.

1. Parliament,—I refused.
2. County Council. I refused.
3. Wages Board, Accepted.
4. Rural District Council, accepted.
5. Parish Committee,—Chairman, All right.
6. Magistrate,—Of course.
7. Vice-President of the Boy Scouts,—Golly! They will want me to be Sheriff next, and then I shall have to see men hanged.

246. To Mrs. Leaf

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Wed. [*Jan.* 1919].

My Dear Lotta,

You take my strictures very generously. I feel horrid when I write them because it is quite obvious that your heart is in your verses—but Art is a hard master and won't accept, or look at, intentions. Performance is all he cares about. You can't have a better example of how to do the thing than Heine—he is in most respects the best Lyric poet in the world's history, if not in all respects. But how entirely impossible to imitate, or even to realise! I think that if I could be sure I had done one lyric, or one lyric passage, as good as Heine I would let everything else I have done go to the devil.

No more now. I have much to do—and a good deal of worry.

Yours always,
M. H.

247. To Mrs. Leaf

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
15 *Jan.* [1919].

My Dear Lotta,

After a hunt thro' mountains of correspondence I have found your MS. and enclose them herein. I don't know what to say (*a*) by way of excuse for my delay, except that I really am extraordinarily busy, having to write about 12 letters a day with my own hand, as well as do my work here and abroad; or (*b*) about the drafts. It is clear that they won't do, as they are. Consider poetry, if you please, as a form of music (which *you* understand if I don't). Well—*more than half your private meaning* must be conveyed by rhythm alone. Your trouble is that you will not see that. You try to say everything you mean. You always put too much in a poem, not only all the things that you really feel, but also all the thoughts you have about your feelings. Error. But there—somebody else might tell you quite different things. You will see that I have made short remarks on the drafts. Don't be offended with them. I mean well.

Yours,
M. H.

248. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
8 *Feb.* 1919.

My Dear Freeman,

I like to have your book; I like you to have given it me, and much of it exalts me and fills me with admiration.

That must needs mean that some of it I find difficult; and so it is. The difference between us I take to be that you conduct an orchestra, and I play on a pipe—not the flute. I think I'm better than that, and indeed know that I am not a dilettante at melody. Some of your harmonies I can't get at, some depress me; in some I seek for a tune, and don't find it. I'm all for simplification, and naturally, I suppose, like you best when you are in my vein. The "Tossing Mountains," with its beautiful names, takes me; even more than that "The Slaves." The last two lines of that are the real thing. You are at your best with trees and the wind, the sky and the tops of hills—or it may be that these things touch me most of the things which touch you.

"The Undying" is a fine poem. I should like to have written it, or to think that I could have written it.

But you see how it is. Either I am too old, or too solitary, to catch up and go along with you younger men. There is Squire, whom I admire, believe in; there's Turner, and there's you. Of your generation you are the three I look to. But it isn't often I can catch fire from you. Obviously the fault is in me, because while nobody could mistake the power that you all have, you all share, to me, a tortuosity of phrase and a falter in the rhythm—which you all like in each other, but which means nothing to me. And one more cavil. You are all three—I won't say unhappy, that's too much—sombre, perhaps. I don't know. Life seems to you not so much unintelligible as negligible. And when you are in love you are apt to scold the beloved.[1] At any rate, life seems rather an irritation than a stimulus. Squire suffers, as I frequently tell him, from over-cerebration. His thought worries his verse as it did Donne of old; and he sets himself such slow measures that he sometimes goes to sleep in the middle of them. Your difficulty I should judge to be excessive imagery—but I don't know.

Personally, since I am ever in extremes, I think I am approaching the nursery-rime stage in my desire to simplify both rhythm and thought. When I send you the book I am now slowly compiling you will think I dote. I can't help that. I resolve and resolve till I get down to the articulation—and, as I say, I can only play on a pipe. When I began I used to "load every reef with ore," as Keats advised Shelley—but I don't think I was ever very wordy. Now I distrust the so-called precious metal. I tell myself that "the adjective is the natural enemy of the verb"—and so on. Well, you shall judge. Meantime you and Squire have it in your hands when my lot is dust. It is certain that you'll make good.

---

[1] This, certainly, doesn't apply to you!

I count on a day or two of your company on these hills when the weather takes a turn. It is glacial just now.

Forgive this untidy scribble. I haven't bottomed the thing yet—nor done with your book by any means.

Yours ever,
M. H.

249. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
23. 2. 19.

My Dear Freeman,

The whole thing is intensely interesting, and I could go on debating up and down it for years—but I won't! The point I tried to put to you was this: Lyrical poetry is essentially Song. It must be song throughout: that is, the words must sing, and the thought must sing. If either won't sing, it drags down the other to its own pace. Words (in which, for the moment, I include rhythm) and the thought are like a pair of horses. Kipling must be ruled out. His words and his thought *do* fit; but they are either common or rhetorical—and therefore not poetry at all. Hardy is different. I think that his good things *do* sing, and at the same time are no more complicated than Shakespeare's lyrics—which are really very simple. "The Trampwoman's Tragedy," for instance, one of his very best. You may put as much as you like into "Come away, Death." It is capable of receiving it, but also perfectly capable of standing without it. It is a self-sufficient lyric.

So with Keats—so even with Shelley. "Epipsychidion" is extravagant enough, but perfectly simple.

As for me—parva comparare magnis—I know that I can't be difficult, because I haven't intellect enough for it.

But *you* are a difficult poet—and the difficulty is worth tackling. There's no doubt about that. My question to myself was, whether you couldn't clarify ; but I now see that if Life presents itself to you as half real and half illusion, you can't. I don't feel like that myself at all. I know nothing but what appears *to be*. I accept it as it appears, and argue from it. The possibility that it is not, after all, is sometimes presented to me. That adds pathos —but no more.

Your sombre cast is no doubt temperamental. I am absurdly sanguine.

Quot homines ! Never mind—we'll talk about all this some day—and the sooner the better. I hoped that I should live out the rest of my time here ; but I've just had a row with my landlord, and fear that I must shove along once more. Nevertheless I shall hope to see you here in the spring (which has begun) or summer.

Yours ever,
M. H.

250. To John Freeman

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
16 *Mar.* 1919.

Dear Freeman,

Please don't accuse me of mere politeness when I say that your poem impresses me greatly, in fact it confirms my hope—born when I read " Stone Trees "—that forth of you and Squire would come the serious poetry of your generation. I take what you have sent me (and which I return as my duty is) to be the overture of a long poem. It is a very massive and, as I said just now, impressive opening. You have done what I always find so difficult—conveyed an age-old scene into modern speech. Wardour Street English is one of my besetting sins—I am good at it, and it amuses me awfully ; but it is all wrong. It is impossible to disbelieve in the reality of your people and their surroundings. As well—oh, I needn't go on. It is awfully good—and that's all there really is to say.

I am trembling on the edge of an enormous poem too [presumably " The Song of Man "]. I don't know whether

I dare—at my age. At least I do know whether I dare—but I don't know whether I can pull it off.

Yours ever,
M. H.

251. To Laurence Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
29. iv. [1919].

Dear Laurence,

Thanks indeed for your Odes, which I am glad to possess, and shall absorb leisurely—when I get any leisure. Just now I am up to the neck in county business, and cursing the day in which I stept into it. The "Tristram & Isoult" is quite new to me—I don't know it yet. I read the "Bruges Belfry" at breakfast. How strangely prophetic it is! And how pious and beautiful. Nobody can do that like you; and I don't think anyone before you has done it, except Gray. What about June down here?

Yours ever,
M. H.

252. To Laurence Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
29. iv. [1919].

My Dear Laurence,

It is a beautiful little book all through—but my present mood so overmasters me that I put the last two highest in my regard. I used to be all for classic themes once—in fact, never willingly turned to any others. But now, though the beauty of the rhythms and phrasing of "The Dryad," the "Bacchanal," "Amasis" & "Asoka," and "Orpheus" enchant me, they no longer move me as the "Autumn Moonrise" and "Bruges Belfry" do. I think that in them you touch your highest. I can only think of Gray as a parallel to them.

As for Tristram, it is touching as well as beautiful; but, as in Lancelot, you have avoided the Mallorian glamour—which I think I can't do without.

I am certain that the two I put first are very fine poetry indeed—if I could compass anything in their wake I should be a proud man. But my music is like beating a tom-tom in comparison. I don't envy you though, I rejoice and am proud of them. The only thing that baffles me is that everybody doesn't feel about your poetry as I do. They are bound to in time.

Yours ever,
M. H.

253. To Laurence Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
23. v. 19.

My Dear Laurence,

Either I or the house (and I hope both) shall welcome you on the 19th June. Cecco may arrive at any time and will carry me off to Scotland about the 6th June. I must be with him a fortnight up there, so ought to be home again about the 20th or thereabouts. It will be jolly to find you there, and will I hope do you and C[icely] and me a great deal of good. Meantime I haven't a notion where Cecco is—and have wired to Mudros to know if he has left. I haven't heard from him since March, and the papers tell one nothing of what is going on in the East.

Flecker was beginning to be good when he died. I don't think very highly of what he has left behind him, except in spots.

Yours always,
M. H.

254. To J. C. Squire

[M. H. now spent much of his time driving about on housing business, and having now no motor of his own had to hire a local car, the owner of which he always alluded to as "Watts-Dunton," from a supposed resemblance to Swinburne's friend.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
30 *May* [1919].

Dear Squire,

Did you receive a letter from me some time ago about a Press job? I suppose you can't find me one—but don't bother about it. My notion was that such plums might be tumbling about your ears and that you could pick one up and throw it to me. I'm not in want so far but I soon may be. Local politics are very expensive. I have to hire W. Dunton and tour the district looking at cottages and cottage sites. Most interesting work, but devilish dear. I live in poverty, total idleness and the pride of literature, like Dr. Johnson—except that I work like a galley-slave and I know he never did. Tell me, when you have a minute, what is going on in the [word illegible]. What do you think about this police upset? It is the nearest view of Bolshevism and red revolution we have ever had in this country. If the police go over to the trade-unions there's an end of government. Personally I am an anarchist, but the country isn't ready for that yet, and never will be if the cheap Press is to rule it.

Yours ever,
M. H.

255. To J. C. SQUIRE

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
4 *June*, 1919.

DEAR SQUIRE,

Many thanks. The sooner you can get me £10 a week the better. I am absolutely dished as novelist, though going strong as man and brother. (The Labourers' Union chaps always address each other as "Dear Sir and Bro." I wonder if they write to the women "Dear Madam and Sis.") The springs of invention—uneven the course—don't run in that direction any more.

I should much like Shanks' book—he didn't send me one.

The P.L. and Mrs. Bridges are coming here the second week in July. Shall you be in the south parts? If so I shall ask you to spend a Sunday with them. If he is in a good mood you will love him; if he's in a bad one he'll make you chuckle.

Good luck to you in Scotland.

Yours ever,
M. H.

256. To Laurence Binyon

[Maurice had planted a vineyard in the chalk downs and intended to make wine. He had written to me for titles of books on vine growing.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
25 *Aug.* 1919.

Dear Laurence,

I hope you are settling in to your fine large house. Will you find out for me from your fruit-growing brother if there is not some Co-operative Agency for the marketing of one's fruits? I am selling mine this year, and intend to grow a great deal more for the purposes of gain. I seem to have heard of a Fruit-Growers' Association, of which one can become a member or shareholder. Short of something of the kind one has to sell to a Cov. Garden salesman, and then see one's things sold in shops for nearly double the money. Anything he can tell me will be valuable.

I have sent for Cazalis on " l'Art de faire le vin." If we have a hot September I ought to have a fair vintage—and if anything comes of it I shall certainly grow more vines.

I am in a hopeless tangle with the Mary Stuart play. I can devise at least two beginnings—but no end. The tragic point lies in that precise fact ; but you can't make it good on the stage.

My country jingles ought to be publisht this autumn—but Constable has made no sign so far.

Nothing else has happened. I have been paying visits for a fortnight, but am glad to be back. I grow old apace. It is awfully dry here—nevertheless the garden is looking very handsome. Heavy apple crop—unsaleable. I shall hold on to mine.

Yours ever,
M. H.

257. To Laurence Binyon

[While busy on the Mary Stuart play, Maurice heard of Mr. Drinkwater's play on the subject, which was performed at Hampstead and published in 1921.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.

9. 9. 19.

My Dear Laurence,

I am grieved to hear of your loss. A mother is always missed, however old she may be. My own is 82, and I saw her the other day, and knew I shouldn't see her many times more.

I shall come to look at you in your palazzo when I think you are more settled in. That won't be till Christmas I fancy.

Yes, I heard that rumour about the poet Drinkwater. But what am I to do? I have made a very limping conclusion to it—but want an opening now. Do you think it would be wise to have what stands typed fair and shown to I. Vanbrugh? I incline to that myself.

My love to you all.

Yours,
M. H.

258. To J. C. Squire

[The Railway Strike occurred in September of this year.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.

I. X. 19.

Dear Squire,

These railway fools have put back the clock with a vengeance. They prove to me that they want another fifty years education in politics, to say nothing of statesmanship. I am shaken to the roots of my being. A little more and I shall vote for a Government with Sir F. Banbury in it, and shall subscribe to the "Morning Post" and "National Review." The L.P. has no hold on the Trade Unions, the Unions none over their members. They are a rabble, not a party.

Yours ever,
M. H.

259. To E. V. Lucas

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury.

11.10.19.

Dear Lucas,

It was kind of you to write. My sickness was a chill—nought. I had heard from Squire that you were meditating a voyage, and thought it a wise move on your part. My experience of Spain in April would not lead me anywhere N. of Seville in the winter. Cadiz and Malaga would be delightful. Morocco is wet and windy. I spent a Christmas at Tangier once. If you go to Algiers, get if you can to a place called Cherchell, sixty miles west of it. It may be bigger than it was when I knew it—but it can't help being a heavenly climate.

You and I steer in different orbits now. Your town life wouldn't suit me at all, and I suppose my country round would bore you to tears. I am never bored here. I am quite reconciled to being old, and perfectly ready to clear out, when directed. So long as they don't bury me alive, I don't care what happens. But perhaps you think they have done that to me already. My wife has sailed for England, home and beauty ; Pia and the family will be back in November. Cecco is stationed at Calshot, 30 miles away. He is taking a wife shortly he says. We shall, D.V., be all together at Christmas, which hasn't happened since 1913. Incidentally, I am ruined—but blame the Germans for that, not me.

It is 24 years since we first met—or 23—in an underground office in Chancery Lane, where you and the Panther [Mr. Lewis Hind] were running " The Academy " together. Where is that Panther now ?

Yours ever,
M. H.

260. To J. C. Squire

[" Balaam " was M. H.'s name for his reviews of books.]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
13 *Nov.* [1919].

Dear Eagle,

Many thanks for your bantling [" Books in General " : collected reviews], with which I took a busman's holiday (being in the same kind of business myself) yesterday. You keep a good length I must say, and I envy you your vigorous arm and untiring eye. The difficulty of avoiding ruts of one's own making grows immense as balaam crowds on balaam. It may be true that nobody knows it but oneself—or even that the public loves you the more the deeper in your rut you are ; but *we* know it's all wrong.

I might see you next week, when I hope to be in London for a day or two. We might crack a bottle at the Mausoleum.

Yours ever,
M. H.

261. To Laurence Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Christmas Eve. [1919].

My Dear Laurence,

It was jolly of you to write. I was disappointed too about your play [" Arthur": which was to have been produced at Covent Garden this December, but was postponed at the last moment].

They have asked me to do a prefatory poem to a memorial volume on Elsie Inglis. I have done one, which I like—but I don't think *they* will at all. My wife and Pia do like it. Let me try it on you and Cicely. It is on the next page, and you shall read it to her if you will.

Love to you all.

M. H.

ELSIE INGLIS

Who is it lies here
Betwixt the wind and the water,
Whom all Scotland mourns
As a mother for her daughter ?

" I was Elsie Inglis
When I trod the ground ;
Now I am lying here
In a long sleep and sound."

What did you do, Elsie Inglis,
To prove your heart's worth ?
" I laboured all my life long
To serve women on earth."

And what was it you did
Earned you this requiem ?
" When men went out to fight,
I went out with them."

What could a woman do
In such unholy revel ?
" Men fought with each other
And I fought with evil."

When men fought with men,
What foe could you hold ?
" The foe they left behind them,
Fever, Famine and Cold."

Which was the bitterest
Of all you saw fight ?
" My foe slew blindly,
But men in broad light.

" My foe slew blindly,
The children with the mother :
My foe slew men,
But men slew each other."

M. H.

The year 1920 was spent at Broad Chalke. " Flowers in the Grass " was published in March. M. H. was chiefly busy, so far as writing went, with reviews for " The London Mercury " and short essays collected under the title " In a Green Shade." In January he headed a deputation to Dr. Addison, then Minister of Health, on the housing question, about which he felt most deeply. He was now much attracted to the Society of Friends (the Quakers).

262. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
2 Jan. 20.

Dear Squire,

You had a handsome notice in No. 2 of the Supplement, with a characteristic flout at me. These people never let me off. They still think I am a very wary man who must be kept in his place. H. Newbolt amused me on Sunday. I called, and found him alone, glooming over the fire with Inge's book. He was very solemn and said after the formal greetings—"My dear Maurice, I have been taking stock of our literature of late and have come to the conclusion that you are a very great poet. Your two big things, etc., etc., etc." All à propos de bottes. I blushed and simpered.

I may see you towards the end of the month. I am to head a deputation to Addison about rural housing. I'll let you know—but we won't rendezvous at the National Club this time!

Yours ever,
M. H.

263. To Laurence Binyon

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
9 *Jan.* 1920.

Dear Laurence,

I am glad you both liked my poem [" Elsie Inglis "], because I myself thought it was good. It now appears that General Smyth who is getting up the Memorial likes it too.

As for yours [some lines beginning " Naked night; black elms, pallid and streaming sky "]—yes, I like it, though it is difficult to follow—but only, I think, because the writing is hard to make out. I think you will clarify when you recopy. The mood is one familiar to me. You have the magic of the place exactly. Do you insist on the Alexandrine for your seventh line? I should like it better with a normal line there. I hate being jarred in the sequence of idea.

I must be in London next Friday, for I am one of a Deputation to Addison about Housing. But none of my customary *gîtes* are open to me, so I shall have to return that night. Perhaps you could lunch at the Athenæum at 1.30?

Yours,
M. H.

264. To Henry Newbolt

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
3 *Jan.* 1920.

Dear Harry,

I know that the circumstances of 1914 proved too strong for many of the Society [of Friends], as indeed they did for me. If they had stood by the doctrine of Christ (not of Christianity) we should now be slaves (our bodies, that is); but both Christ and Epictetus wd. have taught that that would have been better than acting like the beasts. The world is too much with us. The Germans have taught me not only to despair of my humanity but to be deeply ashamed of it. I never thought that I shd. go to the grave a pessimist—but five years' war with all the resources of civilisation have done it. Now I feel that this is no place for me, and that the sooner I am out of it the better.

The feeling (oddly enough) which is uppermost in me after reading and re-reading your letter is that, at bottom, you agree with me. We are both idealists—it would be odd if we were not.

Yours always,
M. H.

265. To W. H. G.

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
22 *Jan.,* 1920.

Dear Mr. G.——,

Faithful among the faithless! You are really most kind to have me in remembrance still—but you will never see me Professor of Poetry at Oxford or elsewhere. That be far from me. The more I know of poetry the more I fear to profess it; and in these days when, as you say, Peace is as far off as ever it was, I can't even make any to my satisfaction. The thing you remind me of is in my head, but very little as yet anywhere else. I was much moved by the war pictures at Burlington House the other day. Cameron's view of Ypres and Nash's Menin Road, especially.

I may get something done, if I go on living. The wind bloweth where it listeth.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

266. To Mrs. Leaf

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
3. vi. [1920].

My Dear Lotta,

The best accounts of Delphi and all Greece that I know are Mahaffy's "Rambles & Studies in Greece," and Frazer's notes to "Pausanias." I believe the latter have been publisht separately. Walter will have them both.

To me Greece and all that it used to mean have been washt out by War-dye. I don't think they will ever come back. I envy you the possession of them still. I remember the road down to Itea quite well. We went down it at 4 o'cl. in the morning, when it was already prickly with heat. You go thro' an ancient olive-wood. It isn't so fine, tho' much shorter, than the way we went up to Delphi, from Vralo. By the by, *my* olive tree, which I had cut down to the ground as dead, is coming up from the roots. Dear little creature, I hope to save it. If I can grow, and have fruit on a loquat, surely I ought to be able to manage an olive. But I fear the winter wet, followed by frost, kills it. I have it on the rockery here, in very sharp drainage.

This place is stunning just now—I wish you cd. be here. I'll see what can be done in August. My two are going off for a fortnight each, and I don't think I shall travel at all this year. But I'll have you and Kitty here if I can get you—be sure.

Yours,
M. H.

267. To John Freeman

[The projected visit to Brittany did not come off, as M. H. found his Housing Committee business too exacting.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
4th July [1920].

My Dear Freeman,

I am glad to hear from you again. I have heard *of* you from my son-in-law Robin Richards, who sees you at the "L. Mercury" office. To say nothing of what I *read* of you in the Press. You are going to crest the wave, and deserve it. The two things don't always go together in this unchancy world. If I were asked for guidance I shd. say to you—don't spend yourself on small things (as nearly all your contemporaries are doing), but save yourself for a long flight. I feel that you are capable of it—and such men are rare.

I am going to Brittany for August, with the Binyons, but in the autumn perhaps I can tempt you down here for a night or two.

You ask me to talk about myself—a thing I hardly ever do. I am living just now as Dr. Johnson did—" in poverty, total idleness and the pride of literature." I can't get a publisher to embark upon my version of "The Iliad"—and don't care. If I did find one I shd. want to do it all over again before I sent it to the press, and I should have to learn the words again. At my age I can't retain foreign words. My "big poem" is cooking in the pot I call my brain—or pan. If I live, it will be ready to dish up in about ten years.

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

268. To J. C. Squire

[Acknowledging the second series of "Books in General."]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
5 *July* [1920].

Dear Squire,

I am touched by your dedication to me, and correspondingly grateful. I only hit upon it by accident; for

I opened in the middle and began to browse. Now, as Lamb told Wordsworth, it opens of itself at that page.

It astonishes me what a good length you keep, and how dead on the wicket. Two golden rules you keep (which I habitually break): You never get angry with anybody, and never preach.

Yours ever,
M. H.

269. To P. J. Hogston

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
8 *Aug.* 1920.

Dear Sir,

I am incapable of lecturing to your Society; but I might be able to read, and comment, for something like an hour. If I read at all it would be verse of my own.

I don't want any fee for doing that. It would be sufficient for me to have your assurance that those who came to hear me were interested in poetry.

Yours truly,
M. Hewlett.

Mr. P. J. Hogston.

270. To Mrs. Willets

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
14 *Aug.* 1920.

Dear Mrs. Willets,

In exchange for your charming photograph I am sorry that I can find nothing better to send you than these two scraps of parts of my old house. I ought to have one of my grandchild for you, and so I shall soon, as some very jolly ones have been done, but are not yet printed. She is here now with her mother and grandmother, so I am in good case. We are getting a little of your summer at last, in the autumn that is, after the wettest and coldest so-called summer that I remember for a long time. Harvest is going on all over the place, and will really be a good one if you keep us supplied with this weather. The wind is blowing straight from Canada at this moment.

As for the interesting Wlviet, I couldn't write about him for I don't know his nationality. He might have been a Dane, or a Saxon. He must have been one or the other. But let us hope he had Iberian blood in him, which is the only race of all that make us up in which I take any interest. The name, if it really means Wulfyeat, i.e. Wolf-gate, is obviously a nickname. For that reason it is easy to see that there might have been a hundred men of the same name scattered over Britain. I haven't looked, but possibly the Domesday Book would give us several. No need therefore to suppose that Ulyett of Yorkshire had common ancestry with Hewlett of Yeovil, or Martock, or Chetnoll (which all lie close together not far from here). As *we* know the name, it is a Western family.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

271. TO J. C. SQUIRE

B. C.,
Wednesday [1920].

DEAR SQUIRE,

I have added a note about Barbellion. "Man, your book is *rot*," as Alexander Macmillan used to tell young authors. Barbellion should have kept to spiders and been a happier man.

Yours ever,
M. H.

272. TO LAURENCE BINYON

[M. H. was hoping to get his Mary Stuart play produced, and was trying various avenues towards that end. I had amused myself with translating the Ulysses episode in Dante's "Inferno" and sent the experiment to Maurice, who himself wrote an essay on translating Dante a little later, published in the "Cornhill Magazine," and later in "Wiltshire Essays," and had made a version of part of the poem himself. (See Letter 21.) He corrected some of my mistakes; but we disagreed about the question of pace as on other points. "The Song of the Plow" is written in *terza rima*, but in shorter lines than Dante's. I do not find the movement of that poem at all like the movement of the "Divine Comedy"; but it is very characteristic of Hewlett's temperamental instinct in rhythm.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
9 *Sep.* [1920].

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

Never mind about "Vieux Colombier"—perhaps I'll write to H. Davray. Meantime I have a chance of N. Playfair—though nothing is settled yet.

As to Dante, you will find (I see you *do* find) the rhymes the deuce. Some of yours really won't do! You can't rhyme on "nor" or "I" or "by." I should find it difficult to pass "find in view" for "saw." If you are going to publish the canto I'll go through it like that and make suggestions. Let me know.

I did a lot of Dante once myself, and came to the conclusion after much experiment that the pace of the thing is as important as the rhymes. In English, *by pace only can you stand up against the extra syllable the Italian has*. Therefore the verse for Dante in English is eights. I think you'll see bits of the "Song of the Plow" which have the movement of Dante (see especially the opening of Book IX. (Wesley)).

Another thing: putting in eights compels the terseness of Dante, wh. amounts sometimes to a vice in him. Still, there it is, and you must reproduce it.

Tell me, and I'll go to work.

Yours,
M. H.

273. TO MRS. LEAF

Tuesday, 21st [*Sep.* 1920].

DEAR LOTTA,

All good luck to your Spanish jaunt. We are settling down into winter here. It is hard to realise that in a week or two you will be so hot you won't know what to do with yourself. Your catsmint border leaves me perfectly calm. It is one of the few plants I take no interest in. I don't positively dislike it as I do chyrsanthemums—simply that, for me, it doesn't exist.

I don't think you will find any plants to lift at this time of year—but anything will be welcomed here, except catsmeat.

I envy you seeing Ann—but am heartily glad you like her. I adore her myself—could play with her all day.

L. Binyon has been trying a translation of part of the Inferno and has sent it to me to tinker. It is a knotty morsel, but I think I disapprove of every line of *his*. As no doubt he will of every line of my (as I suppose) improvement.

Buen viajo.

Yours,
M. H.

q.b.s.m.
(Walter will tell you what that means.)

274. To Laurence Binyon

22 *Sep.* [1920]

My Dear Laurence,

We might bicker for ever about eights and tens, but we won't. Really, though, Dante is almost impossible in our tongue. As you say, he is alternately too terse for us, and too wordy. He is wordy of course by the very difficulty of the form: even in his language three rhymes won't always come.

I append some suggested alterations [omitted here], which are designed always to make things more colloquial, or to get in words which you have omitted. I object to rhyming on particles or prepositions—and to rhyme on "I" seems to me bad because one never stresses the personal pronoun instead of the verb. I think you'll find that Dante rhymes on the verb whenever he can. I always do. It is one of the secrets of writing, I believe, to put all possible strength into the verbs.

Some of my suggestions may appeal to you. Others, I'm sure, won't.

My so-called novel [" The Light Heart] " is a very bad one—a pot-boiler very much overdue. So far as I am concerned, it has served its turn. I am even now living on the pot it boiled. The Essays [" In a Green Shade "] are reprints from the papers. Little in them.

Good luck to the poems.

I am not without hope that I shall screw Playfair up to the pitch with Q. Mary. I am trying now to deal with Drinkwater about the titles of our two. I call mine The Queen of Scots, and *he* wants Mary Queen of Scots. That of course is fatal. I suppose I must not take " The Bride's Prelude " away from Rossetti, or whoever invented it. Besides I want Queen of Scots.

I sent a foolish comedy to the Grand Guignol the other day.

Yours ever,
M. H.

275. To Laurence Binyon

[An English version of the Indian drama " Sakuntala " was produced in November of this year.]

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
18 *Nov.* [1920].

My Dear Laurence,

I believe " Sakuntala " was a success—I saw a fair notice of it in " The Times," which assured me that it had been well done. I wish I had seen it—but I shan't be able to go up again this week, as I only returned yesterday from my second visit to greet my strayed family. I met my wife at Tilbury on Sunday morning, and we were all together again that day for the first time since 1916.

I must go up in December for Christmas shopping, and shall try to see you then.

About Q. Mary, I wish you would read what is typed and tell me how you think it ought to finish. I have deas—but they are incompatible with stage conditions. On the *stage* the only tragic end to a tragedy is death. To *me* life may be a much more tragic ending. Anyhow I can't bring in Fotheringay : so how am I to get the curtain down ?

You are evidently busied to death with lectures and Lancelot, so I won't bother you with the thing until you are more at large.

Yes, I admire " Fields & Battlefields " [by H. Bagenal], and will support you.

Yours,
M. H.

276. To Mrs. Dowson

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
19. xi. 20.

My Dear Emmy,

Our exchange is I fear like that of Glaucus and Diomede—yet you proffered it, and I gladly accept. Here then is the " Green Shadow " which I have collected from the shades. As for your Christian meditations, I shall read them, if possible, as I read the Gospels, for what they are rather than for what they seem to me to involve. I should have no trouble at all about Faith if I also had Love. But when you and your likes, who love Christ, justify your faith to me and mine, who only respect and esteem him, you are, I fear, attempting the impossible. That is the difficulty of your Last Testament concerning the New Testament. When a lover tells me of the perfections of his beloved I believe him—but I don't believe in *them*. If she were also *my* beloved I should strive with him which of us could outdo the other in praise.

Yet, as I see you allow me, I am as religious as you are. You believe in Christ and know him for God. I see God in a thousand things and persons—but when it comes to one God—no, no. There you have me—either at an advantage, or a disadvantage—I'm sure I don't know which.

To tell you the plain truth, nothing outside this world of sensation and experience really interests me at all, *except* the unceasing effort of men to get outside it. I am sure that that is my supreme interest in life. At the same time I feel that the most beautiful thing in life—by far—is obedience to the Laws of Being. There the so-called " creatures " have the pull of us ; for they can't help being obedient. On the whole I believe I would rather see a man or woman endeavouring to obey the Laws of Being than endeavouring to transcend them. Yes—I know that. You'll find a hint of what I mean by the Laws of Being scattered about this little quire—To love, to work, and to have children. But I am travelling a long way. You have lways invited me to do that.

What do you think of the Dean of St. Paul's? He must e rather a thorn in the flesh of your Church. Atrabilious e is; but very courageous. He stimulates me. I am aving a whack at his Race Suicide just now. He generlises too much.

By January I hope to be doubly a grandfather; by May rebly one.

Yours ever,
M. H.

277. To Mrs. Dowson

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
23. xi. [1920].

My Dear M. E.,

You write very kindly, as always—but I won't invite ou to continue the debate. If we meet, or when we meet, o doubt we shall embroil ourselves again in speculations hich, as I have confessed, only interest me as opinions, nd not as spiritual meat and drink. If there are many hristians like you and the Dean, Christianity will have ome chance, for the first time since A.D. 30, of resembling he doctrine and practice of its Founder. But it is of the ssence (apparently) of men to materialise their poetry, ust as surely as a sacrament is a materialised symbol. It emains a symbol; but nobody recognises it as such any nger.

I have finished reading you, and should find very much say, if there were time and opportunity. One thing does ccur to me. If you (though not so nakedly, even brutally, s the Dean) give over the Virgin Birth to poetry, must you ot, eâdem ratione, give over the Resurrection of the Body lso? When you have done that your standpunckt will e that of old James Martineau, who was my father's postle. "And so the whirligig of time . . ."!

Yours always,
M. H.

278. To J. C. Squire

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
20. xi. [1920].

Dear Squire,

Before God you do me foul wrong. There's no controversy about anything. I simply use Inge as a clothes-peg on which to hang a careful, and I think rather beautiful, eulogy of the Peasantry. But you shan't have it by any means. It is a curious thing that the oldest race in this country should turn out, not according to Inge, though he is a prophet without knowing it, but *me*, to be the one which will save us from degeneracy and extinction. You will allow that to be odd.

Are you one of the poets whom I am invited to admonish at the Lyceum Club on the 29th? I hope so. We'll make things hum.

Yours ever,
M. H.

279. To P. J. Hogston

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
8. xii. '20.

Dear Mr. Hogston,

I am much obliged to your Committee, and to you too for an interesting and stimulating letter. As I said to the assembly last week, nothing gives me more pleasure than to speak about, and read, poetry to people who are obviously interested. Your assembly certainly seemed to be so; and I agree with you that you may well be hopeful of a fruitful future. You may count upon me to do what I can towards that. One suggestion I had intended to make when I replied to the vote of thanks was that you should select, by vote or otherwise, a sufficient number of members to rehearse the reading of a Shakespeare play, and perform it to the rest of the Society, without scenery, without action. Either or both of those might come later on—but the action would probably require the coaching of an expert. I have, however, heard with great enjoyment a reading of such a play, with a reader for each part—and I know that there is nothing like it, for the readers themselves, to enable them to really relish the poetry.

If I come to read to you again I shouldn't wish to confine myself to my own writing. I would try the Ballads, or Chaucer, I think. I know by experience that they succeed.

Yours truly,
M. HEWLETT.

1921. M. H. began this year with a week's tour in the North of England—Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield and other Yorkshire towns—making speeches on the Peace for the Society of Friends. He was greatly charmed by the Quaker households in which he stayed and was strongly attracted toward the Society.

In November he left the Old Rectory and retired to a cottage higher up the valley.

In February he began a new novel, but gave it up after a few days' work.

Sent in a letter of this year's date is the following unpub-ished epitaph for a dog's grave.

BAT LIES HERE

Scorn not the stone, nor pinch of dust
  It covers, nor the tears she shed
Who buried here both love and trust,
  Things to make fragrant any dead.

1907–1921.

280. TO DR. MARIE STOPES

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
15 *Feb.*, 1921.

DEAR MARIE STOPES,

I haven't lived at Wittering since 1918, but your etter has fetched up here. Your Club proposes me an onour which nevertheless I shall ask it to forgive me for eclining. I find that these things fuss me horribly—and now that I am the better the quietlier I live. I have a reat deal of work to do, both public and private—and ately a sense of duty has driven me up into the north for a week of nightly speechifying and staying in other people's houses. It fatigued me and kept me from things which I must do for a long time both before and after. I like reading poetry well enough to people I am sure of—but I don't like reading it at Clubs. All this you will understand and be charitable enough to explain to your Forum Club.

As for your own proposal—that also I should like, other things being equal. But they are by no means equal just now, and I don't know when they will be. Of course, I know the country between Leatherhead and Box Hill. I went to see G. Meredith down there, and have walked Box Hill many times. The Mickleham valley is beautiful still—but men are getting to be thick upon the ground there.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

281. TO PRINCIPAL J. W. GRAHAM

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
19 *Feb.* 1921.

DEAR PRINCIPAL GRAHAM,

The other day I "up and bought" your "Faith of a Quaker," and have just raced through it, tearing the heart out, as one does, and intending to return and digest at leisure. You won't mind my saying that it strikes me as the most tolerant, reasonable and just statement of religious problems that I have read for many a day, or that the writing of it reminds me of Pascal? I feel that very strongly, and am sending it on to a dear friend of mine on those terms. I find nothing at all from cover to cover with which my mind, such as it is, refuses agreement; but from a hint or two here and there I fancy that you may be more liberal in thought than some of your Associates. There is very little, indeed, doctrinally, to separate you from a man like James Martineau—a friend of my father's, and like him a Unitarian. But, I take it from you, there is nothing of a Quaker Credo. Belief in a moral law, acceptance of Christ as the revelation and expression of it, the divine nature in all men, a community of hope, belief, and status throughout mankind—these things and the indwelling of the Christ-idea : if such is the Quaker Faith, then it is also mine.

I don't say that I should necessarily seek formal membership. For me—such as I am—gregariousness affords no strength. But I shall certainly never pass a Friends' Meeting-House at the hour of assembly without going in ; and I shall gain inspiration from feeling that what I believe is shared by the gentlest and noblest community of people I have ever mixed with.

I am greatly in your debt.

Yours truly,
M. Hewlett.

282. To Milton Bronner

[In answer to a letter asking M. H. whether he thought England should renew her treaty with Japan ; a subject then of engrossing interest to the people of the United States.]

Broad Chalke, March 9, 1921.

I find it very difficult to give you a considered opinion because one has to look at things (*a*) as they are, (*b*) as they ought to be. As they are, I suspect, with the world an armed camp, such 18th-century politics as Balances of Power, offensive and defensive alliances, and so on are probably necessities of the case. I hate them as much as I hate the need. But a priori I am opposed instinctively to anything which suggests or perpetuates the possibility that war should, or could ever be, a settlement of international disputes. If I could bring myself to admit such a possibility, I might be in favour of an Anglo-Japanese treaty—but I cannot bring myself. I can tell you no more. I wish I saw a gleam of hope that men would leave off hating or grudging or distrusting each other—but I do not, either in my country or yours.

283. To J. C. Squire

B. C., Tuesday.
[*April* 1921]

Dear Squire,

Money is important to me now, as I am spending (of necessity) exactly twice as much as I am able to earn. I can no more supply you with poems than with new-laid eggs. "Carking care" is the enemy of such flowers. I don't suppose I shall ever do any more. "Nous n'irons plus au bois." Alas. Pity the sorrows of a pore old man.

The political Idealist has a troublous time now when there is a parti pris on all sides.

Yours ever,
M. H.

I leave this old house at Michaelmas for a smaller one—possibly en route for the much larger one which waits yawning for the needy, at ——

284. To Mrs. Leaf

B. C. 5 *May* [1921].

My Dear Lotta,

It is kind of you to write at all to such an extinct volcano. I like to hear of your alarums, excursions, pleasures and pains—and even your triumphs give me nothing but pleasure. Your garden is evidently a success. The weather has been too much for mine—I will not even begin to recount my reverses. I have been routed all along the line. The only success I can boast of at all is some Athenian asphodel which has so far survived, and is now some two foot or more high and in large bud, with the flesh-pink showing under the brown husk. It tinges me with sentiment whenever I look at it—

riccordarsi del tempo felice.

I did a balaam on Translating Dante the other day and had the cheek to put in some specimens of my own. He's not difficult to do in snatches—but in long flights our poverty in rime defeats us. If you want something to practise on, try him. Translation is the only way of learning our difficult art.

Now I'm going to begin
"Select Conversations with a Blackbird."
It ought to be amusing. There's a great deal to report.

Yours ever,
M. H.

285. To Bernard G. Hall

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
30 *May*, '21.

Dear Mr. Hall,

It is very kind of you to write. It is true that I know nothing of newspaper ways, never having had anything to do with them until a year or two ago. The multiplicity of small fees to be collected from here and there, and at different times, is the snag in what otherwise seems a pleasant and easy career. Unfortunately it has become, to me, a highly necessary part of the business! You are right in supposing that I knew nothing of the ——'s ways. Not only so, but nobody would tell me anything, though I more than once asked to be informed. All that being so, when I saw that I hadn't been paid, at the end of May, for a thing which appeared at the beginning of April, I confess I began to suppose that, instead of an unknown method, there was no method at all! So far as I am concerned, I have now given up all the fee-collecting to people whose ugly business it is to do it for me. It is not in my line at all. I feel (quite unjustly) a kind of scoundrel when I ask for money—so uncomfortable that I would almost rather go without it. That, of course. won't do. But you shan't be bothered any more—I'll leave it entirely alone, and see what happens.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

286. To A. K. Gibson

[Mr. Gibson, an American admirer, had written to express his enjoyment of "In a Green Shade."]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
31 *May*, 1921.

Dear Mr. Gibson,

I am glad that you like "In a Green Shade." The things in it were written spontaneously, as they occurred to me ; and any merit they may have is due to that. I may say indeed that all my work has been done in that way. There is no fear of my becoming a hack, for I should be tongue-tied if my heart (or liver !) were not allowed its share in the performance. I hope to have another volume of Essays ready this autumn.

Yours sincerely,

M. Hewlett.

287. To John Freeman

[Mr. Freeman wrote an article on "The Song of the Plow," "The Village Wife's Lament" and "Flowers in the Grass" ; which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," July 1921. It laid stress on their English character.]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
5. 6. 21.

My Dear Freeman,

I am exceedingly interested in what you tell me, and shall await the Q. R. with impatience. The freer you have made with me the better. I mind nothing but malice. As for the poems, I have my own ideas about them, but those don't touch upon their merits as poems. What those merits may be I have not, and never did have, a ghost of a notion. I believe that the things smack of the country that I know and love—no more. So I shall read what you say about them, honestly, as an enquirer after knowledge.

I am vexed that you were so near at hand and didn't come over. You will see me again, I hope, and in Broad Chalke ; but not here. I am moving into a smaller house at Michaelmas. But there will always be room for you in it.

Yours sincerely,

M. Hewlett.

288. To Robert Hilton

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
22 *June*, 1921.

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your interesting letter. It is clear that your religion is a strength and source of happiness to you, and (as you point out) to many others of your way of thinking. I am sure I knew it before you wrote, and when I was writing my Essay. But I felt called upon to deal with the community among which, for the first time, my lines had been cast ; and I wrote about it as I found it.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

289. To John Freeman

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
19 *July*, 1921.

My Dear Freeman,

Your extremely generous essay on my things [in the "Quarterly Review"] has touched me to the heart—from the bottom of which I thank you. Knowing as I have reason to do your sincerity and literary integrity, I can take to myself its praise as I do its blame. To take the last first, no one knows better than I do where I have failed. As you say, the drab and smoke of Victorianism have been too many for me. I don't think they can be treated except in the way of the Corn-Law rhymer ; and satire is hardly ever poetry. Perhaps if I had been as long writing as I had been meditating the Plow I could have kept a better length. Certainly I should have gained by more drastic revision—if I had been equal to attempting it. But I wasn't, at the time—so I risked immortality and perhaps produced a shot at an Epic rather than an Epic. It is more than I deserve to have done as well as you tell me I have. You have added a cubit to my stature.

I am glad you quoted a thing or two from "The Village Wife." That is a different style of poem. Of the two I think it the more nearly comes off.

I do think I understand the West Country peasant, and even that I ought to. I don't know that my forefathers were much removed from that degree themselves. They were of Somerset, and puritans—so much I know of them. I like to believe that they were of Hodge's stock.

Reading you has made me restless and desirous of talking—but I am very much alone now, and don't often go to London. I shall be paying some visits in August, not far from town—but you will probably be away.

Now I must resume some of my interrupted jobs—but I had to tell you what I feel.

Yours ever,

M. H.

---

290. To Dr. James A. Spalding

Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, Salisbury,

24. ii. '21.

Dear Mr. Spalding,

It must (at least I hope so) be a long time ago indeed when you thought " Earthwork " the best thing I ever did. I suppose I thought so too, when I published it. But I should be sorry to think so now.

I don't follow you about the Brothers' Tragedy.[1] I am too good a parent to my offspring to wish to overlay them. It ought to be pretty good as it is. We are laconic in these parts. Besides, I am out of conceit with novels as a literary form. I still do them—but only because I want to pay bills with them. I think the vogue is passing from them, myself. My own taste is for somethng much nearer the bone.

Yours very truly,

M. Hewlett.

---

[1] A Wiltshire story told by Maurice Hewlett in an essay with this title. It was printed in the " Manchester Guardian," January 1921 and reprinted in " Wiltshire Essays." I presume his correspondent had wished him to found a novel on the story.

THE RIVER EBBLE, OLD RECTORY, BROAD CHALKE

291. To Mrs. Leaf

[b.f.t. stands for "beautiful flowering trees"; an abbreviation, used in a nurseryman's catalogue, which took Maurice's fancy.]

B. C., Wed: [1921].

My Dear Lotta,

You have gone a bust, as they say, on b.f.t.'s. That is what I do all the time, but have had a rude awakening of late, having found out that it costs me nearly three times my present income to run this place.

I am now being drastic, letting the rectory furnished for 2 or 3 years, and retiring to a cottage nearby, to wait until the storm be past. My b.f.t.'s, accordingly, will pass into the keeping of aliens. I can't spend the day with you, much as I shd. like it. The Pias arrive this afternoon and stay for a week.

Billy was here on Sunday and inspected my cottage-home-for-the-future. She approved it. I like it much better than this, as it is on the right side of the valley and gets all the sun.

I congratulate Elizabeth on her godmother. Pia used to talk of her gogmother.

That's all I think, except my love to the lot of you, to whom it may be a becoming proposal.

M. H.

292. To the Late C. J. P. Farrell

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
10 *Dec.* 1921.

Dear Sir,

Your letter is more than kind, and I am ashamed to have left it so long. But it arrived just as I was taken ill, and I am sorry to say I have been so ever since. No indeed—Mr. Delany, who did Mrs. Booth's business so smoothly and quickly, knew nothing of me and my works. I had no notion that I had so kind a friend to them in Longford. I had never been there before, and was much interested by the company I met at luncheon. It may be that you were there! I feel sure that I am past the age, however, when I could tackle the Queen of Scots again. About ten years ago I made a play out of my book about her, a play which I don't yet despair of seeing done. Saving everybody's presence, I stoutly maintain that in that book I told the truth about that poor girl.

Let me add to this my thankfulness that your people and mine can like and esteem each other again. I found no enmity at Longford, and do hope and believe that your countrymen did not put down the recent scandalous behaviour of our government to the discredit of the English at large. As a fact, I believe the truce was forced upon Ll. George by public opinion here.

Yours very cordially,
M. HEWLETT.

1922. Settled in his cottage, M. H. continued his retired yet industrious way of life to the end. "In a Green Shade" was followed by "Wiltshire Essays" and "Extemporary Essays"; and the writing of these, and of a monthly chronicle in the "London Mercury," were his literary occupations. But attending boards and Petty Sessions took up much of his time. He paid a few visits and gave a few lectures.

It had always been habitual with him, in the fit of depression following a creative effort, to think and declare that his last book was the end of his writing. When the new impulse came he would laugh at these dejections himself. Certain expressions in the following letters need not therefore be taken too seriously. Yet at times it seems as if he had some sort of premonition that he was nearing his journey's end.

293. TO LADY NEWBOLT

[M. H. had reviewed The Life of Sir Edward Fry in the "London Mercury."]

The Knapp, Broad Chalke,
7 Jan. 22.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

You and your Harry are dear good people to write so kindly about my little chronique. I think very small beer of myself in these chastening days, and get vast comfort from your kind words. You may always trust me to write sympathetically of a Quaker. I love that nation of elect people. Fry was a very exalted member of it—but really they are all alike. They have a secret which the world is not fit for. You shall see what I have said about them shortly in a little book which I shall send you.

I am better—but tired and am beginning to feel my years, and (alas !) what I have done with them. Here I am, living in a cottage—which I shall like when it is (*a*) dry, (*b*) warm. At present every chimney smokes in one wind, some in all winds, one in no wind. There is still much to be done before it is fit for you to visit. I can't think I can leave it just yet, though I should dearly like to see you again. If we weren't so poor we could visit each other in motor-cars. They have pushed me into the County Council now and I have to save my shillings for the journeys to Trowbridge. I hope to be useful there—but it is costly.

Love to H.

Yours ever,
M. H.

294. To Sir Sidney Colvin

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
11 *Jan.* 1922.

My Dear Colvin,

I have misrepresented you, quite inadvertently—but I see that I misread the passage about "Kidnapped." In my next "Chronique" I will go on my knees to you.

I have never thought so highly of Stevenson's novels as most people do—and soberly do consider the historical and descriptive things of his his best work. I think he would have been a good historian. But these things could be better talked about over your round table at the club. I still wish you had not left Cambridge out of your book.

Have you read the Recollections of a Mrs. Juliet Soskice (grand-daughter of Madox Brown)? Most remarkable. I have written about it for the next "Mercury."

Yours ever,
M. Hewlett.

295. To W. H. G.

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
24 *Jan.*, 1922.

Dear Mr. G——,

I was glad to get your letter last night on my return from a Board of Guardians. I think I must have heard from you now something like twenty years ; long enough, at any rate, to count upon it. And I am glad indeed to hear such a good account of you, and wish you heartily all the good things you have so many times wished for me. Sixty-one is an uncompromising age. Most of life is definitely behind me—so definitely that one begins to wonder how much is left *before*. My father died at 65 ; but he was not at all of my temperament, and I may last longer than that. I don't care how much longer it be so that I can be, as I am now, interested in what I am doing and fairly useful to my neighbours. That I try to be. I write less, but do more. County affairs take up a good deal of time, and are very expensive (which they ought not to be). Yet the work is both interesting and important, and none the worse done for a knowledge of the world and of affairs in the doers of it. Just now the country is not prosperous. There is too little work, and too little water. I look forward anxiously to the summer. I don't think there's a chance of avoiding a very serious shortness of water-supply. It was the second year of drought which brought on the Russian famine. Heaven save us from that.

Yours ever sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

296. To the Rev. H. Woodford

The Knapp, Broad Chalke,
18 *Feb.* '22.

Dear Mr. Woodford,

I have been reviewed and written round about for thirty years, yet I don't remember ever having had a kinder or more discerning review of a book than yours of "Wiltshire Essays." You are indeed of the *συνετοὶ* for whom one writes. You are even tolerant of my wilder speculations—e.g. those concerned with the future of Britain. Yet they are not perhaps so wild as you may think. Do you know that Dostoyevsky in the seventies of the last century predicted that his grandchildren would see a general exodus of the British from Europe? I saw it in his daughter's Life of him the other day. There is, I believe, a very good chance of his having been in the right. For, whatever the Labour Party may say, they can't get on without capital and the capitalists. If those go, as they are going, Labour will have to follow them.

Yours very truly and much obliged,
M. Hewlett.

297. To the Rev. H. Woodford

Broad Chalke, 30 *March*, '22,

Dear Mr. Woodford,

I was so glad to have your letter *re* Village Life. Perhaps I have seen things somewhat through a rosy haze of imagination. Your closer contact with villagers has probably brought you into closer touch with a side of their life that has been largely hidden from me. All the same I love these people who live close to the heart of their great Mother Earth. It may, as you say, be a limited life—in many ways it does not extend beyond the Local M.P. and Large Black Pigs—but they have an insight for many things that are hidden from us wiser folk.

Thanks for kindly review of my book in "The Inquirer."

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

298. To S. Hildersley

Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
13 *Ap.* 1922.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to annoy the "D. Herald," but I can't help it. I don't like to see working people dish themselves for want of straight talking. You are perfectly right in saying that the faults of well-to-do people are as glaring. They are—but they are able to get on by other means than virtue. Labour can only succeed by being honourable and reasonable. You must not confuse pleasure and happiness. Riches may give you the first, but not the second, I believe, and pleasure without happiness is mere excitation of the senses, and defeats itself in time. You either lose your taste, or make yourself sick.

The rich aren't going to remain rich much longer. Or if they do, their riches won't buy for them what they want. Sooner or later all people will find out that to "behave" is the only way to be comfortable. I may not live to see it—but it will happen.

Yours truly,
M. HEWLETT.

299. TO SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
20 *Apr.* 1922.

MY DEAR COLVIN,

I am sure that I shall take nothing that you say amiss. If I have been wrong in any matter of fact, which is perfectly possible, I shall not hesitate for a moment about withdrawing or correcting it. Opinions are another matter. What opinions I have about Stevenson's writing I have had for a long time. I should not have expressed them if Freeman's article had not brought them into my head again.

The "friends" of whom I was thinking were you and Lang; and what I meant was, obviously, that the sense of your loss moved you to instil in the general imagination what was so strongly in your own. The romantic and endearing figure was, in fact, a revelation to the public—of which, in my way, I was one. Until Stevenson was dead I had very little idea of him—though I had seen him once at the Savile. The idea which I then obtained was surely largely owing to the generous warmth with which you, Lang, and in a lesser degree Gosse and Mr. Graham Balfour praised, and properly praised, your friend. I don't think Stevenson's novels so good as you think them; but I accept every word you have to say of his charm, his high personal quality and power.

Yours sincerely,
M. HEWLETT.

300. To John Freeman

Broad Chalke, Salisbury.
1 *May*, 1922.

My Dear Freeman,

I am always glad to hear from you, as I am to read you. I consider your critical essays some of the best which the "Mercury" gives me. As for Stevenson, you gave me the lead in print, but the opinion which I hung upon your peg had been mine for many years. I kept it back because I didn't want to hurt Colvin, and rather wish even now that I had gone on keeping it back—because he *is* hurt. He told me he was preparing to attack the pair of us, and I replied with soft words. But it is done now. It has all been rather ridiculous, but mischievous also. An artificial reputation is mischievous, because it upsets the balance of good writing. If Stevenson is so good as all that, e.g., what have you left to say for his betters? It will end in your making them out to be his *worses*.

Yours ever,
M. H.

---

301. To Sir Sidney Colvin

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
1 *June*, 1922.

Dear Colvin,

I grieve to learn that you have been unwell. So indeed have I. A painful infirmity persuaded me to undergo the surgeon's knife and I have been in bed, or pyjamas, for ten days, mostly in both.

Please, my dear Colvin, don't be afflicted with what I, or Freeman, think proper to say about Stevenson. Neither of us can possibly matter, or can have any effect whatever upon S. or his memory. If "Lord, what is man"! is a becoming reflection for me to make, it will be equally becoming for Stevenson. I had always thought him over-praised, and that such excess really obscured his excellence. When I found Freeman, unknown to me, saying so, I took up my own little parable. That's really all. You mustn't look round and say, Nous sommes trahis, because two writers have the same idea. Freeman and I are not partners in crime.

Yours always,
M. H.

302. To Lieut.-Col. T. R. St. Johnston, C.M.G.

[The following postcard was written to Colonel St. Johnston, Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor of the Leeward Islands, whose book, "Islanders of the Pacific," had greatly interested M. H., as it endeavoured to trace the kinship of those races, through the earlier Mediterranean peoples, with our own ancestors in Britain.]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
20. vi. 22.

Dear Sir,

I think our Mediterranean descent is a certainty, so far as such things can be ascertained. I read your book on the Pacific Islanders when it first appeared, and was greatly interested. You are very suggestive, though I don't know that you have enough upon which to conclude anything. I had always presumed Malayan or Indian descent for your islanders. But I doubt if the Iberians came from Asia.

Yours,
M. Hewlett.

303. To Robert Hilton

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
19 *July*, 1922.

Dear Sir,

I am always glad to know that anything I may have said has gone home. It is for the people who read one as you read that one really writes, and for no other.

I have looked through your notebook and return it with many thanks. If I may say so, don't waste your pains on labouring to accommodate the text of Scripture with modern discoveries. It doesn't matter a straw what Bishop Ussher said or thought. Nor does it matter what Moses said about the Creation. He was a great man, but could not transcend his times. What matters to us is the New Testament, not the old one.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

304. To Miss Poignard

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
4 *Sep.* 1922.

Dear Miss Poignard,

It is very kind of you to write as you do. I am glad you like "Open Country," always a favourite of my own. The sequel to it, "Rest Harrow," is pretty good too—but not so successful as "Open Country." I don't write novels now, though I should if I could. But I seem to have lost the knack.

Yours very truly,
M. Hewlett.

305. To Principal J. W. Graham

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
1 *Oct.* 1922.

Dear Mr. Graham,

I have been considering your Appeal to the Christian Churches—and in the light of your letter upon it don't see what I can do. The appeal I should have made would have been to individuals, not to organisations, and I should have put it forward on the argument that the League of Nations was of no use to us. I am afraid that I think your particular Appeal, as it stands and whither it goes, is foredoomed. Organisations will not budge, because they cannot. They have roots. Every great reform (moral or religious) has been made in the teeth of organisations.

May I say that the Friends have shown themselves timid in this serious crisis? George Fox would not have acted so. Nor did his Master.

I can't act with you, and I will not act against you,—so I had better be silent. I don't doubt that if I had been a better man I should have done more with my own appeal than I did.

Yours,
M. HEWLETT.

306. TO PRINCIPAL GRAHAM

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
21. ix. 22.

DEAR MR. GRAHAM,

If the Society puts out the Appeal I shall back it up as soon as I can find a suitable platform. I am glad that you are, at long last, prepared to advocate what I went to Manchester to suggest to you. You see now that, when War seriously threatens, the League of Nations is powerless. That is because the war-movers and the Genevan peace-promoters are of the same nest. Men must act for themselves.

Yours,
M. HEWLETT.

Principal J. W. Graham.

307. TO MRS. WILLETS

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
8 *Nov.* '22.

DEAR MRS. WILLETS,

I sent you some photographs. That is certain, and trusted the P.O. I am afraid I have no more here. When I see my daughter I may be able to get some. My cousin Alfred rarely writes to me. I am glad you have seen one of us at least. He is an interesting and a very devoted creature.

I made an expedition the other day to the supposed cradle of us all, but with little result. I went to Yeovil, Martock, Hinton St. George—but only found one burial in the register of the last named, and that of a collateral, not a progenitor. The name was spelt (in 1780) Eulet—which I have never seen before. Phonetic, I don't doubt. There are other places about there to try for—Mutheling, Chetnoll, and Yetminster on the Dorset border. I shall have a shot at them next year. The man in Domesday Book is of little service to us if we can't get back further than 1760—which is my present limit. My grandfather was born in 1740, but I have here the portrait of *his* father—and don't know where he lived, or who he was! Very annoying. Thank you very much for the poetry book. I shall read it.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

308. To the Late Sydney Pawling

[Mr. Pawling had sent M. H. a copy of "Knole and the Sackvilles."]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
26th Nov. 1922.

My Dear Pawling,

I don't know whether I owe my thanks for "Knole and the Sackvilles" to you or to Miss Sackville-West. I shall be moved to write about the book, I expect, for she has done it exceedingly well. What I really want of her, though,—and what I shall ask you to get out of her,—is an edition of "Lady Anne Clifford's Diary." That certainly ought to be published. She doesn't say how long it is, but the note which would be necessary would make a book of it. I hope you will think of this. We are awfully behind the French in 17th-century memoirs. You will be doing a service to your country.

Maurice Hewlett.

309. To the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West

(Mrs. Harold Nicolson)

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
11th Dec. 1922.

Dear Miss Sackville-West,

You did your ancestors and their great house awfully well, I thought. I don't know how they could have been done better. And *I have* been moved—but whether it will move the Editor I cannot undertake to say. He may have done it already by someone else, who knows?

Lady Anne's journal certainly ought to be published. I should think the R. Hist. S. would jump at it for the Camden Society. But they make dry books, and yours wants good, accurate and lively notes. There is—at least I think he still is—a man I used to know called —— who would do it really well. A most lively performer upon the pen,—and eke a learned hand. He is, however, or was, an idle dog; but might well be very poor,—in which case he might be fed into exertion. On the other hand he may be rolling in money.

But very likely you will do it yourself,—than which nothing could be better.

Yours very truly,

MAURICE HEWLETT.

310. TO E. J. WATSON

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
30 *Dec.* 1922.

DEAR MR. WATSON,

Thank you for your poetry book. I like some of it very much—especially the first I opened at, "The Fall of the Leaf." I wish that you had not gone out of your way to attack the poor Ch. of England. Surely you don't venture to deny that there is an altar in St. Paul's? If you do, you must go on to deny the possession of one to Moscow and Athens. That really won't do. I don't hold a brief for the English Church. I was baptised into it, but it doesn't mean much to me now. Nevertheless, an altar is an altar, a place where you sacrifice something to someone. It existed long before the Latin Church—and long before any other Church. You cannot claim either the word or the thing exclusively. And I think polemics out of place, to say nothing of taste, in a book of occasional verse.

You are very nearly as bad as a young enthusiast of, I suppose, your way of thinking, called Edward Hutton, who in a book sent me for review coolly talks of England after the Reformation as being "out of Christendom"! Upon my word! He shall hear something of that.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

E. J. Watson Esq.

---

311. To Laurence Binyon

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
Christmas Day, 1922.

My Dear Laurence,

It is true that I am becoming a hermit, and that that is only one of the signs that I am the son of my father, and getting on in years. I don't feel able to promise you a book—not to call it a book; but as soon as it appears you shall have a wrappered quire called Extemporary Essays, which you are to regard, if you please, as my attempt to carry out what I expound in the first of them. The evolution créatrice is worked out in me. But I take my essay-writing as seriously as I can.

I wish I had seen you in September—or again in November, when I was at Pia's for three days or so. Most of all I was grieved (and the least bit disturbed), that when you were at Newbolt's, in October I think, you did not push over the dividing hills and see me in my cottage. I am very snug in it, and much prefer it to my mildewed mansion lower down the vale. I get the sun all day, filling the little house. Today, which is squally and wet, I hear but don't feel the wind—and to-morrow all the doors and windows will be wide open and you wd. think you were in Hyères—or that Max Beerbohm would round the corner.

I must make a push to see your play at the Vic. That will be an excitement, if you like!

What a delightful portrait of old Blake [a reproduction of a pencil drawing by Linnell]. He reminds me of a 'bus-driver, as they used to be.

Love to all of you.

M. H.

312. To W. H. G.

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
22 Jan., 1923.

Dear Mr. G——,

Your annual letter has made itself as expected as it is always welcome. I get no younger, but find myself not perceptibly older than I did a year ago. Hard work and an otherwise quiet and regular life suit me very well. If I had remained in London after 1916 I should, I think, have been dead by this time. Every time I go up there I ask myself if it can possibly get any more unbearable than I find it. You, I see, live in a reasonably quiet square. My daughter's house is in Addison Road, which (at the back) has quite the illusion of being in the country—especially in the Spring, when you can hear the cuckoo in Holland Park!

Yours ever sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

313. To Mrs. Leaf

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
23 Jan. 1923.

Dear Lotta,

When I saw your handwriting I thought that you were wishing me happy returns of yesterday. 62! and slightly younger than in '22. This place suits me, body, soul and pocket, much better than the Rectory. You are seven years my junior, by your own account. Say seventeen and I may be able to believe you.

I spent my birthday at Netherhampton. The knight [Sir Henry Newbolt] is nearly in Canada by this time, but the Lady was charming to me, and I talked into the small hours. Very good for me, as my dumb fits, which are obligatory, last for long periods. Pia and Robin will break them next Saturday for 24 hours.

Have you read "Elizabeth's" "An Enchanted April"? You'll like it, and be amused too.

Also "Poor Folk in Spain," by J. & C. Gordon. First-rate.

Yours,
M. H.

314. To Mrs. Leaf

[The last paragraph refers to poems from the Greek Anthology translated by Walter Leaf.]

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
1. iii. 23.

Dear Lotta,

You don't deserve a letter in return for a postcard, as I am sure you will admit, but you shall have it. I have your Father's [John Addington Symonds] Letters here. I have to write about them for the "Mercury," but I wish they hadn't been published, and shall say so. They add nothing to the Biography. Of course they interested me extremely—but they are too uniformly sad, and to read them through on end, as I did, ends in depression. Parlons d'autre chose. I wd. send you my Essays if I had a copy, which I have not. When I look at them I can't help wondering where I found the lightness of heart necessary for such things. Oh, gardening. This has been an annus mirabilis. I had crocuses on the 18th of January, daffodils on the 24th of February, and now have grape hyacinths—and three sorts of anemones. Coronaria have flowered all the winter. I think I have never failed of some in the house throughout the year. To see them now makes you think of April. I have no daphne. The iris flowers here in November, and not again—I don't know why that is. I have been writing about flowers for "Country Life"—twaddle, but they seem to like it. I don't know anything about them really. How is the Banker-Poet? Give him my love. I hope his second lot of Anthology has gone as well as his first. I didn't care for the poets in it as I did for the first.

Yours always,
M. H.

315. To Laurence Binyon

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
11 *Mar.*

My Dear Laurence,

I am glad my little Essays pleased you. They are the best I can do just now, preoccupied as I am with paying my way. If I ever get any luck again, perhaps I shall do something more solid. I am trying to write a film scenario now—not at all easy. The problem is how to get literary quality into a thing which is all visual presentation. I'm blowed if I know whether I can do it or not. I envy you your rehearsals. They are boundless fun. I don't envy you the performance. A thing I have never yet faced. The nervous strain was always more than I could tackle. You and Cicely are braver, and will no doubt see it through. To my mind, you are to have the best theatre and best audience in London. It is only the stalls one despairs of in the modern drama. I don't suppose Playfair will ever do my Queen of Scots. He has found a goldmine in his Decadent Nights' Entertainment, and now has one at each of his theatres.

Yours always,
M. H.

316. To Eric Lyall

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
21st Mar. 1923.

Dear Sir,

The best book on "The Song of Roland," so far as I know, is the large edition of M. Léon Gautier's, which contains an historical introduction and a whole apparatus criticus. There has been a new edition of it quite recently—I think Scott-Moncrieff refers to it in his translation as having been published too late for his use. I don't know who is the French publisher, but Hachette of London wd. tell you. You will find also a great deal of very interesting stuff in Gaston Paris' "Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne"; and something in Professor W. P. Ker's "Epic and Romance."

Obviously, to my mind, the Song, as we have it, is only a fragment of something else. It has neither beginning nor ending.

I did not lecture about it in Newcastle or anywhere else, to the best of my recollection.

Yours truly,
M. Hewlett.

317. To Frank Altschul

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
5 *Apr.* 1923.

Dear Mr. Altschul,

Thank you indeed for the beautifully printed and presented book of your club. I am glad to have it as a testimony to the value of some of my things. One begets them and lays them at the public's door. Enfants trouvés though they are, they grow unbeknown to the parent. Then, one fine day, comes a recognition such as I have just had from you and the Grolier club. You make me a happy parent, though an unworthy.

Always yours, much obliged,
M. Hewlett.

Frank Altschul, Esq.

---

318. To Mrs. Leaf

[Written after seeing the Italian Teatro dei Piccoli at the Scala Theatre in London.]

*The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.*1,
Tuesday, April 1923.

Dear Lotta,

I had alarums and excursions yesterday, and no time to thank you for my happy visit. One is quite independent of weather when one is well off—as I was. I went to Heatherside at cross-purposes with life, and left it in a much more reasonable frame of mind. Your and Walter's doing. All well at Addison Road, and a puppy added to the number of young creatures on hand. Then I went to the Marionettes, and was much edified and amused. The illusion is extraordinary. I suppose they are 4 ft. high—but one can't persuade oneself that they are not life-size. It wants better dressing and décor generally—and then I don't see why it shouldn't be as good as the Russian Ballet. The singing is not good, but the way the puppazzi imitate the tricks of Italian singers is very comic. I expect you'll go to see them when you come back. You will find an Italian atmosphere which will please you. I go home tomorrow. My love to you all, and all my thanks.

Yours ever,
M. H.

319. To Mrs. Willets

Broad Chalke, Salisbury,
25 *Ap.* 1923.

Dear Mrs. Willets,

Thank you for the Press-cuttings. Your paper is very civil to my essays, and I am grateful.

I recovered the other day a fragment of pedigree—or two fragments not yet joined together. They were compiled by my grandfather. I expect that they show part of my own line. I was in Somerset the other day, at Martock and Hinton St. George, I don't find that we came from there. I shall now make a pilgrimage to Chetnoll and Yetminster—not far away, but on the borders of Dorset. One Hewlett, you will observe, is marked as an emigrant.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hewlett.

DIARY OF MAURICE HEWLETT

In Greece, 1914

I

Amiens, 6th April, 1914.

This minute got here, after a heavy crossing, with a gale blowing at Calais. But we weren't sick and did it all very well indeed. The sea was beautiful, jade green, with emerald crests to the great chasing waves. The sun is shining in France, and here the trees are green and the almond trees on fire. There are great blue lagoons fringed with pinky-brown leaves. It is all as you would have it if you were here. I can see you seeing it and loving the bare, wide, spaceless, windy country. I shall post this in Paris where we have an hour. Train just starting, writing will get bad. P.[1] is doing her fairy tales diligently in a corner, but I guess I must take her to tea and finish this afterwards. You won't be able to read a word of this. In ten minutes we shall be in Paris, where we wait till eight o'clock, and just when you are sitting down to dinner we start for Italy. We are going to dine *en ville* and I'll post this scrawl there.

Here is Paris-Nord. Black and gloomy, one of the dreariest stations in the world. I won't go on but bid you Goodnight.

Tuesday morning, 7th April, 8.20. Between Sierre and Brigue. We had a decent night though very stuffy. I got up at midnight and opened the window. It's very wet and lowering here—nothing doing in the way of vegetation. I haven't seen a wild flower since I left Kent. Soon we shall be through the tunnel *under* Simplon Dorf, and then Domodossola. The train is very empty and the boat was —so the travelling is very comfortable. We have two funny old women next door. Their great aim is to collar the lavatory and take charge of it—but this morning I was beforehand with them and held it against them for three-quarters-of-an-hour. They were frantic, but it was no good. It's raining heavily this side of the mountains but very hot and stivy. I look for the sun at Domodossola. Here is Brigue: we are awfully punctual; 8.40. I should like to go up and see how the landlord-policeman-Member-of-Parliament is but we only have five minutes.

---

[1] His daughter.

Through the tunnel near Gondo—green hedges, willow, palm, cowslips, wood anemones, but grey skies still. Even here it is not so green as Amiens was with the chestnuts in leaf, but every minute makes a difference; even since the last sentence the morain is flushed with the young green of the birch trees. Just left Domodossola. The sun is almost out but the Spring is awfully backward. The plain has a withered appearance. No rock plants to record—there are some peach trees in flower though, and lots of plum and cherry. We are well down the valley nearing the lakes. Out of the window I can see pale green and pink poplar and almonds. The peasants are afield scattering dung—somewhere "off" I hear an old church bell clanging, otherwise it is oppressively quiet. Steaming heat—the hillsides look slumberous. There are some circular nectarine trees in the middle distance backt by brown and green poplars—above that rises the hot mountain side. A woman in a red petticoat with a huge basket on her back is trudging the world in front. There is a sketch for you—true, I have only left out a notice board with "Birra Poretti" in staring white letters.

P. is plugging at her fairy tales. 11 o'clock. We've stopped at Arona, having passed Baveno and Stresa—still on Maggiore. The orchards and gardens are intoxicating. Camellia trees, magnolias, rhododendrons and the fruit trees most lovely of all. The great lake is like a silver pond, only one stop before Milan and we shall have finished the second lap of our four. The sun and warmth are heavenly.

After this, Milan. Hotel du Nord and lunch. Shaved by a hunchback with incredible dexterity. And now to spaggiare until the train di notte. It is quite hot here and I could do with a nap very well—but instead I will put my face in cold water and see the sights. Certosa is not possible, it appears, but there is Sant' Ambrogio and the Brera. Brera first, I think, to give the Sagrestano time for his Siesta. I shall post this now so goodbye until I post again at Brindisi to-morrow. You won't be able to read this, I fear. Goodnight.

Hotel du Nord, Milan, *Tuesday afternoon.* We have trapesed enough. Seen Sant' Ambrogio, looking like a dusty rose in the strong sunlight. Inside it was decked in red curtains for a festa, which is odd as this is Holy Week. Three American women had the Golden High Altar unpackt from its numerous wrappings of wood and iron. The Sagrestano unlocked with a key about thirty locks. We sat where we were and had a free entertainment. Both said at once : " How you would have enjoyed that." We went to the Brera and saw lots of pictures (too many indeed) but the Luini frescoes are a joy—and my favourite Borgognone too. I adore that picture—but perhaps you don't remember it. I bagged the Madonna for one of my Little Novels. I rather think that she was Bella Roba. Then we had tea under the Arcade, and saw the rank and fashion. All in furs and enormous checks. Furs to-day ! But of course they don't call it hot yet, and it isn't, but just delicious. Wisteria on the houses in flower—all the rose trees in bud—oh dear me, what lots of fun there is out here. After that, shopping—handkerchiefs for P., cigarettes for me, Gala-Peter at the same shop and after incredible labour toilet paper. It puzzled them dreadfully. One man told me to go to the Piazza Duomo and *underground.* Another sent me to a rather swagger stationery shop full of Russian-leather writing cases and marble paper-weights. Finally we found a place with " English Goods " written on it and were served. Now P. is translating and I, having just posted you an enormous letter, am writing you another—but it won't leave me till I put Brindisi into it—and I mustn't fill up with trivialities —not to a highbrow. We have already seen one of our fellow-travellers for the Austrian Lloyd, a " vurry American " man. I feel that he is to share my cabin. *Do* you remember the man who did that last ? The ugliest man in the world. How we met him afterwards in the Parthenon, and you *didn't* bow and broke his heart. I believe that I once shook hands with him, but that wasn't good enough. Nothing would do after you had refused to salute him. It's past six, a most serene and lovely evening. Dante has something—Purgatorio I think—about the man's eyes filling with tears when he hears the bell, "Che squilla di lontano." That terzet, which I can't remember, always works in with such evenings. And Wordsworth—"Breathless with adoration like a nun." Goodnight from the sad Adriatic shore. Really rather a blighted region, though what trees there are, are beautiful in their young greens and browns. The asphodel is aflower too, and lots of wild rosemary in a blaze of pale blue fire. We are impatiently awaiting Foggia and our coffee and didn't remember this nasty jar, but got up briskly at 7.30 and came out all smiling for the Restaurant car. "Non c'e." Wait for Foggia at 9.23, which we have been doing. It wasn't worth having when we got it. No butter, old bread, coffee like quinine mixt with mud. There are two querulous and loud-voiced old French women next door who have given the condottore the time of his life, "Pas de beurre, pas de serviettes, pas d'eau chaude!" Their cries ring down the corridor, but he has placated them at last—and now here we are till 1.30—with our eyes full of dust and our stomachs of mighty little else. I expect I shall sleep most of the way, if I can get comfortable. They call these trains "luxe." These dead grey plains are depressing and so are the cabins guarded with gauze, and the sallow sad-eyed peasants working in gangs in the fields. We past a herd of buffaloes feeding in a marsh. It is getting oriental too, with its cactus hedges, goats and asphodel. Hardly any trees but a fig or two, an olive or two. I saw a huge hawk, kite or buzzard a little way off. The sea is now miles away. You can only guess where it is by the flat land sinking into greyness. There is nothing to describe so I'll stop for a bit until it gets more eventful. At this moment as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but asphodel. It tinges the land pale brown pink. Now there isn't even that!

We have been in the region of orange and lemon trees a good time, also of blinding white towns (the houses like cubes of chalk) and dust—Oh my goodness! I think this is Bari, very near the end of our third lap. I hope so, I am sick of trains. This is Bari St. Nicholas (do you remember we discussed this?) and we are only ten minutes late. One o'clock. We are much more late now, hung up in a cutting composed chiefly of lizards. There is a furious wind with clouds of white dust. Brindisi will be very trying—just good enough to change my clothes and post a letter in—and no more. All my clothes are much too hot, and I haven't worn an overcoat since we left Calais. Off again, this time for Brindisi and something to eat.

At Brindisi. Had lunch waiting for our luggage—to change—meantime, we go to the Austrian Lloyd office and to post this.

BRINDISI, 8.45 *p.m.* We are waiting for the steamer; at least, I am—for P. has been taken for a walk by an American—in this noisy place. Do you remember how the front door banged? It does still. There's no Rider Haggard but a Russian Grand Duke and his entourage who turn everything upside down. The very same band and two girls with mandolins and an old man with a guitar. All exactly as you remember it, but better weather. You wouldn't be sick to-night—and perhaps if you might be you'd risk it. We are in the same condition of feeling that we shan't rage at Corfu to-morrow, but will spend the time loafing on deck. It is really a great racket. Two days solid from London. After that a steamer seems heavenly. There are a lot of French people this time, a Congress or something I suppose. Hardly any English, all French or Russians. There is an Italian boat sailing at the same time which may take off some of them. It will take the young American among others. He is travelling with a Belgian, and neither of them can speak the other's language, which is rather dull. He has taken very kindly to us.

Thursday morning at sea, April 9th. We might as well be in the English Channel. A grey, wet sky, a lumpy sea like lead, and a strong S.E. wind blowing. I can only just see the mountains of Albania and though I have managed my coffee without scandal, I don't feel at all adventurous. As for P., she is al letto, and there I fear she will remain until we get to Corfu and shelter (if it is sheltered). It's very disappointing, I was hoping to have used your glasses and to have reported all the sights in this notebook. You can really see nothing but a lumpy blackness, which is the mountain country, but might almost be clouds. I hope the Grand Duke and his wife and suite, who have been a nuisance so far ever since we met them, are "heftig see-krank" by now. They pervaded the train, pervaded Brindisi, and came on board with us and had everybody falling at their feet. But the sea is a great leveller, and a Grand Duke can be as sick as a dog. We seem to be heading for Corfu, which lies exactly in front, a long, cloudy shadow with spikes on it. On the port side I can see where Santi Quaranta ought to be. I don't know whether we are going in there. It's a little better. The sea, when you look into it, is that strange, deep indigo, which is so different from our waters, and the crests of the waves always cream into emerald. We are close to an island, apparently called Faro. I have been studying a chart. Nearly everyone is sick; very few are about.

We have missed Santi Quaranta, I suppose because we are late, and are now coming into Corfu. I recognised the lumpy rock which has the castle on it which you sketcht. All the Germans are getting excited about the Kaiser, his courier is on board with cases of food and silver and heaps of mails in leather bags. We shall see him go off in a swift motor-boat shortly. It is horribly cold, wet, and dark. The mountains are almost black, but your glasses reveal trees in flower, and yellow gorse, and asphodel. Do you remember the small lighthouse on the island? We have just past that. The Grand Duke has come out to take the air, and all the ship's officers are dancing about him. He is a tall man with a huge moustache and no chin at all. His wife annoyed me last night by bagging my steward as he was showing me my cabin. I said "Ma!" very loud, and she seemed rather ashamed—and went away. I never saw mountains look so black. They are getting the anchor out, clanking the gear, etc. The Corfiotes swarmed on board and tried to tempt us ashore, or to sell us picture postcards. But it was raining then and has rained ever since. I am awfully glad I didn't go. We had lunch instead and a sleep and filled up the afternoon reasonably. It's a pity it's so awfully cold. I don't think we had any day so bad, except at Lada where it rained on us as we dug cyclamen and into our tea as we boiled it. This is bad weather for going into the wilds. I can't help thinking it will be different to-morrow. All my ideas will be upset if it isn't. We are supposed to go n an hour—and shall see Stamati in about twelve hours and half an hour. I confess to feeling very dull and flat. It is partly physical. I shall be livelier when my inside begins to behave again.

Just at starting it suddenly cleared and is going to be a ovely evening. We are passing the Achilleion, all the Germans are talking at once, and " Grossartig " and " wunderhübsch " are flying about like plovers in a ploughed field. The land is still very dark though—the sea has been lovely for a minute—almost ultramarine, and indigo in the distance. The Kaiser's yacht showed up like a sunfield upon it. It's almost grey again now and the sun has gone nto a cloud bank. Not at all like the Greece you and I know best yet.

Thursday night. On the way to Patras. A wondrous, moonlit sea and smooth water. I am ashamed to say I rather wish I was home again, but perhaps it is that I don't feel very well. " Chilly and grown old." But we reach Patras at 4.30 a.m., and have to leave the boat about six—so I suppose it would be reasonable to go down now. It is still pretty cold—but I hope for to-morrow. The wind has gone down—and most of the clouds have disappeared. When I come on deck to-morrow Stamati will beam through his crystal spectacles at me. I shall wire during the day with places of stay.

PATRAS, *Friday morning*, 10*th April.* Not seven o'clock yet. No Stamati ! Instead, his brother, very like him, but younger and meeker, came. Stamati engaged himself for three months to go to Sicily and elsewhere or anywhere, and sent this amiable young man. The mountains and seas greet you with their love and beauty. I'll post this and then we go by train to Olympia.

PATRAS, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, *Friday.* I made a foolish mistake. Our hotel was *not* the Etrangers, but this. However, the "Strangers" exists, and I have enquired for telegrams. "Non ci n'e." I have sent one to you to tell you how and what we are doing. We go to Olympia this morning by train—then drive or ride to Andritzena, then Megalopolis and Bassae, then Tripolitza, then Pheneos, the lake and the Styx—finally Athens to-day week as I proposed. The new Polemy is exactly like the old one, but not so blind, younger, just as meek and just as gently firm. He proposes a large tour in Thessaly, which P. seems to want more than Crete. I shall be rather sorry; but if Stamati can't show us Crete perhaps we had better leave it. We've sent our wires and changed and repackt our trunks, and now have been up to the castle and come back again. Train to Olympia 3.45. Nothing to do till lunch. The castle is a ruin of stones and empty spaces. Just at the very top prisoners are kept in a pen and guarded by sentries. Their relatives come and feed them through the bars. The rest is used as a camp by cavalry or artillery—the latter, I think. They had a drove of mules in there and were breaking them. It was funny to see ten soldiers trying to wash one mule and failing. One lot were learning to be saddled and bridled—and not learning. They wind ropes round their legs, and even then the rascals get away and are pursued by soldiers and stones. In another place they were limbering and unlimbering mountain guns. It seemed rather a scramble, but they put them together in one minute, ten seconds, and undid them and reloaded the mules in fifty-five seconds. Rather good, I thought. But the instructor did *not* think and went at it again. Then it began to rain and is still doing it. Stamati the second says it is a south wind which does it. We have to ride to-morrow so let's hope for better things. How you would love to see again this smooth sea of blue and silver, pale mountains beyond, Parnassus in a cloud, Erymanthus hidden in clouds. I haven't the heart to describe it again to you who know it and love it as I do. I like the smell of the little, crowded shops, and of the streets—coffee, garlic, chickens and orange blossom. I shall post this in Olympia to-morrow morning and write next from Andritzena, I suppose.

We are in the train loitering round the coast of Achaia towards Olympia. You remember we reversed the journey; it was the last lap of our travels. The storm is over and the country is enchanting—vivid green fruit trees in flower, currant fields, mountains covered with peonies and asphodel—on the other side the deep, blue sea and the mountains again, purple enough for Sandy to paint. The trains have not quickened up at all. We stop just as long at the stations and see the same amazing crowds there, who seem to have waited all day for the train. They make a regular holiday of it. So far Stamati the second has been all that should be—but he is more expensive. He is taking 65 francs a day each instead of fifty, but he says it would have been cheaper if we had been three. We shall soon come to the Crown Prince's oak forest. He has given it to the peasants, forbidding them to cut trees though, as they are the only oak trees in Greece. Rather decent of him. Of course we hear most of politics. Italy is the enemy now, and the Greek difficulty is to keep out of Epirus and resist the entreaties of the Epirotes. There has been another battle inside Canizzes. The Epirotes have an army of 20,000 men, Stamati says, but no money.

OLYMPIA. At last we are here and fed. The last part of the journey was done by full moonlight, and as we came up the stony, dusty road among the trees and little houses to the big, white hotel on the hill, the little grey owl that we saw at Epidauros called to us: "Kiou, kiou"—a sweet plaintive note. I saw the hill of Kronos, a black silhouette and the ruins down by the excavations. We start to-morrow, to ride about 9. I shall go up the hill again if I am to post this letter before we start.

I saw in the fields lots of little, blue iris, growing among the asphodel. I think I know it. It grew at Malta. I'll get some bulbs of it for your rockery if I can.

Saturday, 11*th April*. At Olympia. I am just up and have been out for a minute to breathe, or drink this heavenly air, and look at our Kronos hill. Now I am eating toast and honey and drinking coffee in the white-washt dining-room. We are expected to start at 9, but daresay we shan't. It is only six hours riding I am told, to a place called (I think) Gala. I know it is on the way to Andritzena and Bassae. We shall be able to walk some of it, I hope.

We have just forded the Alpheus in a ferry-boat. Ponies and all came with many swear words. The country is too lovely for me to describe—the young green and the blue and now the forded river, brown and blue in the sun. It is exquisitely beautiful. They are now embarking the rest of the ponies—such a job. One is always troublesome. It is all done now and they are starting. The way the men pole that boat against the flood is masterly. P. is just taking a photo, so you will see it. They utilize the current so cleverly. All this is intoxicating. It's very hot already but I carry my umbrella open.

Midday. We have halted here on the outskirts of a village to rest and lunch. Infinitely and picturesquely shoddy—a street, a little square and houses wandering up and down the clay hills. Arcadia—but a very fruitful and green corner of it. The same mountains we are to cross lie just beyond us. We must be a showy train. P.'s photos will show you. There are much more flowers than there were last time—anemones, purple iris; the blue iris is almost over but there are some buds to come. I shall try to get some bulbs after lunch. Oh, it is heavenly out here. Lunch is ready, I believe. No rock plants here because no rocks. These hills are made of mud.

We've had lunch and have dug you with the utmost care and pains one of the little blue iris. I'll send a flower with this from Andritzena to-morrow. To-night we sleep in a monastery in the mountains where there won't be any post. It may be that Andritzena even won't furnish a post office. In that case I must wait till we reach Megalopolis. We see Bassae to-morrow. I expect to find more plants in the mountains and have a cigarette box on purpose for them.

Ponies are much easier to ride than mules. Not so shockingly abrupt in their movements. These clay hills covered with dark green scrub remind me of the background of Piero della Francesca's pictures. Lots of Aleppo pines about; but we have lunched under olive trees. We are to start again directly, so I'll stop until the next halt.

After we reached Griga, which was meant to be our stop where we were at four, Stamati the second decided to go further to an inn at Tripi, two hours more mountains. It proved my undoing, and I got very queer, couldn't enjoy the very beautiful though stony way, and had to lie down with aspirin directly we got in. I've dined since and got perfectly well again—but it was a bore. He did it because he wanted to have plenty of time for Bassae to-morrow, but I fear he is crowding too much in a day. I hate cracking up—but after I've had enough I find that I go very rapidly to pieces. It's age I expect—but I am very out of condition too, having had no exercise for just a year.

We are in Arcadia you know, and I expect the loveliest time of the year. For a time we got above the leaves and found the asphodel in bud, and crowds of anemones, blanda, pulsatilla, the red coronaria, and the purple and pink anulata—Adonis, white orchids, one stylosa iris, and a lot of things which I don't know, a little pink thing like calendrinia, which we found before. Such lovely views of shadowed mountains and green plains. Peeps of the Ionian sea, with a view of Zante in the cloudy distance. Cyllene is covered with snow, and Erymanthus too. Oh, it is beautiful. The cistus is in flower, and so are the mastic bushes, with dark crimson flowers close to the stalk. We have been through woods a great part of the way, up and down an awfully stony road—too stony to ride. It was the riding which tired me. I think it is more fatiguing than walking. This khan is exactly like Lada—just as primitive—with no windows except wooden shutters, and no conveniences of any sort. The cook produced a five-course dinner—excellent—but the wine is du pays, and exactly like turpentine. It beat me. But Stamati's crowning merit is to have produced tea when I was at my worst, really nearly fainting. I forgive him everything for that. Not bad tea at all, it saved my life. There's nothing to do but to go to bed. I can't shave, and don't know when I shall. If I can clean my teeth, I shall be lucky. We are so tired that we shall sleep, I am sure. God knows what bedfellows we may have. I hope to post this at Andritzena, but don't know whether I can.

Easter Sunday, 12*th April.* A happy Easter to you and God bless us all. I have greeted you over the seas in a clear blue air and full sun. We have both slept well in our extraordinary gîte, and I feel as fresh as paint this morning. And a good thing too, as we have a long day before us.

Just had an adventure. I went up a mountain before we started and heard a cracking in a bush, and presently emerged a large, black tortoise! He looked at me, and didn't like the look of it, so with infinite pains he curled himself round and broke through to the brushwood again.

This khan is built on a ledge of the mountain where a little stream runs down. There are four enormous flat-topt plane trees in front—one of them at least six foot through the trunk. They have been cut to be as flat as umbrellas, and are in tiny leaf, about as far out as yours in the square, I expect. But these planes seem to begin green rather than brown. Then down the hill are cypresses and figs, then it suddenly gets very deep to a river. The mountain opposite is wooded on the top and has a little village half-way up—about twenty houses.

Lunch at a deserted khan. Nothing for the drivers to eat which made ours taste rather expensive. It's their own fault, they were warned to bring it with them. Lots of the inns and even villages are deserted since the war. It has been a most lovely ride of three hours over several rivers and down places which you would think had been waterfalls—but you know the kind of thing. The only difference is that there is much more water at this time of year, which makes it more charming. The woods are like Fairyland and the flowers exquisite, but not exorbitant as they are in Switzerland. None of your gentian blue fields or great, sulphur anemones. Very frugal, like all Greek beauty. We are still two hours from Andritzena, and that is two from Bassae, so we have six hours more work to do since we sleep at Andritzena. It is piping hot in the plains, but we are never on level ground for more than half-an-hour at a time, and generally we pick up a breeze on the hillside. The ferns are a sight to see. They are loading the horses; it is time to go.

Three o'clock. Just got to Andritzena through a stony wilderness (Arcady's stony solitude) and then by a real road winding round and round the shoulder of the mountains. A crowded little town like Tripolitza, but more congested, built on the slope of a mountain, all terraced. To reach our house the horses had to go down stairs, and even P. struck at this. It's a pretty house with a fair room and a balcony looking over a little walled garden full of corn and surrounded by cypresses and Aleppo pine in the midst. The house is full of old women and pretty girls with very white faces and long, black hair—all very pleased to see us. All the agozatides have been in to shake hands and wish us "*Κάλο ταξίδα.*" I mustn't forget that on the stony hills were clouds (yes, clouds) of iris stylosa. It is too late to do Bassae to-night, so we start at five to-morrow morning, get there seven. There an hour, return here ten or eleven and have lunch, then go to Megalopolis and reach it at eight! A heavy day that. The youngest of the girls is now at my elbow, divided in attention between P.'s bare neck (which they don't at all understand and only half approve of) and my writing. Now tea and then we shall go to see the town and perhaps I can post this enormous letter.

II

ANDRITZENA, *Easter Sunday evening.* Your telegram was a great joy. It was handed to me with great ceremony and before a vast assistance which thronged the narrow stairs and reminded me of the Poetry Book Shop on a gala day. The entire town is interested in us. We met one chap who spoke to us in American and began: "Well, how you fellers like this place?" He had been five years in America and did little credit to the language. He came home for the war and was wounded at Chataldja by a shell —"too much damned bad, that was." He wanted us "fellers" to come and have a drink, but that could not be. But what I wanted to record was a pastoral scene in the mountains this morning. We wound up a rocky river bed and came out upon a plateau, all grass and little bushes. The air was full of sun and small bells. A flock of beautifully white sheep and goats was feeding there, guarded by an old shepherd with a white beard, and a young shepherd in a jolly cloak. They both had crooks like those of ours and saluted us all in turn. It was a real Arcadian pastoral—Pan and the young shepherd with a vengeance.

We start at four to-morrow to see Bassae at sunrise, return here for lunch and go on to Megalopolis on horseback getting there at eight. That's a long day, but we shall go light as the baggage and the cook will go on ahead and have dinner ready ; we shall want it.

Easter Monday, 13*th April*, 8 *a.m.* We got up at 3.45, left by moonlight on horseback. The road was really incredible for any hoofed animal, but they climbed it like cats—we were completely in the mountains, a stony waste with a few stubbed, old oak trees. It got barer and barer as we went on—and we had three hours of it—and at last saw the temple on the ridge at the very summit of all—bathing in the sun. It is grey like the stone of the hill, and at first looks like toothed rocks, a sort of ragged edge. But it's very perfect—all the columns on both sides and most of the architrave. The two pediments are in the British museum. It faces north and south (owing to the lie of the ridge) but the cella opens to the east and the statue received the rising sun. A temple of Apollo. The view is amazing—we see Taygetus and then further south, Ithome with a flat top. The sea is just there and sandy Pylos. Calamata is due south of the temple. On all sides nothing, nothing at all but mountain peaks. It is glorious and wonderful too. The sky is without cloud, but below us, between the hills there are thick, white fleeces of rising cloud, which will melt as they meet the sun. A glorious morning. I am going to get you a little stonecrop from the place where the statue stood as a memory. There is literally nothing else growing up here. I'll put it in an envelope and keep it as well as I can, but travelling so roughly is against it and I doubt if I can keep it alive.

11 *a.m.* Just back from the stony wilderness—two-and-a-half hours out and back, but I am sure a two-hour stump on foot. We did in fact walk a good bit of the way back, often actually scrambling down river beds with the river still in them. How the horses can do it beats me entirely. The latest excitement was that P. found a clump of the green and black iris close to the temple, and I dug some

for you and a little Star of Bethlehem too. I'll send these from Tripolitza. We are just going to have lunch and start on our long job for Megalopolis. Don't get in till eight. Very likely it will be nine. There's a moon and I hear that the road is good.

4 *p.m.* A halt by the way, mi-chemin. A khan with a verandah and balcony built into a spreading Abele tree —company two horses, one mule—three old women, one spinning wool—a goat just delivered, four pigs, an old she-dog big with child, four hens—our own dog, a quarrelsome little devil with a weakness for chasing another man's pigs wherever found. Our muleteers are very old grey-beards, one just like Socrates with a curious bald lump in the middle of his neck. They wear slippers on their very seedy old feet, and I can't think how they do it. They walkt that frightful road to Bassae and back this morning, got in at eleven ; at twelve they started on this twenty-seven mile job to Megalopolis. Such men, I behend, are not made nowadays—at least not in my country. The horses are good, and have need to be. We go a steady three miles an hour. It is hoped that we shall be in by seven. I hope so too. We saw some cyclamen on the road, and P. saw a snake.

Megalopolis, Tuesday morning, 14*th April.* I could write no more last night, because when we got in at past nine o'clock I was only good for a little food, bed, and aspirin. We go too far in the day, and you can call me every kind of fool you can think of if I do it again. I have told Stamati the second plainly now that I cannot. Various amusing things happened, though, before I fell. We took a short cut over a mountain among other things, forded a swift river too, where the Gerontes suddenly leapt upon the rumps of our horses and were carried over in that manner. The dog remained behind until we were over, then with loud yells leapt into the flood and was very nearly drowned, but he came through somehow and chased many a pig afterwards. It grew dark and the endless miles became unspeakably wearisome. However—here we are, in a train for Tripolitza, where we stop the day ; what to do to-morrow, I don't know, but I have talked to Stamati. The difficulty is this, that we are going entirely into the mountains where there are no roads and must go slow. If we take short stages we must be some days late in Athens; if we take long ones I shall surely die. Now we want to be in Athens by the end of this week, (a) for letters, (b) for clean clothes, (c) to see K., to whom I telegraphed. We may leave out something but I don't know that that will help us much. It's all very complicated.

This is a poor place built on a large scale but gone to ruin because nearly all the inhabitants are in America. The Government have prohibited emigration now, it seems. Nobody under 25 may leave Greece. It seems medieval, but was really necessary. They not only went to America to the tune of a thousand a week, but when they came back they brought phthisis with them. I am perfectly well again this morning with not a trace of sickness, thanks to aspirin. We were in the saddle yesterday fourteen-and-a-half hours, and never at anything but a foot pace, but most of it was up and down waterfalls and torrent beds. What a life! But it is very delightful until the moment of collapse comes—and then a torment. The train has started, but we change in ten minutes, I believe.

We are at Tripolitza again sitting in the little white saloon where we received Miss C——. No telegrams at the P.O. We go on to-night by carriage to Levidhi, sleep there and see the sights. Mantinea where the battle was, Orchomenos, and most exciting of all to me the place of the great shrine of Artemis Hymnia—sacred all over Arcadia, a sort of Delos. It is near her Mount Maenalus. All this thrills me.

Just had lunch and filled my pen. We are going to do some little shoppings and then go on our road. At Andritzena we bought some skins, three foxes for B., who loves to be selling furs with the best, and a surprise for you. The foxes were cheap—forty francs for the three, which counts out at eleven shillings English per skin. It's awfully hot again and I don't mean to start till four o'clock. We shall get in about 7.30 allowing half-an-hour for Mantinea. I should like to give you some more places for telegrams but there don't seem to be any places fitted with wires. We may be a day late, that's the worst of it. The horses have arrived here and, after a rest will go on to Levidhi.

We go there this evening by carriage. I have sent you a wire to-day where we shall be on Friday. We shall be a day late in Athens. (Getting there Sunday.) I think I'll post this to you from here as there won't be anything like a post office till we reach Kalavrita on Friday. I'm perfectly well again to-day and will take care not to get landed again a third time.

Levidhi, 8.30 *p.m.* We have just got here after a fifteen mile drive, mostly uphill. It is dark, so I can't say much of it, except that it is on the side of a mountain and looks across a gulf of blackness to more mountains. People creep about with candles and look like ghosts or the Nibelungs. A dense crowd gathered about us and infuriated our cook, a very peppery man : he seized one youth and shook him violently to and fro. We are now in a rather good inn with balconies to the many windows, on one of which I can stand and exactly face you in England. This is where the shrine of Artemis Hymnia is. I shall see it to-morrow and pray there. Stamati says it is the richest village in Greece because they grow opium here. (We do want dinner so badly !) The drive was very jolly skirting Maenalus and passing Mantinea where the Athenians beat the Spartans and Epaminondas was killed. We stopt half way to water the horses and were effusively welcomed by a huge landlord of the town, rather drunk already. He shook hands, insisted on standing lakhoum and talkt a prodigious deal of Greek. He was exactly like William Morris to look at and would have made a good Falstaff. Leaving the plain we got into a narrow valley and the owls were coursing all about us in the dusk. The stars came out and grew huge as it grew dark. It was intensely lovely and melancholy. By the time we got here it was quite dark, but we plugged along without lights. You would enjoy every second of all this. It's so varied and so amusing. We noticed that the peasants and shepherds are almost indistinguishable from the rocks—they wear a sort of grey-blue jean and that's just the colour of the rocks. Also P., who has all the luck this time, saw a clump of red tulips growing in a hedgerow. I saw a single one—rather like your Praecox. Here comes dinner, thank the Lord—you will have done yours, or nearly, it is a quarter to nine.

Wednesday, 15th April. Good morning. It's twenty past seven. A sparkling, fresh day. We got up at six and have packt and breakfasted, and now they are dealing with the pragmata. Troops of pale blue people are passing with donkeys, mules and dogs, down the rocky path to the valley where they are to cultivate opium and grow rich. They don't look rich, poor dears, but awfully picturesque. The valley is very narrow and so far as I can see we shall be almost immediately in the mountains. The lake Pheneus, where we are to go, is over 2,000 feet above the sea, and we are about 1,000 here. I can see snow on many a peak from the balcony where I sit, and there is a beautiful subject for you immediately in front of balconied, flat-roofed houses, crusting a spur of rock exactly like one of your saxifrages—behind that dark purple hills with gleams of snow and a pale, blue sky with fleecy, white clouds over all. A large threshing floor just like one described in the Odyssey is just below the window. It reminds me of Ornan the Jebusite, however—I don't know why. Now I like to think that just hereabouts they worshipped Artemis Hymnia in old times. I love to think of that. Now we are to go. I'll write again when we halt for lunch.

We have stopt for midday. (But it is five minutes to two!) After crossing two chains of mountains, first Lykion, and then part of Kyllene, but first we saw the church of the Panagia which is the site of the shrine. The Theotokos has absorbed Hymnia here, as Aphrodite elsewhere, and Athene elsewhere. It is a way she has. In itself it is a beautiful little Byzantine church with remains of fine frescoes. No remains of classical times. Having prayed there, we formed our cavalcade and crossed the Orchomenean plain and passed the hill whereon old Orchomenos stood. We didn't go up. It's said to be the highest Acropolis in Greece, but I swear it's not so high as Acro Corinth. Then we passed our first range, going over a saddle of Lykion which faces Maenalus across the Orchomenean plain. There was a jolly fountain there with women washing carpets of their own weaving. (P. took a photo.) The plains are extremely fertile—would grow anything—and the mountains almost entirely bare—nothing seems to grow but sage and dwarf ilex. No flower to speak of here. Then another plain, and then we get into he glens of Kyllene—a truly awful wilderness. You never saw such rocks, such baldness, and such a glare of the sun. It is quite terrifying—not a bird—not a tree, not a square nch of shade. The very lizards seem to pant there. It ook us about two hours to get up to the col, and then down he other side. P. and I lunched at the top, the sun having gone in. There was a breeze. The men and horses waited till we got to this khan, which is three-quarters of he way down through the plain of Phenéos where the lake s and the village where we sleep to-night. To-morrow Solos and the Styx. Oh, on the way down we saw lots of aubrietia on the rocks (P. saw it first, but her horse is the fastest and always goes first). Men, horses and dogs are all feeding hard. An enormous fat priest is sitting in the only chair reading the week before last's paper in the sun—before me is the glen which we have climbed down, steep as the side of a house roof. Immediately over us ower grey spurs of Kyllene with fine trees growing God knows how. A river runs below with pale green willows, and some pink walnuts. In the yard there is a splendid stone oven—Homeric exactly. Small boys with bald heads dressed in pale blue cotton and with faces the colour of your crocodile shoes are in a row by the wall looking at he Kyrioi. That's all. It's awfully hot. I smell garlic from the black hole where the men are feasting. I am going to have some coffee. I think we have done the worst of to-day's job. Some of it was very tedious. I'll write more from Phenéos.

MONASTERY ABOVE PHENÉOS, 7.30 *p.m.* Directly we left he village we descended to where the lake of Phenéos ought to be but now is not. We could see how high it had been quite lately. Some fifteen feet, but now it is nearly all drained off and we actually crossed the bed of t. A great, flat plain of pale, dry mud, which they are diligently ploughing with oxen about as big as your Minnie. t must be awfully good land, but the clods are hard as ocks and all have to be broken with main blows of the mattock. It is about as big as St. Mary's Loch and very much like it, except that the mountains are grey rock instead of grey grass, and there is snow on them in some quantity. We crossed the plain, skirted the Northern side of Kyllene and came out of the country of Artemis into that of Pan. In other words we came in full sight of Chelmos where the Styx rises. A black and savage mass of mountain making a huge semi-circle—pines more than half-way up, and then grim peaks covered with snow and built to each other by snowfields. A very panicky place, indeed. And horrors began, one of which haunts me now, and will for a long time. In the middle of the bare, empty plain (it's about a mile across and four long) I saw a little pyramid of black on the ground. When we came near we saw it was a woman in a hood and cloak of black ; nearer still it was a girl, a child. She sat on the ground, upright and motionless, and didn't even turn her eyes as we passed. She was very pretty with blue eyes, and had a flushed, fair face. I saw that she was absolutely held by fever—malaria. There she sat, alone with her devil—and there from a mile or more away we saw her sit. I suggested quinine to Stamati, but he didn't seem to think anything could be done. We left her to Pan and the silence, and cold and dark. I can't forget it. The next horror was that we bought a lamb on route and tied its feet together with string and put it on the pragmata. As it's Holy Week here, there's no meat to be had anywhere. It was rather dreadful to be carrying one's living sacrifice *mit* ; it is now dead and skinned, and so it's all over. Third horror was a madman lying in a ditch and playing with twigs. He was nearly black, a gipsy they say, and uttered feeble cries as we passed. So much for Pan.

Then we reached the village of Phenéos and skirted it, and climbed through oak woods, very fairy-like and pretty, to this strange place, a large monastery on a spur of Chelmos, which stares into the sky above us like a white-sheeted fanatic. The monastery is much bigger than the one we lay in at Mistra—it has several courtyards and a balcony all round, outside as well as in. There are lots of monks (like wild beasts), and lots of novices, sort of hermaphrodites, with smooth faces and long hair—all very filthy, but very pleasant. The Abbot is fat and spectacled and shook hands. He gave us Mastick, coffee, and a sweet made of roses. (A jam, in fact.) We are now disinfecting the oom and putting up our own beds. The place was rich once and rather swell. This room, for instance, has a fine coffered ceiling of wood, oak or chestnut ; a great, stone ireplace, and some good carved chests, an Ikon, with a silver lamp and all that sort of thing. But it is very poor now and gone to seed. Everything is getting rotten, and he glass falling out of the windows. The Government is bored with monks, and discourages them all it can. It has a lovely site, and is one of the strangest places I have ever struck. I hate these sexless novices extremely, and don't enquire into the morals of the business. Better not, am sure. To-morrow we shall be in the snow for a bit, and sleep at our highest point at Solos. I'll tell you all about it. I am not a bit tired to-day, though we have been riding from 8–7! But it hasn't been hot at all since lunch ime—and now is positively chilly. We must be at least hree thousand feet above the sea. We are going to have dinner, so I'll stop. I hope some of these notes will reach you, for you'll like them, and I want you to follow it all. They may be useful to me, too, some day if I do anything with all this.

Thursday, 16*th April*. Mezzo-Giorno. I have never slept in a filthier room than last night—not even at Lada. t was quite comic, the shifts we were at to put anything down on anything. We spent nearly two tins of Keatings and laid various booby traps of jugs of water, etc., to put off hermaphrodites appearing out of trap-doors in the night. There were many such in the room you must know. Then about the windows—they gave on to a gallery where hermaphrodites were frequently passing. How to open a window and hide ourselves ! Well, we did our best, and got to bed. I slept badly, listening for rats, or rustling cockroaches. At 2 a.m. the bell rang, and the pale, exless wretches all trooped to their office. I knew no more till 5.30. After breakfast, and packing, we had to ee the sights—the chapel, rather tawdry Byzantine, overdone, and infinitely dirty—the library with a few, good manuscripts, and some vestments. Then we shook hands with the Abbot and the cleanest of the others, and left about 9.

I wish I could describe this most heavenly climb, round and round a spur of Chelmos. First through oak woods, barely showing bud, then through firwoods, by water-courses and steep stairs in rock or root, out into glades, where we saw the sky, and were on turf with daisies, primroses, and blue anemones, and purple crocus—in the woods, again, and always up, almost to the snow line ; at the top a splendid glimpse of the mountain tops like a purple sea with snow for foam—and then down, on foot this time (for it was too bad even for the horses, with loads) and now we have halted for lunch about three-quarters of the way down, in a shady glen with a running stream at our feet, of delicious water, and no other sound at all but its constant running sound. I can just see snow peaks through the trees. I believe we go down to the river level and then climb again to Solos—how we do, or if we do, the Styx, I have no idea. I rather think from Solos. No flowers but crocus and chionodoxa to report, but we are promised pale irises from Megaspelio, which I *think* may be Susiana ! Fancy that ! If they are, you shall have a root. No day we have had yet would have given you such joy as this, though yesterday and the monastery would have thrilled you. Such free entertainments, such holes and corners for you to pry into, such strange creatures for you to wonder at. Stamati has gone away to find the road, but directly he is back we shall go on. Farewell till this evening at Solos.

Solos, 5. *p.m.* We have been in just an hour, having made it with ease—bar a few accidents. The cook's horse fell, with the cook on board, and annoyed him very much. Then, coasting a narrow ledge over a precipice a horse (the cook's again) slipped and fell half way down the cliff ! This time the cook was leading the animal and got his fingers cut by the cord. He complained loudly and much, but has just served tea with his usual cheerfulness and dispatch. The scenery got finer and finer as we came near Chelmos—a blue, black mountain cleft by many terrific gorges with waterfalls out of the snow in each. We followed the course of a jolly, green river until we came to the gorge, then we climbed and past two or three completely deserted villages, a sad sight. Finally, we crost the river and began to climb Chelmos itself. The village, where we are, is perched upon the steep side of the mountain, a shoulder, really, which is between us and the gorge of the Styx. It looked charming as we approached—little, perched white houses with pink roofs, and the sun shining through great cherry trees aflower. It was like a Japanese fairy tale. The sun on cherry blossom backt by pure, blue sky is a lovely sight. From where we sit on the balcony of our clean, but empty room, we can look down 500 feet of cherry blossom to the river which we crost—there are hardly any green trees here, except a few willows, but we have both been presented with some hyacinth flowers. It is a peasant's house but also a doctor's. For the son of the family is a doctor, and the whole place smells of his iodoform. In our room, besides a bed and two chairs, is a large loom for spinning cotton or wool—a jolly piece of striped cotton is half finished in it, and spools of wool hang outside the windows. The place is full of carpets of their own weaving. I see one, an oldish one, done in a fine, bold pattern of black and red on dirty white which I shall buy for you. If you won't have it, I will gladly keep it. They have just fed us with rose jam and fresh water. There is abundant water here. The evening is most lovely—I am not a bit tired. We get up at four to-morrow and take the Styx on our way to Kalvryta. There Aristides and Socrates—our dear old muleteers—leave us, and we shall miss them. They have come all the way from Andritzena on their battered old feet, and have to pad all the way back somehow. They must be 140 years old between them. At Kalvryta I post this long letter, and shall speir for a wire from you. If I don't get one, that is good. If I do, it is better. There is an end of my day's news.

Friday noon, 17*th April.* We have seen the falls of the Styx, though not from so near as I had hoped. Your glasses served us well. It is a stiff climb of two hours to where we got to, and it needed another hour of mountaineering to get to it, and the hour down ; and we had Chelmos to get over. The water comes out of a glacier and sprays down an enormous rock covered with black moss. It looks like grey hair (I mean the water does). A weird effect. Then it slides over ice and snow and then falls again in precisely the same way, but not so far ; then disappears and joins the river lower down. *Μελάς Ποτάμος* they call it. The glaciers lie in a nitch in Chelmos. We left it at 7.30, having started at 5, and addressed ourselves to Chelmos. A narrow path rising at such an angle that unless you saw it you couldn't believe a horse could get up. It is almost incredible but they did it and carried us with them. We got to the snow line at about 9.30 and came on a plateau, either sheeted with snow, or where the snow had gone, with flowers—chiefly crocus, mauve, white and yellow, squill and celandine. There were some beautiful rock plants, but unfortunately we had past the best of them when it was impossible to stop. However, I have got you three good roots of androsace carnea, some of another pretty thing, whose name escapes me, and one or two crocus bulbs just for sentiment. The androsace and the other must go in the morain and be jammed between stones. There is one little bulb with a yellow flower which excites me vastly. I have never seen it in my life. Morain it also. I shall send off a cigarette box from Kalvryta this afternoon to Charles with a brief instruction to pot everything until you can see to all yourself. We are now on the descent below the snow among the pines. The Gerenian mountains, with snow on them too (where *Γεϱήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστοϱ* came from) are in front across the valley—a fine, saw-toothed range. The horses are feeding on crocus and squill in a little meadow. P. is asleep and I am writing. We shall start soon and this letter will go to-night. Fine as the gorge of the Styx is, it is not so fine as the Castalian gorge at Delphi, nor Chelmos so good as Taygetos. Nothing I have seen to-day equals the desolate and awful grandeur of the pass to Bassae.

KALVRYTA. *After tea.* We got in very comfortably at 3, and have been examining the town. It is Good Friday, kept very much as it is with us as a kind of pre-taste of Easter revelry. Much buying and selling of new hats and shoes, much bleating of lambs going to be slain for sinners to-night or to-morrow. I have just seen a priest haggle for one under the plane trees, and stalk grandly away with a little boy carrying the lamb—a black one—home on his head. The street was crowded as we came through, pushing a way for our horses. Rather like a bazaar in

Tunis. A strange sight was a portly man in a beard and long hair dressed in white linen entirely, on his head a round white cap with a gold band, in his hand a little sword which he played with as if it had been a cane. He had straw round his white stockings and straw shoes with gold tassels on the toes. A fine, flushed, blue-eyed creature. Mad, he believes himself an emperor, God help him, and is evidently quite happy. They are all very kind to him and nobody mocks. We were rather mobbed by children at first ; someone soon removed them and there was no more fuss. They are very nice people when not killing Bulgarians. On the stairs of the hotel are blood-curdling pictures of the war ; one is called *ὁ Βουλγαϱοφάγος* ! and shows a kilted Greek really eating a Bulgar, beginning at the ear! Now a procession has just past. Cross-bearer, priest with censer, acolyte carrying linen shield. Then a man carrying a white-clad child in a tray. Question is : Baptism or funeral ? We thought the child moved its head. I am inclined to the funeral theory myself. To-morrow is our last day on horseback. We go to Megaspelio, a monastery in a cave, and there take train for Athens. We saw the Gulf of Corinth to-day from the mountains and Parnassus beyond it swathed in snow and cloud. It has been a lovely day, not too hot and not too tiring. No telegrams so far. I shall enquire again to-morrow when I post this and your plants. I shall register the letter as it is a big one. I have just enough of this block left to get me to Athens where are some more—and letters I hope.

MEGASPELIO. *Saturday evening*, 18*th April.* We got here without adventure—our last ride. From the valley we had to climb by zig-zags 3,000 feet up the rock face of a mountain, and found this astonishing place at that height. There is a huge cave which contains the Church (we go to midnight mass there presently), and whose opening is completely built over by houses—storey after storey—I have just counted them, there are nine storeys, the lowest being some 50 feet from the path. I never saw anything like it before—but will tell you more about it to-morrow when I have seen it. It is one of the largest monasteries in Greece, and the service of to-night is of an old Byzantine ritual not used elsewhere. It is full of pilgrims just now because of this very service. It begins at midnight, which is a bore—but we can't miss it, of course. We came to the hotel which has been built for rich pilgrims, and found heaps of Greeks, but no foreigners but ourselves. Very nice Greeks too—one of them, a pretty girl of about P.'s age—a swell being, a Cantacuzene (who have been Byzantine Emperors in their day) attached herself to us and climbed the remaining 1,000 feet to the top of this mountain—a severe job, too. We had to go up the morain between the rocks, and the last fifteen minutes or so was jolly steep. The silly girl had high-heeled thin shoes—and was rather an anxiety—but she was plucky and so proud of herself! When we came down her parents were overjoyed; they had never thought to see her alive again. We were introduced to Papa, Mama, ma cousine, ma tante, and Lord knows who—we talked German to some, French to others, English to others, you never heard such a babel.

The flowers were wondrous—a pink (rose-coloured) anemone, coronaria, for instance; the irises are, I fear, German ones gone wild; but I got one, also another androsace, and a lovely pink thing which I dug as well as I could out of a rock—I don't know what it is a bit.

All these are to go off from Athens. Stamati thought it better, and so it must be. We have just had an enormous tea with butter and marmalade and all sorts of luxuries. And now we have to keep awake till twelve o'clock, when the Messe de minuit commences.

The mountain climb was very beautiful—lots of water, trees, flowers, a ravine, a hawk. From the top we saw the Gulf of Corinth and the bay where Itea is. Parnassus was veiled in cloud—Oh, lovely, lovely country, I hope I shall live in it some day, and perhaps die in it—then I'll have my ashes taken up to one of the mountains—Taygetus, Kyllene, or Maenalus, and there thrown to the winds of the Gods. More after dinner. I must get clean now and unpack my bag to get out my boot trees and books.

After dinner, and a very good one, we devotees have all gone to lie down before the solemnities of midnight. I have slept for an hour-and-a-half and have still an hour to wait. It's awfully cold, and a furious wind is howling round the mountain. I really began again to tell you that

I bought you a carpet off the back of P.'s horse. It is Andritzena hand-made work—a large carpet with a blue ground. I gave sixty francs for it, and if you don't want it will gladly have it myself. I think it very beautiful; its date, 1881, is woven in it, and it has begun to fade nicely. I have never seen a Greek carpet to touch it. The one I told you about at Solos was too old and its holes past mending. So far as I can see at present our arrangements will be these. We shall be in Athens to-morrow and stay till the 22nd. Then we start a cruise to Santorin, Naxos, Melos, etc., and return to Athens Tuesday, 28th. Catch steamer at Patras Wednesday, the 29th, and reach London Sunday, the 3rd, or Monday, the 4th.

III

Sunday morning in the cog-wheel train to Diakophto. I must describe to you the extraordinary service we were at last night from 12 till 2.30 a.m. (tho' it actually went on till five!). After dinner we slept and were woken at ten to twelve by Stamati. It was dark as hell and blowing great guns—we had to skirt a precipice on one side and a stream on the other—no light but candles, which went out every minute. We disregarded the stream, but showed the gorge great respect. (We have just crossed the canal and seen the hawks and the Ægean sea. The same young old man was at Corinth with the twinkling eye and the silver coins to sell.) Finally a monk in a window high in the rock showed a torch, and we reacht the door of the church, which is the door of the cave. We went up a long flagged passage to the Narthex and went into the church. From start to finish—I mean from door to end of Sanctuary must be quite fifty yards. The church is almost square, is small like all Greek churches—about as big as the one near the Hermes. It is overloaded with ornament, has not a square inch uncovered with gold carving or painting. The Iconostase is like an enormous picture frame in old pale gold. The huge chandeliers are silver. It was very dark, with no lights at all except a row of about fourteen silver lamps with floating wicks. Not very full, perhaps half full—there may have been 150 people before the end. The monks in black with tall hats on were moving about.

They are fine, tall, bearded, portly men—not at all like the unclean wild beasts at Hagios Giorgios. No novices, thank the Lord who made even them! P. and the Greek ladies had stalls among the monks, or such of them as took no part. I was offered one, but it was so narrow that I couldn't get into it! Lucky for me—for this morning P. found a bug on her blouse. Well, after ordeal by waiting, a kind of wooden gong began to beat—a noise as if you were tapping frequently on a thin board—and then the Abbot and others of his crew squeezed into church, and the Abbot addressed a prayer to the Sanctuary. He took his throne—and the next thing was a long prayer said at incredible and rather discreditable speed by a shortish monk. Then a precentor brought his book out and led a curious antiphonal chant between the Abbot on one side and a very old monk on the other—so old that he could only stand by holding himself up by the sides of his stall under his armpits like crutches. As a matter of fact he sang better than most of them but seemed to be in a sort of trance—no sight in his old pale blue fish eyes—and frequently afterwards he broke out into a crooning kind of chant as his dream moved him. The antiphon was very tiring, and after the Abbot and *his* man were done with, the busy precentor took on another pair and led *them* through the mazes of it. It was very curious: the precentor sang half a sentence and his man then began it and so on, never catching up, a sort of vocal fugue. The next thing was the reading of the Gospel of Easter Day by a very handsome monk (no one in vestments so far); he not only read the Gospel (which I could follow), but an interminable homily—which may have been the Epistle after it—and as he read from an old parchment MS. almost illegible from age, he could hardly make it out, and faltered a good, deal 'tho his taper almost toucht the page. That lasted for years. He read in a natural voice, as you might read Shakespeare, simply, and I thought well—or it *would* have been well if he could have seen the text. Meantime they were robing inside the Sanctuary and putting on their perfectly gorgeous vestments (I suppose you know that your silver ornament is no less than a clasp of a Zone?), and then one or two candles which had been lighted to read by were blown or pincht out, and (as Hylas pointed out) we were in darkness except for the Sanctuary lamps. Miscellaneous chanting was going on all the time—but presently someone knockt on a gong—fast at first, and then three knocks. The Abbot recited a prayer and presently came out of the middle door robed in purple silk and carrying a taper. There was shrill and loud singing, and there he stood. Everybody was armed with tapers, of course. We got them as we came in—and all crowded about the door where he stood (a splendid looking man every bit a prelate). First each monk lighted his taper from the Abbot's, and kissed the back of his hand ; someone *took* a light to the old propt up monk. Next it was our turn, and we got our light and gave our kiss—they had meantime lighted the three huge chandeliers, and everything else they could see, so it was all in a blaze—a fine sight in that old barbaric dark-hued vault. Then came the procession, two men carrying flat silver fans on long sticks went first—then all the monks in splendid copes—then the Abbot carrying a silver staff like the Kadukeus of Hermes (seemingly with snakes on the top), his taper and an ikon closed it. We all followed out to the Narthex where an ambone had been put up. The Abbot stood facing the altar—I mean the Sanctuary, and censed the ambone all over—put his ikon on it, and then yelled his message to us all that Christ was risen. There were Hosannas and Alleluias accompanied by frantic gongs, and everybody tossed their lights up and down. The wildest, most barbaric sight you ever saw. Then there was a Litany, and finally the Abbot went all round the church with his censer before he returned to the Sanctuary to go on with his mass. By that time it was past two o'clock in the morning, and we who had been up at five were extenuated with fatigue. The Greeks with us were all ready to go—so we did, back to the hotel, where they served a soup made chiefly of the less honourable parts of a sheep, and purple hard-boiled eggs. The Greeks all made the customary salutation—Christ is risen. Answer—He is risen indeed—and were as cheerful as grigs, their fasting over.

P. went off to bed as soon as she could, but I had to stay to drink toasts with the Greekish parents, and be very much bored till three fifteen! It was blowing a gale all night, and was as cold as March in England. The thing was worth seeing, undoubtedly—but what amazed me was that they did it so badly. If there had been room, if there had been any sense of order, decorum, or dignity, it would have been different. There was none—but celebrants, people and monks were all jostling about anyhow and when not actually officiating with their lips the celebrants were talking and cracking jokes. Even the Abbot, robed in purple, his holy fire in his hand, made remarks as he lighted people's candles—Tut, Tut—jolly bad candle *you've* got—that sort of thing. As for the congregation I could see that it was enough for them that they were there and that the thing was being done—anyhow *done*. They talkt almost all the time, even while they were crossing themselves. So far as I could judge the music (which was said to be traditional Byzantine 4th century) might have been good if any of them had sung in tune, but only the Precentor did that, and *he* did it through his nose. No—the Greeks have no sense of the beauty of divine service. I don't suppose you could go to a much more famous shrine, short of Mount Athos—and that was how it went. I hate that kind of thing as you know. One couldn't possibly feel the beauty of the idea of Resurrection, triumph, hope, in the midst of that.

Well, we have, I suppose, done with the mountains for a year. What we shall do next must depend on the weather; but it's blowing from the north now, hard and bitterly—the Ægean is silver and smoke colour—the sky is grey. No weather for cruising, and none for the mountains. We must see what we will do. We have just seen Aegina in the silver water, and now are going to Eleusis, I think. In less than two hours we shall be at the Hermes.

ATHENS, HERMES. 19*th April. After dinner.* Letters were here, also cheque. I loved to have the news of all the things so dear to my heart. I am proud of the Viscosa because I never made it do at B. C. in spite of all manner of pains. I do hope my new androsaces (two sorts) which I send you to-morrow will answer. The good Charles will keep them going until you are there again. I am wiring you to-morrow not to send any more letters or to write. If you like to write to Hotel International, Brindisi, it will rge me on my way ; but you will judge ; Athens is very nuch as usual, though Lykabettos looks flatter than we xpected ; but then we are familiar with such mountains. he idiotic flat-faced porter is still here, and the morbid oung Jew in the salle à manger who spits in the waste-aper basket—still spits there. He is fatter. So is the ead waiter. Our little pink sheep has gone. Alexandra s retired ! Woe is us. Nothing else to tell you as yet. Ve shall be full of business to-morrow. I see K. at nine-hirty, then affairs with Cook, the bankers, the post office, tc. ; possibly after that the Acropolis—who knows ? My eeling is to get out of Athens as soon as possible and be lone with nature and the Greek Gods. They have been ll about me on my journey.

I must refuse Pan to the young woman, such things an't be permitted. I shall wire to her and put her out f misery. All the other letters may wait till I come back. must unpack now and clear up before we go to bed, very ired.

P.S.—P. has just found a bug in her bed. "The trials f Greece, the trials of Greece ! where burning Howard it and sung." . . .

HERMES. *Monday.* I've seen K. who lives in a very rand house opposite the Polytechnic (on the way to the Museum), and is waited on by innumerable Greek sailors vith very white teeth and curly heads. They all talk English or American, and have been taught the English vay of standing to attention, saluting, etc. We are to line there to-night, and I hope to clinch C.'s affair. He von't have to become a Greek—which was all he jibbed at. hen I sent off a wire to you and others, posted your plants o Charles, and did some work with *Ὁ κούκ*, rather fruitless—uncht, and have been writing ever since. To-morrow ve go to see the dancing at Megara, and start the same vening for Volo by steamer, en route for Tempe and hessaly, after all! We had to give up the cruise on ccount (a) of expense ; (b) of time ; (c) of the weather, or the sea is very rough and the wind bitter cold. So we hall have more mountaineering on horseback after all : hall see Tempe, Thermopylæ, ride over Kithairon, and go Thebes, which I want to do. All's fish to my net.

I've refused Pan to Miss X. The artist is a foolish artist and I shan't answer him at all. How could I work with a man I know nothing of except that he likes fairies? I am sorry you have to be bored with such people. We shop this afternoon, see the Parthenon after tea, and dine with the K.'s at eight-thirty—no wedding garment for me. P. has hers. I shall get your sponge this evening—Poco tempo next week. We leave Greece on Wednesday week, 28th—home. Sunday or Monday morning, ten-fifteen, I believe.

No—I can't stand this place. We went up to the Acropolis and stood under the amber colonnade—in the Museum there—the Nike and all the rest of it. It was luckily very cold and windy (it was always windy, wasn't it) so P. didn't want to stop and down we came. They have cleaned it up a good deal. You can't scramble over rocks from the gate now, and they have planted a sacred olive by the Custodès sentry box before the Propylaea, which is charming of them. Such a healthy, sturdy and bushy little olive. Inside they have done a good deal in the way of putting up new blocks of marble. It is all beautifully swept, and was peaceful even to-day, which is a Bank Holiday, and almost as bad as at home in the way of noise and full trams, though, of course, no disorder and nobody drunk. In the outward conduct of life they are the most charming people I have ever met, though I don't like bugs in my bed more than most people. The shutting of the shops was a great bore, and of the bank too. Stamati has to borrow money to pay for our new excursion which begins 7 p.m. to-morrow. Steamer to Chalkis and Volo. Tempe—Larissa—the Lion of Chaeronea—Helicon—Thebes—home to pack. More than enough junketing. We are off to dine with the K.'s. To-morrow morning shops—then the eleven-thirty train to Megara, and return by three train—change, pack—catch train to Piræus. What a life! but the more I am occupied the better. I am bored with this dinner party; but it is for C. and must be done. Good-night, I'll tell you all about the dancing women of Megara to-morrow, and post this before I go.

Tuesday, April 21st. We were up very early and did our packing before Stamati came, then out to the bank and to wire to you, and then we went to Megara with lunch in the train. It was blinding hot, with a strong wind and clouds of dust. Megara is a mud-built village with mud walls and brown mud roofs—the Panegyris was in full swing on a dry plain under what was once the Acropolis, the worst place in the world for such a thing—broken ground, without shade and full in the wind! It looked, and no doubt was, some kind of fair. There were booths covered with fir boughs for drinking purposes, and a few hawkers of toys, sweets and bread. A goodly crowd—very much the greater part being women (glad to the heart of Mrs. Pankhurst) in their wedding clothes—some silk, some cloth, covered with sequins, and some of them with queer white aprons half round them with a broad red border. Their hair was plaited and the ends hung with long gold cords and tassels. All were veiled, the most of them in yellow cotton handkerchiefs, but the best in white gauze with gold edging, very pretty. The total effect in the crowd was of lightness and pale colour. The men were nearly all in frock coats made of dusters. Some Exzones, but not many. Five hundred people at least. The dancing was done in little separate rings, each ring with its own music, always a big drum and a pipe with about three notes to it. The effect was monotonous but stimulating, like all the barbarian music I have ever heard. First we saw a dance of four women and one man—who kept in touch with handkerchiefs which they held instead of taking hands. The man did all the posturing and frequently changed partners. The women followed him round in a ring, footing it most sedately. Another kind was of three men who again had a Choragos or leader. Polemy said this was a survival of an antique war dance; there was much more vigour and swagger about this, same music—drinks were handed freely, and I'm sure they wanted them. The prettiest was all of women who, facing in, linked hands across and across in a long line. I saw about fifty of them together. They advanced six steps and retired three, sidling all the time—some of them sang to a queer chant of three or four notes something about "Black eyes" and "I blame my heart"—a sort of love-lament, I suppose. There was some reminiscence of a frieze about this—but the women were nearly all very ugly and their clothes clumsy and of no sort of cut. Their figures were flat like men's—ugly creatures—and they boast pure classical descent ! We had had enough of this by 2.30, and went down gaily for the train—but it didn't come. Eventually there came up a special from Athens having the King on board going to Corfu to see William K. He stood on the platform at the end of his car and saluted to cheers—a fine figure with a fat face, in Admiral's uniform. Our train was an hour-and-a-half late ! We are in it now, and are going to lose our boat to Volo—that's about the fact of it. Down with royalty. I don't think we have a ghost of a chance—so we shall miss the Gulf of Euboea and Aulis where the Greeks assembled to go to Troy, and go instead by train to-morrow, really a great bore—but there it is. Meantime the day is over. To-morrow we sail to the west. I am *so* ready to go.

Wednesday morning. At sea near Chalkis. We had a rare race for the steamer, the train reached Athens 6.30—the boat should leave Piræus at 7 ! We went at a gallop to the Hermes, fetcht out our pragmata—Stamati fetcht a large motor, and we flew down the Avenue *Είγγϱος* to Piræus breaking every law of God and man. We actually arrived at the harbour at 7, and the " Hermoupolis " had not gone. It went about ten minutes after we got on board ! Not a bad ship for a Greek, and quite a good dinner. No cockroaches in cabin. Bed at 9.30—up at 5 and on deck. It is now 6 and I have breakfasted (pour ainsi dire) on tea and lemon and dry bread. We are steaming up the narrow sea between Euboea on the east, and Thessaly. The water was a sheet of pale blue and silver, the plains tender green and behind them on either side violet purple mountains. They are much lower than in the Peloponnese, but have lovely outlines. One slim pyramid in Euboea is covered with snow. We are in the great bay of Aulis, where the Greek fleet assembled—a thousand strong to rescue a woman fair and much beloved. There is lots of room for them, but the strait through which they had to sail is awfully narrow. There are the usual savages on board—burnouses, Turkish houries, high boots—heathens asleep all over the place—priests, fat women, etc.

Last night they were very vivacious—one boy especially who seemed to be doing Scheherazade to a group of men, and doing it awfully well. This morning they are subdued and rather bed-ridden, but the sun is up and we shall all be livelier presently. I post this in Volo. I would ask you to write to Brindisi but that I don't know how long we shall be there. I don't even know till I get to Larissa how we are going to get to Brindisi. The Austrian Lloyd is full—Cook has wired about the Italian boat. I shall hear from him at Larissa. If he fails Stamati will try for a Greek ship. There is always this sort of trouble getting away.

2.30 *p.m.* We have been at sea all day—perfectly bright but a strong cold wind, which may go down at 4 o'clock as usual. We reach Volo at 7 this evening. P. is in deep converse with a young Greek nut, who is instructing her in the recent war, on the upper deck. I am below, out of the wind, considering the coast. We are just passing the eastern outlet of Thermopylæ, and in a minute shall be opposite the mouth of the Spercheios, which is the river that came and loved a lady in my poem; we ought to be able to see Kithaeron, Helicon, and Parnassus from here, but the clouds hide them. The sea is of that deep, true indigo blue which you love as much as I do; the mountains, I think, a little more clothed than in Artemis's country—certainly darker and less austere grey rock than that—but I don't love them so much. Spercheios has a broad delta full of bright green bushes. The pass is immediately behind, an impossibly narrow entry between almost vertical cliffs. We are exactly opposite now, with a brick red sail of a fishing boat in the foreground.

In VOLO BAY. 5.30. There is a most wonderful view before me now—a view of folded mountains fold within fold—all misty and light—as if they were made of gossamer, or as if it was a drawing in silver point. The sun is low and hidden from me, but fills up every valley with grey light leaving the outline dark. Out of a Japanese painting you would never see such a thing. Its delicate beauty would ravish you. We shall be in in an hour-and-a-half. There is a small island in the bay where they kept one thousand Bulgarian prisoners; poor devils.

Later. We are coming into Volo, where I shall post this letter and begin another with Tempe. I hope to get you some plants there and to see some tortoises. This time next week we shall be on the Adriatic heading West—every hour counts from now.

LARISSA, 23*rd* April. We got up at 3.30 a.m., both having been ill in the night and feeling like doomed wretches. A fine sunrise with many-peakt Olympus bathed in rose colour. That's all I remember. We slept all the way, and on arriving here had some broth and went to bed. There we remained sleeping till nearly four in the afternoon. A sort of bilious fever. P. has recovered, I hope, but I feel horribly ill. There are storks in this town of low houses, acacias and minarets. Two sit on the angle of this hotel and clatter with their beaks like policemen's rattles.

Larissa lies in a large plain with Olympus and Ossa almost over it. They have had no rain since February. There was a Litany in the Plateia to-day. Kyrie Eleison from boys, and a loud prayer from the priest.

Friday morning, 24*th April.* Both of us well again and ready for Tempe and the Falls. A brilliant very hot day—the plain all slumbrous with heat, and the mountains veiled in blue mists. The storks are very active, soaring about like aeroplanes, which indeed they are. Nothing doing in Larissa—most of the men are sitting about on chairs in the Plateia—no women to be seen, of course. We are to have an hour's train to Tempe, which is a gorge between Olympus and Ossa.

TEMPE—lunch under the large plane trees on the edge of a broad brown river (Peneios). This is one of the loveliest places I have ever been in—more than up to its reputation. We came along in the train ; it is a gorge which has just room between its steep sides for the rail, the river and a narrow track. This river is the largest in Greece, and the trees are of vast size—planes nearly all. The sides of the rocks are profuse with growth—and it is drenched with the song of nightingales. The gorge, I judge, is about 6 to 8 miles long, and never more than 50 yards wide. The mixture of sun and deep shade, of grey rocks, bright verdure, blue sky, and flowering bush is quite intoxicating. I have seen finer rocks—but never with so much water and such trees. I am happy to have seen it. We saw an eagle, several ravens and great hawks, storks, and owls sitting on the telegraph wires, enormous lizards, a tortoise, a praying mantis, and a grasshopper as big as a bird. Home to tea, hot bath and dinner. To-morrow up at 5.30—7 o'clock train to Levadia (nine hours !)

Olympus is deep in snow and is a huge square block with many blunt peaks. It is deeply fissured and quite bare on this side. Ossa is a sharp cone, very little snow left. Pindus we couldn't see. They say it is wooded.

Friday. A grey morning (6.15). Just counted 18 storks on the wires. In the train. Thessaly has grass downs, like Wiltshire—mixed plains and rolling pasture—distant view of Pindus, covered with snow and shining in the sun (like the Alps from Lombardy)—a spiky head of snow peaks. Storks in the grass, flocks of sheep, shepherd camps.

But we are near the end of it. I see the familiar sight of a grey hill entirely composed of loose boulders. We shall be in Greece again in a few minutes.

Here is a sea of grass, dead level, with hills like islands dotted in it. All ripples as far as eye can reach and bathes the feet of the mountain. No such grass elsewhere in Greece.

1.30. We have got to Bralo where we took carriage for the long drive by Parnassus to Delphi—mountains almost black, foreground intense emerald—can just see the snow peaks of Parnassus, as usual capt with clouds. Apollo likes to hide himself. It looks as if it were raining up there.

(I did seven pages of a novel this morning—having been inspired in bed. "The Little Iliad".)

4 *p.m.* Just got in after a four-mile drive from the station over a rich and well-irrigated plain. I am on the balcony of the inn, full in view of Parnassus (clouded as usual), to the west is Helicon just visible above the spurs of it, on which the town is built—a pink and white cloud of mud houses with here and there a belfry and a dome, and bright green trees like little fires in between. To the east is a waste of barren ridges. Hence we take to horse-

back to-morrow to ride over Helicon to Zagora, thence over Kithæron to Thebes. Baedeker calls this inn "indifferent," and it may well be so. We have our cook and beds, so are indifferent ourselves. We are going to have tea, ask for telegrams, then go out and view the town which looks uncivilised and interesting. It's a sweet mild evening with a veiled sun. No sound but a church bell in the distance. A little family of girls is absorbing us from a neighbouring window—the mother kneading flour in a great trough. One of them is pretty, like a Tanagra girl.

7 *p.m.* We have been for a walk through this very Oriental pretty town, full of balconies and acacias and roaring torrents. We met an eagle in the road, a white one with a yellow beak. He stood on one leg and looked at us. Perhaps you won't believe me, but it is a more likely place to meet one than Victoria Street, you'll allow. There is more water here than anywhere else in Greece, I should think. A big river comes out of Helicon all the year round and races through the town, turning mills, making electric light and everything else. It irrigates the country so that they grow cotton here! We climbed up the Acropolis where (like Acro Corinth) nothing remains but steepness and some medieval fortifications—a splendid view of Helicon and Parnassus rewarded us—a most sweet evening too. Then down again and into a gorge like that of Castalia on a small scale. There is the cave of Trophonios where there was a famous oracle. The cave remains and innumerable niches for votive offerings, which always thrill me—a lot of miscellaneous masonry is built into neighbouring walls. It was on the way back we met with the eagle. P. will photograph him to-morrow for you to see. It's the second we have seen to-day. Lots of water tortoises were in the stagnant water edging the fields. We pickt a very pretty pink-and-white dandelion on the line, and I have kept a flower and a seed pod to show you. Perhaps you can grow it—it would make a charming bedding-out plant. A real dandelion with a rose pink middle and white tips to the petals—semi-double. Soon I hope for dinner. There was a gorgeous cloud of fire over Parnassus at sunset. It stayed for a few minutes:

Apollo set a flaming cloud
About Parnassus. In that shroud
Of fire and mist he veiled his head
And drew the curtains of his bed.

When I had done this it was all over—dark clouds covered the mountain top. Apollo had gone to bed—and turned out the electric light !

Sunday morn—high up on a shoulder of Helicon. This is, next to Tempe, our loveliest lunch place. We are in a rocky glade of plane trees—between two waterfalls—looking up you can scarcely see the pine-clad ridge of the mountain through the maze of golden leafage. It is warm, delicious—but not very sunny. We have been four hours getting here, starting at 7.20, and reaching this about 11.30. It was a long job on mule back all round the base of Helicon—and then up. We past through an Albanian village, wild and desperately poor. The inhabitants swooped upon us with cries and fairly mobbed us—we had a long business to shake them off and many appeals to Heaven. One of our muleteers is an old woman of about 70, dewlapt like an old dog, but otherwise like the late Emperor Vespasian. She stumps along like a man. The others are her grandsons and great-grandson, I judge. The vegetation of Helicon is exuberantly lovely—lots of strange flowers—lots of tortoises. We have another three hours to go, I think, to Zagora, where we sleep.

5.30. It began to rain after that just as we were ready to start, and kept it up till we reacht Zagora ; this is a lonely flat valley between the peaks of Helicon ; just as it began to be a bore we suddenly reacht the village, and are lodged in the priest's house, which is new (and that's all there is to say)—*so* new that there is no plaster on the laths between our rooms. This makes undressing a very public affair. Stamati has hung up sheets as he did at Lada. It's a tiny village, chiefly Albanian and Vlach—but most of the people are at a wedding, dancing to the banging of a drum—so we haven't been mobbed. After tea we went for a scramble up a wooded stream and dug you some roots—several pink anemone coronaria, two peonies, a wild pink and a quelconque bulb—it's a sweet evening—

but the wedding party is spoiling it by a maundering curly song—tuneless and very stupid. The men may easily be drunk. They sound very much like Edgware Road at midnight. I've seen two eagles to-day—wild ones, this time—some ravens—a large brown snake, heaps of tortoises. To-morrow is our last day in the wilds. We reach Athens by train on Tuesday morning, and ought to leave Greece on Wednesday, but we don't yet know whether we have places. There was the same uncertainty last time I remember. We shall know our fate on Tuesday from *Ὁ κούκ.* We have an early start to-morrow and go to the top of Helicon, then down to the valley of the Muses and the Pierian Spring—then Thebes—said to be an eight hours' job. I ought to be writing the novel now—and will if the wedding gets quieter.

Monday morning. Starting—a little girl brought a very small tumbler of water to the priest, who took it away and turned with it to the East—toucht it in parts, and prayed over it at some length. Then he handed it back and she took it away with her. A very mixed night we had. The priest snored, his youngest cried ; and I had fierce indigestion. We are going straight to Thebes.

2.15. Here we are at Baga—not at Thebes waiting for the Athens train an hour and a quarter more. We crossed a high grass slope of Helicon and came down through the valley of the Muses to Thespiæ, which was Phryné's town, that beautiful but improper lady who undressed in court and secured a verdict.

We had lunch in a shop—a very nice shop too, and then came on here, a wearisome trapese over the plains—hot, dry and quite featureless, not a tree in it—but lots of corn. We shall reach Athens to-night, and have all to-morrow for clearing up, hoping all the time for a boat on Wednesday. But you never know, and I shan't be half at ease till I have my ticket. We ought to be in England this time next week. I am not well, but shall take trouble to be so. It's due to the irregularity of habit forced upon me by this kind of life. I am weary of Greece now, and long for home.

INDEX

References to Letters are indicated by numbers in Italics ; otherwise the references are to Pages.

Academic Committee (of the Royal Society of Literature), 107, 119
Academy, contributions to, 42 ; prize awarded to *The Forest Lovers*, 44, 45
Agriculture, Board of, 183
Ainley, Henry, 78, 108
Agonists, The, 104, 110, 113, 114, 115, 116, 118 *et seq.*, 172
Algiers visit to, 24,
Altschul, Frank, Letter, to, *317*
Ariadne in Naxos, see *Agonists*
Artemision, 97, 100, 172

Balfour Graham, 238
Balfour, Lord, 59, 62
Balzac, 34
Barrie, Sir James, 62
Belloc, H., 184
Bendish, 124, 127
Binyon, Laurence, Letters to, *103*, *180*, *187*, *195* (on *The Song of the Plow*), *202* (on *The King's Son*), *214*, *216*, *234* (on *The Village Wife*), *251* to *253*, *256*, *257*, *261*, *263*, *272* (on *Dante*), *274* (on the same), *275*, *311*, *315*
Blake, William, 170, 245
Botticelli, 28
Bridges, Robert, 29, 135, 136, 207
Bronner, Milton, Letters to (chiefly on Hewlett's own work), *85*, *86*, *88*, *92*, *94*, *96*, *110*, *115*, *282*
Burlingame, E. L., Letters to (on *Open Country*, etc.), *98*, *99*
Burns, 193
Butler, Samuel, 180

Cameron, Sir D. Y., picture by, 215
Captain Brazenhead, 91, 104
Carpenter, Edward, 186
Certoza at Pavia, 65
Chase, Professor Lewis, letter to, *204*
Chester, impressions of, 28
Chesterton, G. K., 180
Clark, S. B., letter to, *162*
Clifford, Lady Anne, 243, 244
Coltman, Miss Ella, letters to, *114*, *129*, *131*, *166*
Colvin, Sir Sidney, letters to, *163*, *294*, *299*, *301*
Cortissoz, Royal, letters to (mainly on Hewlett's own writings), *45*, *50*, *54*, *56*, *61*, *77*, *89*, *137*
Cory's *Ionica*, 105
Crabbe, George, 140

Dante, the translation of, 31, 219, 220, 228
Davies, W. H., 167, 199
Dickens, Charles, 191
Dickinson, G. Lowes, 177
Divorce Commission, evidence before, 112
Donne, 202
Dostoyevsky, 237
Dowson, Mrs. Joseph, letters to, *276*, *277*
Drinkwater, John, 209, 221
Dumas, 38

Earthwork out of Tuscany, 47, 55, 57, 84
Eaton, J. J., letter to, *226*

Elliott, Mrs. Hugh, letter to, *154*
Elliott, Sir Thomas, letter to, *78*
Epictetus, 214
Extemporary Essays, 234, 245

Farrell, C. J. P., letter to, *292*
Ferrara, 40
Fichte, 22, 24
Florence, Easter ceremonies at, 68, 69; sculpture and paintings in, 67
Flowers in the Grass, 199, 212, 230
Fool Errant, 62, 78, 86
Forest Lovers, 37, 39, 57, 84, 87, 130, 172
Fox, George, 241
Frazer, Lady, letter to, *157*
Freeman, John, letters to, *235*, *236*, *241*, *248* to *250*, *267*, *287*, *289*, *300*
Froissart, 91
Fry, Sir Edward, 235

Gai Saber, 155, 159, 173
Gibson, A. K., letter to, *286*
Gordon, J. and C., book by, 246
Glasgow University Students' Handbook, Preface to, 137
Gosse, Sir Edmund, 238
Graham, Principal J. W., letters to, *281*, *305*, *306*
Gray, Thomas, 177, 205
Green, Miss K., letter to *191*
Gudrid the Fair, 169, see Sagas

Halfway House, 85, 91, 94, 95
Hall, Bernard G., letter to, *285*
Hardy, Thomas, 203
Harrison, Frederic, letters to *44*, *52*, *53*, *79*, *80* (on *Theophano*), *175*
Hartrick, A. S., drawings by, 142
Havens, Munson, letter to (on Villon), *82*
Headlam, Cecil, letters to, *46*, *47*, *172*, *217*
Heine, 201
Helen Redeemed, 124, 128, 130 *et seq.*, 173
Hewlett, Col. F. E. T., letters to, *225*, *228 to 231*, *237*, *238*, *240*, *244*, *245*
Hewlett, Hilda Beatrice, Letters to, *1* to *20*, *24* to *35*, *39* to *41*, *48*, *49*, *51*, *57* to *60*, *63* to *75*.
Hewlett, Maurice: character, see preface; parentage, 3 *et seq.*, 6, 19; ancestry 1 *et seq.*, 83, 218, 242, 250; early life and school days 7 *et seq.*,; early reading, 83; enters office, 15; marries, 16; called to the Bar, 24; keeper of Land Revenue Records, 24; resigns post, 59; takes house 7, Northwick Terrace, 54; occupies Old Rectory, Broad Chalke, 71; leaves Broad Chalke, 124; illness in France, 78; visits to Greece, 124, 141; and Diary, 251; influence of Greek culture, vii, 123, 215; takes house at West Wittering, 151; returns to Broad Chalke, 167, 179; removes from Old Rectory to cottage at Broad Chalke, 225, 233; views on Poetry, 81, 99, 124, 130, 195, 201 to 204; religious views, 17, 222, 223; political views, 105, 179, 199, 237, 238, 242; reports on conditions of Agricultural Labour, 183, 185; heads deputation on Rural Housing, 213, 216; Member of Board of Guardians, 236; dislike of publicity, 45, 63, 107; works, see separate headings
Hildersley, S., letter to, *298*
Hilton, Robert, letters to, *288*, *303*
Hind, C. Lewis, letters to, *37*, *43*, *81*
Hogston, P. J., letters to, *269*, *279*
Homer, 12, 158: see also *Iliad*
Hudson, W. H., 108
Hutton, Edward, 244

Iberians, x, 145, 224, 240
Iliad, translation of, 124, 153, 158
In a Green Shade, 212, 221, 229
Inge, Dean, 213, 223, 224

Inglis, Elsie, 211, 213

James, Henry, 22 (on *Roderick Hudson*)
Johnson, Dr., 207, 216
Joyce, James, 175
Judgment of Borso, The, 42, 46

Keats, 203
Ker, W. P., 248
Kipling, Rudyard, 203
King's Son, The, 166, 170

Labour Party, the, 179, 180, 189, 198, 237
Ladies' Comedy, 166
Lamb, Charles, 217
Lang, Andrew, 74, 238
Leaf, Walter, 177, 247
Leaf, Mrs. Walter, letters to, *151* to *153*, *155*, *190*, *196*, *200*, *201*, *209* to *211*, *239*, *246*, *247*, *266*, *273*, *284*, *291*, *313*, *314*, *318*
League of Nations, 188, 242
Letters to Sanchia, 95
Light Heart, The, 221
Little Novels of Italy, 53, 57, 89
Lore of Proserpine, The, 7, 9, *et seq.*, 96, 104, 134, 141
Loti's Pêcheur d'Islande, 26
Love and Lucy, 151
Lucas, E. V., letters to, *83* (on *Listener's Lure*), *84* (on *The Gentlest Art*), *95*, *97* (on *Over Bemerton's*), *101*, *105*, *106*, *118*, *135* (on *A Wanderer in Florence*), *140* to *143*, *147* (on *London Lavender*), *158* to *160*, *164*, *165*, *181*, *184* to *186*, *199*, *259*
Lucca, 71
Luce, Morton, article by, 118, 119
Lyall, Eric, letter to, *316*

Madonna of the Peach Tree, The, 44, 46
Mahaffy, Professor, 215
Malory, 9, 83
Mantua, 50, 51
Martineau, James, 223, 226
Mary Queen of Scots, see Queen's Quair
Masque of Dead Florentines, 29, 57
Meredith, George, 86, 91, 155
Milan, 50, 253
Milton, 12, 13
Minos, see *Agonists*
Monro, Harold, letters to, *130* (on *The Agonists*), *148*, *170*, *178*, *179*
Morris, William, 267
Mrs. Lancelot, 113

Nash, Paul, painting by, 215
National Art Collections Fund, 142
New Canterbury Tales, 59, 61
New Testament, the 35, 222, 241
Newbolt, Sir Henry, letters to, *76*, *90*, *91*, *93*, *102* (on *Artemision*), *104* (on the same), *111*, *116*, *117*, *121* to *125* (on *The Agonists*), *127*, *132* to *134* (on the same), *138*, *139*, *144*, *145* (on narrative poetry), *149* and *150* (on *Helen Redeemed*), *161* (on *The Song of the Plow*), *167* to *169*, *171*, *177*, *215*, *264*
Newbolt, Lady, letters to, *173*, *174*, *293*
Newcastle-on-Tyne, impressions of, 43
Noctes Ambrosianæ, 199

Open Country, 85, 94, 95
Old Testament, the, 35

Paris, Gaston, 248
Pascal, 171, 226
Pan and the Young Shepherd, 57, 78, 84, 166, 168
Paul, St., on Marriage, 23
Pawling, Sidney, letter to, *308*
Peridore and Paravail, 53, 180
Plato, 12
Poets' Club, 108, 109, 123
Poignard, Miss, letter to, *304*
Poole, R. S., 33

Quakers, 214, 225, 226, 235, 241

Queen's Quair, The, 59, 61, 74, 75, 84, 171, 172, 199, 208, 218

Railway Strike, 209
Road in Tuscany, The, 62, 67, 74
Rest Harrow, 85, 88, 94, 95, 101, 109, 114
Rhys, Ernest, 155
Richard Yea and Nay, 48, 54, 57, 172
Roland, the Song of, 248

Sackville-West, The Hon. Victoria (Mrs. Harold Nicolson), letter to, *309*
Sagas, 156
St. Johnston, Lt.-Col. T. R., letter to, *302*
Sévigné, Mm. de, 177
Scott, Sir Walter, 38, 191
Shakespeare, 51, 191, 195, 203
Shelley, 203
Shorter, Clement, letters to, *36*, *38*, *42*, *62*, *128*
Simpson, Henry, 108
Smith, Bernhard, letter to, *120*
Song of Man, vi., 167, 174
Song of Renny, 43, 122
Song of the Plow, 128, 138, 140, 153, 156, 163 *et. seq.*, 173, 181, 194, 231
Songs and Meditations, 47, 57
Soskice, Juliet, 235
Spalding, Dr. J. A., Letters to, *55*, *290*
Spanish Jade, The, 78
Spoon River Anthology, 154
Squire, J. C., letters to, *182*, *183*, *188*, *189*, *193*, *194*, *197*, *203*, *206* to *208*, *212*, *213*, *218*, *219*, *221*, *223*, *224*, *227*, *232*, *233*, *242*, *243*, *254*, *255*, *258*, *260*, *262*, *268*, *271*, *278*, *283*
Stendhal, 38, 44
Stevenson, R. L., 102, 235, 238, 239
Stoker, Bram, 92
Stooping Lady, The, 81, 87
Stopes, Dr. Marie, letters to, *107*, *108*, *119*, *136*, *192*, *222*, *280*
Swift, Benjamin, 53
Swinburne, A. C., 116, 176
Symonds, J. A., 28, 247

Teatro dei Piccoli, 249
Thackeray, 51

Vatican, Sculpture in, 30
Venetian Painters, 40
Venice, impressions of, 39, 40
Verona, 41
Village Wife's Lament, The, 167, 176, 183, 191, 192, 194, 231
Villon, *79*
Vine-growing at Broad Chalke, 208

Walpole, Horace, 177
Watson, E. J., letter to, *310*
Webb, Sidney, 180
Welby-Everard, Mrs., letters to, *21* to *23*, *205*
White, J. Fisher, plays produced by, 166
W. H. G., letters to, *87*, *100*, *109*, *112*, *126*, *146*, *176*, *198*, *220*, *265*, *295*, *312*
Willets, Mrs. Joseph, letters to, *270*, *307*, *319*
William the Conqueror, 79
Williamson, The Rev. Kennedy, letter to, *156*
Wiltshire Essays, 234, 236
Winchelsea, impressions of, 25, 27
Woodford, The Rev. H., letters to, *296*, *297*
Woodford, Walter, letter to, *113*
Wordsworth, 177, 195, 254

Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd.,
Frome and London

A SELECTION
FROM
MESSRS. METHUEN'S
CATALOGUE
OF
GENERAL LITERATURE

A SELECTION OF

MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

This Catalogue contains only a selection of the more important books published by Messrs. Methuen. A complete catalogue of their publications may be obtained on application.

PART I. GENERAL LITERATURE

Anstey (F.)
The Last Load. *Fcap* 8*vo*. 5*s*. *net*.

Armstrong (W. W.)
The Art of Cricket. *Crown* 8*vo*. 3*s*. *net*.

Bain (F. W.)
A Digit of the Moon. The Descent of the Sun. A Heifer of the Dawn. In the Great God's Hair. A Draught of the Blue. An Essence of the Dusk. An Incarnation of the Snow. A Mine of Faults. The Ashes of a God. Bubbles of the Foam. A Syrup of the Bees. The Livery of Eve. The Substance of a Dream. *All Fcap*. 8*vo*. 5*s*. *net*. An Echo of the Spheres. *Wide Demy* 8*vo*. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Baker (C. H. Collins)
Crome. Illustrated. *Quarto*. £5 5*s*. *net*.

Balfour (Sir Graham)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. *Twentieth Edition*. *In one Volume*. *Cr*. 8*vo*. *Buckram*, 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Belloc (Hilaire)
Paris. The Pyrenees. *Each* 8*s*. 6*d*. *net*. On Nothing. Hills and the Sea. On Something. First and Last. This and That and the Other. On. *Each* 3*s*. 6*d*. *net*. On Everything. On Anything. *Each* 6*s*. *net*. Marie Antoinette. 18*s*. *net*. A History of England. In 4 vols. Vol. I, to 1066. 15*s*. net.

Birmingham (George A.)
A Wayfarer in Hungary. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo*. 8*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Bowen (Frank C.)
The King's Navy. Illustrated. *Fcap*. 4*to*. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Brinton (Selwyn)
The Golden Age of the Medici. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo*. 15*s*. *net*.

Bulley (M. H.)
Art and Counterfeit. Illustrated. *Demy 4to.* £1 4*s. net.*

Campbell (Olwen Ward)
Shelley and the Unromantics. Illustrated. *Second Edition, Revised. Demy* 8*vo.* 16*s. net.*

Chandler (Arthur), D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein
Ara Cœli. 5*s. net.* Faith and Experience. 5*s. net.* The Cult of the Passing Moment. 6*s. net.* The English Church and Reunion. 5*s. net.* Scala Mundi. 4*s.* 6*d. net.*

Chesterton (G. K.)
The Ballad of the White Horse. All Things Considered. Tremendous Trifles. Charles Dickens. *All Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.* Fancies versus Fads. Alarms and Discursions. A Miscellany of Men. The Uses of Diversity. *All Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.* Wine, Water, and Song. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d. net.*

Clutton-Brock (A.)
What is the Kingdom of Heaven? Essays on Art. Shakespeare's Hamlet. *Each* 5*s. net.* Essays on Books. More Essays on Books. *Each* 6*s. net.* Shelley, the Man and the Poet. 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Cowling (George H.)
A Preface to Shakespeare. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Dark (Sidney) and Grey (Rowland)
W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net.*

Dolls' House (The Queen's)
The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House. Vol. I. The House, Edited by A. C. Benson, C.V.O., and Sir Lawrence Weaver, K.B.E. Vol. II. The Library, Edited by E. V. Lucas. Profusely Illustrated. A Limited Edition. *Crown 4to.* £6 6*s. net.*

Everybody's Book of the Queen's Dolls' House. An abridged edition of the above. Illustrated. *Crown 4to.* 5*s. net.*

Edwardes (Tickner)
The Lore of the Honeybee. *Thirteenth Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Beekeeping for All. *Crown* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.* The Bee-Master of Warrilow. *Third Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* All Illustrated.

Einstein (Albert)
Relativity: The Special and General Theory. *Crown* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.* Sidelights on Relativity. *Crown* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.* The Meaning of Relativity. *Crown* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Other books on the **Einstein Theory**
An Introduction to the Theory of Relativity. By Lyndon Bolton. *Crown* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

The Principle of Relativity. By A. Einstein, H. A. Lorentz, H. Minkowski and H. Weyl. With Notes by A. Sommerfeld. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Write for Complete Lists

Fitzgerald (Edward)
The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. *Wide Crown* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Forrest (H. Edward)
The Old Houses of Stratford-upon-Avon. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Also an edition limited to 250 copies, *Fcap. 4to.* 21*s. net.*

Fyleman (Rose)
Fairies and Chimneys. The Fairy Green. The Fairy Flute. The Rainbow Cat. Eight Little Plays for Children. Forty Good-night Tales. Fairies and Friends. The Adventure Club. *Each* 3*s.* 6*d. net* A Small Cruse, 4*s.* 6*d. net.* The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book. Illustrated. *Crown 4to.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Gibbon (Edward)
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Notes, Appendixes, and Maps, by J. B. Bury. Illustrated. Seven volumes. *Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net* each volume. Also, unillustrated, *Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net* each volume.

Glover (T. R.)
The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire. Poets and Puritans. From Pericles to Philip. Virgil. *Each* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Gotch (J. A.)
Old English Houses. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 16*s. net.* Also an edition limited to 50 copies, £2 2*s. net.*

Graham (Harry)
The World we Laugh in: More Deportmental Ditties. Illustrated by "Fish." *Fifth Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Grahame (Kenneth)
The Wind in the Willows. *Seventeenth Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Also, Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. *Small* 4*to.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Hadfield (J. A.)
Psychology and Morals. *Fifth Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Hall (H. R.)
The Ancient History of the Near East. *Sixth Edition, Revised. Demy* 8*vo.* £1 1*s. net.*

Hamer (Sir W. H.), and Hutt (C. W.)
A Manual of Hygiene. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* £1 5*s. net.*

Hays (Mary)
The Love Letters of Mary Hays. Edited by A. F. Wedd. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Hewlett (Maurice)
The Letters of Maurice Hewlett. Edited by Laurence Binyon. *Demy* 8*vo.* 18*s. net.*

Hind (A. M.)
A Catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings. Two Vols. Profusely Illustrated. *Wide Royal* 8*vo.* £1 15*s. net.*

Holdsworth (W. S.)
A History of English Law. Eight Volumes. *Demy* 8*vo.* £1 5*s. net each.*

Hudson (W. H.)
A Shepherd's Life. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.* Also, unillustrated, *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

Hutton (Edward)
Milan and Lombardy. The Cities of Romagna and the Marches. Siena and Southern Tuscany. Venice and Venetia. The Cities of Spain. Naples and Southern Italy. Illustrated. *Each,* 8*s.* 6*d. net.* A Wayfarer in Unknown Tuscany. The Cities of Umbria. Country Walks about Florence. Rome. Florence and Northern Tuscany. Illustrated. *Each,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Imms (A. D.)
A General Textbook of Entomology. Illustrated. *Royal* 8*vo.* £1 16*s. net.*

Inge (W. R.), D.D., Dean of St. Paul's
Christian Mysticism. (The Bampton Lectures of 1899.) *Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Kipling (Rudyard)
Barrack-Room Ballads. 233*rd Thousand.*

The Seven Seas. 172*nd Thousand.*

The Five Nations. 138*th Thousand.*

Departmental Ditties. 111*th Thousand.*

The Years Between. 95*th Thousand.*
Four Editions of these famous volumes of poems are now published, viz.:—*Crown* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth,* 6*s. net. Leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Service Edition. Two volumes each book. *Square Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s. net* each volume.

A Kipling Anthology—Verse. *Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth,* 6*s. net. Leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling. 408*th Thousand. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 1*s. net.*

A Choice of Songs. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 2*s. net.*

Lamb (Charles and Mary)
The Complete Works. Edited by E. V. Lucas. A New and Revised Edition in Six Volumes. With Frontispieces. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net each.*
The volumes are: I. Miscellaneous Prose. II. Elia and the Last Essays of Elia. III. Books for Children. IV. Plays and Poems. V. and VI. Letters.

Selected Letters. Chosen and Edited by G. T. Clapton. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

The Charles Lamb Day Book. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Lankester (Sir Ray)
Science from an Easy Chair. Science from an Easy Chair: Second Series. Diversions of a Naturalist. Great and Small Things. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Secrets of Earth and Sea. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

Lodge (Sir Oliver)

Man and the Universe (*Twentieth Edition*). The Survival of Man (*Seventh Edition*). *Each Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.* Raymond (*Twelfth Edition*). *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.* Raymond Revised. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. *net.* Relativity (*Second Edition*). *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. *net.*

Lucas (E. V.)

The Life of Charles Lamb. 2 Vols. £1 1s. *net.* Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A. 2 Vols. £6 6s. *net.* Vermeer of Delft. 10s. 6d. *net.* A Wanderer in Holland. A Wanderer in London. London Revisited. A Wanderer in Paris. A Wanderer in Florence. A Wanderer in Venice. *Each* 10s. 6d. *net.* A Wanderer among Pictures. 8s. 6d. *net.* The Open Road. 6s. *net.* Also, illustrated. 10s. 6d. *net.* Also, India Paper. *Leather*, 7s. 6d. *net.* The Friendly Town. Fireside and Sunshine. Character and Comedy. *Each* 6s. *net.* The Gentlest Art. 6s. 6d. *net. And* The Second Post. 6s. *net.* Also, together in one volume 7s. 6d. *net.* Her Infinite Variety. Good Company. One Day and Another. Old Lamps for New. Loiterer's Harvest. Cloud and Silver. A Boswell of Baghdad. 'Twixt Eagle and Dove. The Phantom Journal. Giving and Receiving. Luck of the Year. Encounters and Diversions. Zigzags in France. *Each* 6s. *net.* Specially Selected. Urbanities. *Each*, illustrated by G. L. Stampa, 7s. 6d. *net.* You Know What People Are. Illustrated by George Morrow. 5s. *net.* The Same Star: A Comedy in Three Acts. 3s. 6d. *net.* The British School. 6s. *net.* Little Books on Great Masters. *Each* 5s. *net.* Roving East and Roving West. 5s. *net.* Introducing London. 2s. 6d. *net.* Playtime and Company. 7s. 6d. *net*
See also **Dolls' House (The Queen's)** and **Lamb (Charles)**

Lynd (Robert)

The Blue Lion. The Peal of Bells. The Money Box. *Each Fcap. 8vo.* 6s. *net.*

Marie Louise (H.H. Princess)

A Choice of Carols. *Fcap. 4to.* 2s. 6d. *net.*

McDougall (William)

An Introduction to Social Psychology (*Nineteenth Edition*), 8s. 6d. *net.* National Welfare and National Decay. 6s. *net.* An Outline of Psychology. 12s. *net.* Body and Mind (*Fifth Edition*). 12s. 6d. *net.* Ethics and Some Modern World Problems. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Maeterlinck (Maurice)

The Blue Bird. 6s. *net.* Also, illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson. 10s. 6d. *net.* Mary Magdalene. 5s. *net.* Death. 3s. 6d. *net.* Our Eternity. 6s. *net.* The Unknown Guest. 6s. *net.* Poems. 5s. *net.* The Wrack of the Storm. 6s *net.* The Miracle of St. Anthony. 3s. 6d. *net.* The Burgomaster of Stilemonde. 5s. *net.* The Betrothal. 6s. *net.* Mountain Paths. 6s. *net.* The Story of Tyltyl. £1 1s. *net.* The Great Secret. 7s. 6d. *net.* The Cloud that Lifted and The Power of the Dead. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Masefield (John)

On the Spanish Main. 8s. 6d. *net.* A Sailor's Garland. 6s. *net.* Sea Life in Nelson's Time. 5s. *net.*

Methuen (Sir A.)

An Anthology of Modern Verse. *82nd Thousand.*

Shakespeare to Hardy: An Anthology of English Lyrics. *15th Thousand. Each Fcap. 8vo. Cloth,* 6s. *net. Leather*, 7s. 6d. *net.*

Milne (A. A.)

Not that it Matters. If I May. *Each* 3s. 6d. *net.* When We were Very Young. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. *Ninth Edition.* 7s. 6d. *net. Leather*, 10s. 6d. *net.* For the Luncheon Interval: Cricket and Other Verses. 1s. 6d. *net.*

Milne (A. A.) and Fraser-Simson (H.)

Fourteen Songs from "When We were Very Young." Words by A. A. Milne. Music by H. Fraser-Simson. *Fourth Edition. Royal 4to.* 7s. 6d. *net.* The King's Breakfast. *Crown 4to.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

Montague (C. E.)

Dramatic Values. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.*

Newman (Tom)

How to Play Billiards. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 8s. 6d. *net.* Billiard Do's and Dont's. 2s. 6d. *net.*

Oman (Sir Charles)
A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES, A.D. 378–1485. *Second Edition*, Revised and Enlarged. 2 Vols. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo*. £1 16*s*. *net*.

Oxenham (John)
BEES IN AMBER. *Small Pott* 8*vo*. 2*s*. *net*. ALL'S WELL. THE KING'S HIGHWAY. THE VISION SPLENDID. THE FIERY CROSS. HIGH ALTARS. HEARTS COURAGEOUS. ALL CLEAR! *Each Small Pott* 8*vo*. *Paper*, 1*s*. 3*d*. *net*. *Cloth*, 2*s*. *net*. WINDS OF THE DAWN. 2*s*. *net*.

Perry (W. J.)
THE ORIGIN OF MAGIC AND RELIGION. THE GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION. *Each* 6*s*. *net*. THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN. 18*s*. *net*.

Petrie (Sir Flinders)
A HISTORY OF EGYPT. In 6 Volumes.

Vol. I. FROM THE IST TO THE XVITH DYNASTY. *Eleventh Edition, Revised*. 12*s*. *net*.

Vol. II. THE XVIITH AND XVIIITH DYNASTIES. *Seventh Edition, Revised*. 9*s*. *net*.

Vol. III. XIXTH TO XXXTH DYNASTIES. *Third Edition*. 12*s*. *net*.

Vol. IV. EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. J. P. MAHAFFY. *Second Edition*. 9*s*. *net*.

Vol. V. EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. J. G. MILNE. *Third Edition, Revised*. 12*s*. *net*.

Vol. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE POOLE. *Fourth Edition*. 10*s*. *net*.

Raleigh (Sir Walter)
THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Edited by LADY RALEIGH. Two Vols. *Demy* 8*vo*. £1 10*s*. *net*.

Rice-Oxley (L.)
OXFORD RENOWNED. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo*. 18*s*. *net*.

Smith (Adam)
THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Edited by EDWIN CANNAN. 2 Vols. *Demy* 8*vo*. £1 5*s*. *net*.

Smith (C. Fox)
SAILOR TOWN DAYS. SEA SONGS AND BALLADS. A BOOK OF FAMOUS SHIPS. SHIP ALLEY. FULL SAIL. *Each*, illustrated, 6*s*. *net*. THE RETURN OF THE "CUTTY SARK." Illustrated. 3*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Sommerfeld (Arnold)
ATOMIC STRUCTURE AND SPECTRAL LINES. *Demy* 8*vo*. £1 12*s*. *net*.

Stevens (F. E.)
THE NEW FOREST BEAUTIFUL. Illustrated. *Crown* 8*vo*. 8*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Stevenson (R. L.)
THE LETTERS. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. 4 Vols. *Fcap*. 8*vo*. *Each* 6*s*. *net*.

Stratton (F. J. M.)
ASTRONOMICAL PHYSICS. *Demy* 8*vo*. 15*s* *net*.

Surtees (R. S.)
HANDLEY CROSS. MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. ASK MAMMA. MR. FACEY ROMFORD'S HOUNDS. PLAIN OR RINGLETS? HILLINGDON HALL. *Each*, illustrated, 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*. JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES. HAWBUCK GRANGE. *Each*, illustrated, 6*s*. *net*.

Thomson (J. Arthur)
WHAT IS MAN? 6*s*. 6*d*. *net*. SCIENCE AND RELIGION. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Tilden (W. T.)
THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS. SINGLES AND DOUBLES. *Each*, illustrated, 6*s*. *net*. THE COMMON SENSE OF LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated. 5*s*. *net*.

Tileston (Mary W.)
DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. 31*st Edition*. 3*s*. 6*d*. *net*. *India Paper, Leather*, 6*s*. *net*.

Underhill (Evelyn)
MYSTICISM (*Tenth Edition*). 15*s*. *net*. THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE LIFE OF TO-DAY (*Sixth Edition*). 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Vardon (Harry)
HOW TO PLAY GOLF. Illustrated. 18*th Edition*. *Crown* 8*vo*. 5*s*. *net*.

Waterhouse (Elizabeth)
A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. 22*nd Edition*. *Small Pott* 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Wilde (Oscar).
The Works. In 16 Vols. *Each* 6*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

I. Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and the Portrait of Mr. W. H. II. The Duchess of Padua. III. Poems. IV. Lady Windermere's Fan. V. A Woman of No Importance. VI. An Ideal Husband. VII. The Importance of Being Earnest. VIII. A House of Pomegranates. IX. Intentions. X. De Profundis and Prison Letters. XI. Essays. XII. Salome, A Florentine Tragedy, and La Sainte Courtisane. XIII. A Critic in Pall Mall. XIV. Selected Prose of Oscar Wilde. XV. Art and Decoration. XVI. For Love of the King. 5*s*. *net*.

PART II. A SELECTION OF SERIES

The Antiquary's Books
Each, illustrated, *Demy* 8*vo*. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*.
A series of volumes dealing with various branches of English Antiquities, comprehensive and popular, as well as accurate and scholarly.

The Arden Shakespeare
Edited by W. J. Craig and R. H. Case. *Each*, *wide Demy* 8*vo*. 6*s*. *net*.
The Ideal Library Edition, in single plays, each edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes and a Commentary at the foot of the page. Now complete in 39 Vols.

Classics of Art
Edited by J. H. W. Laing. *Each*, profusely illustrated, *wide Royal* 8*vo*. 15*s*. *net to* £3 3*s*. *net*.
A Library of Art dealing with Great Artists and with branches of Art.

The "Complete" Series
Demy 8*vo*. Fully illustrated.
Airman. 16*s*. *net*. Amateur Boxer. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Athletic Trainer. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Billiard Player. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Cook. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Foxhunter. 16*s*. *net*. Golfer. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Hockey Player. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Horseman. 15*s*. *net*. Jujitsuan (*Cr*. 8*vo*.). 5*s*. *net*. Lawn Tennis Player. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Motorist. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Mountaineer. 18*s*. *net*. Oarsman. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Photographer. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Rugby Footballer, on the New Zealand System. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Shot. 16*s*. *net*. Swimmer. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. Yachtsman. 15*s*. *net*.

The Connoisseur's Library
With numerous Illustrations. *Wide Royal* 8*vo*. £1 11*s*. 6*d*. *net each vol*.
English Coloured Books. Etchings. European Enamels. Fine Books. Glass. Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work. Illuminated Manuscripts. Ivories. Jewellery. Mezzotints. Miniatures. Porcelain. Seals. Wood Sculpture.

The Do's and Dont's Series
Fcap. 8*vo*. 2*s*. 6*d*. *net each*.
This series, although only in its infancy, is already famous. In due course it will comprise clear, crisp, informative volumes on all the activities of life.
Write for full list

The Library of Devotion
Handy editions of the great Devotional books, well edited. *Small Pott* 8*vo*. 3*s*. *net and* 3*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Little Books on Art
Well Illustrated. *Demy* 16*mo*. *Each* 5*s*. *net*.

Modern Masterpieces
In sets of six. *Fcap*. 8*vo*. 3*s*. 6*d*. *each volume*.
Pocketable Editions of Works by A. A. Milne, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, E. V. Lucas and Hilaire Belloc.

Sport Series
Mostly Illustrated. *Fcap*. 8*vo*. 2*s*. *net to* 5*s*. *net each*.
Handy books on all branches of sport by experts.

Methuen's Half-Crown Library
Crown 8*vo. and Fcap.* 8*vo.*

Methuen's Two Shilling Library
Fcap. 8*vo.*

Two series of cheap editions of popular books.

Write for complete lists

The Westminster Commentaries
Demy 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net to* 16*s. net.*

Edited by W. Lock, D.D. The object of these commentaries is primarily to interpret the author's meaning to the present generation, taking the English text in the Revised Version as their basis.

THE LITTLE GUIDES

Small Pott 8*vo.* Illustrated and with Maps

4*s. net mostly*

THE 62 VOLUMES IN THE SERIES ARE :—

Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire
Berkshire
Brittany
Buckinghamshire
Cambridge and Colleges
Cambridgeshire
Cathedral Cities of England and Wales 6*s.* net
Channel Islands 5*s.* net
Cheshire 5*s.* net
Cornwall
Cumberland and Westmorland 6*s.* net
Derbyshire
Devon
Dorset 5*s.* 6*d.* net
Durham
English Lakes 6*s.* net
Essex
Gloucestershire
Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn 6*s.* net
Hampshire
Herefordshire 4*s.* 6*d.* net
Hertfordshire
Isle of Man 6*s.* net.
Isle of Wight
Kent 5*s.* net
Kerry
Lancashire 6*s.* net
Leicestershire and Rutland 5*s.* net
Lincolnshire 6*s.* net
London
Malvern Country
Middlesex
Monmouthshire
Norfolk 5*s.* net.
Normandy 5*s.* net
Northamptonshire
Northumberland 7*s.* 6*d.* net
North Wales 6*s.* net
Nottinghamshire
Oxford and Colleges
Oxfordshire
Rome 5*s.* net
St. Paul's Cathedral
Shakespeare's Country
Shropshire
Sicily
Snowdonia 6*s.* net
Somerset
South Wales
Staffordshire 5*s.* net
Suffolk
Surrey
Sussex
Temple
Warwickshire 5*s.* net
Westminster Abbey
Wiltshire
Worcestershire 6*s.* net
Yorkshire East Riding 5*s.* net
Yorkshire North Riding
Yorkshire West Riding 7*s.* 6*d.* net
York 6*s.* net

Methuen & Co. Ltd., 36 Essex Street, London, W.C.2.
925

72-5-L-6124

81